THE

HISTORY

OF

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY MR SAMUEL RICHARDSON,

AUTHOR OF PAMELA AND CLARISSA.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

HISTORY

OF

Sir Charles Grandiſon, Bart.

LETTER I.

Signor JERONYMO *della* PORRETTA, *To Sir* CHARLES GRANDISON.

Bologna, Sunday, { *Sept.* 24. / *Oct.* 5.

WE have at laſt, my Grandiſon, ſomes hopes given us, that our dear Clementina will yield to our wiſhes.

The general, with his lady, made us a viſit from Naples, on purpoſe to make a deciſive effort, as he called it; and vowed that he would not return till he left her in a diſpoſition to oblige us. The biſhop at one time brought the patriarch to reaſon with her; who told her, that ſhe ought not to think of the veil, unleſs her father and mother conſented to her aſſuming it.

Mrs Beaumont was prevailed upon to favour us with her company. She declared for us: And on

Thurſday laſt Clementina was ſtill harder ſet. Her father, mother, the general, and his lady, the biſhop, all came into my chamber, and ſent for her. She came. Then did we all ſupplicate her to oblige us. The general was at firſt tenderly urgent: The biſhop beſought her: The young marchioneſs preſſed her: My mother took her hand between both hers, and in ſilent tears could only ſigh over it: And, laſtly, my father dropt down on one knee to her—My daughter, my child, ſaid he, oblige me. Your Jeronymo could not refrain from tears.

She fell on her knees——O my father, ſaid ſhe, riſe or I ſhall die at your feet!—Riſe, my father!

Not, my dear, till you conſent to oblige me.

Grant me but a little time, my father! my dear, my indulgent father!

The general thought he ſaw a flexibility which we had never before ſeen in her on this ſubject, and called upon her for her *inſtant* determination. Shall a father kneel in vain? ſaid he Shall a mother in weeping ſilence in vain entreat?——Now, my ſiſter, comply—or—He ſternly ſtopt.

Have patience with me, ſaid ſhe, but till the Chevalier's next letters come: You expect them ſoon. Let me receive his next letter. And, putting her hand to her forehead—Riſe, my father, or I die at your feet!

I thought the general puſhed too hard. I begged that the next letters might be waited for.

Be it ſo, ſaid my father, riſing, and raiſing her: But whatever be the contents, remember, my deareſt child, that I am your father, your indulgent father; and oblige me.

Will not this paternal goodneſs, my dear Clementina, ſaid the general, prevail upon you? Your father, mother, brothers, are all ready to kneel to you: Yet are we all to be ſlighted? And is a foreigner, an Engliſhman, an heretic (great and noble as is the man; a man, too, whom you have

ſo

ſo glorioufly refuſed), to be preferred to us all? Who can bear the thoughts of ſuch a preference!

And remember, my ſiſter, ſaid the biſhop, that you already know his opinion. You have already had his advice, in the letters he wrote to you in the month's correſpondence which paſſed between you before he left Italy. Think you that the Chevalier Grandiſon can recede from an opinion ſolemnly given, the circumſtances not having varied?

I have not been well. It is wicked to oppoſe my father, my mother: I cannot argue with my brothers. I have not been well. Spare me, ſpare me, my lords, to the general and the biſhop. My father gives me time: Don't *you* deny it me.

My mother, afraid of renewing her diſorder, ſaid, Withdraw, my dear, if you chuſe to do ſo, and compoſe yourſelf: The intention is not to compel, but to perſuade you.

O madam! ſaid ſhe, perſuaſion ſo ſtrongly urged by my parents is *more* than compulſion.—I take the liberty you give me.

She hurried to Mrs Beaumont, and, throwing her arms about her, O madam, I have been oppreſſed! Oppreſſed by perſuaſion! By a kneeling father! By a weeping mother! By entreating brothers!—And this is but perſuaſion!——Cruel perſuaſion!

Mrs Beaumont then entered into argument with her. She repreſented to her the general's inflexibility; her father's and mother's indulgence; the wiſhes of her two other brothers; ſhe pleaded your opinion given as an impartial man, not merely as a Proteſtant: She told her of an admirable young lady of your own country, who was qualified to make you happy; of whom ſhe had heard ſeveral of your countrymen ſpeak with great diſtinction. This laſt plea, as the intimate friendſhip between you and Mrs Beaumont is ſo well

known, took her attention. She would not for the world ſtand in the way of the Chevalier Grandiſon. She wiſhed *you* to be happy, ſhe ſaid, whatever became of *her*. Father Mareſcotti ſtrongly enforced this point, and adviſed her to come to ſome reſolution *before* your next letters arrived, as it was not to be doubted but the contents of them would ſupport your former opinion. The patriarch's arguments were re-urged with additional force. A day was named when ſhe was again to be brought before her aſſembled friends. Mrs Beaumont applauded her for the magnanimity ſhe had already ſhewn in the diſcharge of her duty to Heaven; and called upon her to diſtinguiſh herſelf equally in the filial.

Clementina took time to conſider of theſe and other arguments; and after three hours paſſed in her cloſet, ſhe gave the following written paper to Mrs Beaumont; which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe hoped, when read in full aſſembly, would excuſe her from attending her friends in the propoſed congreſs.

"I AM tired out, my dear Mrs *Beaumont*, with
' your kindly-meant importunities:

" With the importunities, prayers, and entrea-
' ties of my *brothers*.

" O my *mamma*, how well do you deſerve even
' implicit obedience, from a daughter who has o-
' ver-clouded your happy days! You never knew
' diſcomfort till your hapleſs Clementina gave it
' you! The ſacrifice of my life would be a poor
' atonement for what I have made you ſuffer.

" But who can withſtand a *kneeling* father? In-
' deed my papa, ever good, ever indulgent, I
' dread to ſee you! Let me not again behold you
' as on Thurdſay laſt.

" I have denied to myſelf, and *ſuch* the motive
' that I muſt not, I do not repent it, the man I e-
' ſteemed. I never can be his.

" Father

"Father Mareſcotti, though he now loves the 'man, ſuggeſts, that my late diſorder might be a 'judgment upon me for ſuffering my heart to be 'engaged by the *heretic*.

"I am abſolutely forbidden to think of atoning 'for my fault by the only meaſure that, in my o-'pinion, could have done it.

"You tell me, Mrs Beaumont, and all my friends 'join with you, that honour, generoſity, and the 'eſteem which I avow for the Chevalier Grandi-'ſon, as my friend, as my fourth brother, all join 'to oblige me to promote the happineſs of a man 'I myſelf have diſappointed. And you are of o-'pinion, that there is one particular woman of his 'own country, who is capable of making him 'happy—But do you ſay that I ought to give the '*example?*—Impoſſible. Honour, and the punc-'tilio of woman, will not permit me to do *that*!

"But thus preſſed, thus dreading again to ſee 'a *kneeling* father, a weeping mother, and having 'reaſon to think I may not live long, that a re-'lapſe into my former malady, with the appre-'henſions of which father Mareſcotti terrifies me, 'may be the puniſhment of my diſobedience [Cruel 'father Mareſcotti, to terrify me with an affliction 'I ſo much dread!] and that it will be a conſola-'tion to me, in my departing hour, to reflect that 'I have obeyed my parents, in an article on which 'their hearts are immoveably fixed; and ſtill fur-'ther being aſſured, that they will look upon my 'reſignation as a compenſation for all the troubles 'I have given them for many, many months paſt '—God enable me, I pray, to reſign to *their* 'will. But if I *cannot*, ſhall I be ſtill entreated, 'ſtill perſuaded?—I hope not.—I will do my en-'deavour to prevail on myſelf to obey—But what-'ever be the event of my ſelf-contendings, Gran-'diſon muſt give the example."

How-

How, my Grandiſon, did we congratulate ourſelves, when we read this paper, faint as are the hopes it gives us!

Our whole endeavour is now to treat her with tender obſervance, that ſhe may not think of receding. Nor will we aſk her to ſee the perſon ſhe knows we favour, till we can aſſure her that you will ſet her the example. And if there be a lady with whom you think you could be happy, may not this, my dear Grandiſon, pleaded by you, be a motive with her?

The Count of Belvedere has made overtures to us, which are too great for our acceptance, were this alliance to take place. We have been told, but not by himſelf, the danger to which his deſpair had ſubjected him, in more than one viſit to you at Bologna, had you not borne with his raſhneſs. You know him to be a man of probity, of piety. He is a zealous Catholic; and you muſt allow, that a religious zeal is a ſtrengthener, a confirmer, of all the ſocial ſanctions. He is learned; and, being a domeſtic man, he, contrary to the Italian cuſtom, admires in a wife thoſe intellectual improvements which make a woman a fit companion for her huſband. You know how much the marchioneſs excels almoſt all the women of quality in Italy, in a taſte for polite literature: You know ſhe has encouraged the ſame taſte in her daughter; and the count conſiders her as the only woman in Italy with whom he can be happy.

As you, my Grandiſon, cannot now be my brother by marriage, the Count of Belvedere is the only man in the world I can wiſh to be ſo. He is of Italy. My ſiſter, always ſo dear to us, and he will be ever with us, or we with them. He knows the unhappy way ſhe has been in; and was ſo far from making that an objection, that when her malady was at the height (being encouraged by phyſicians to hope that her recovery would be the probable conſequence) he would have thought himſelf

himſelf the happieſt of men, could he have been honoured with her hand. He knows her love of you. He adores her for her motive of refuſing you. He loves you, and is confident of the inviolable honour of both: Whoſe alliance, on all theſe conſiderations, can be ſo deſirable to us as that with the Count of Belvedere?

Surely, my dear friend, it muſt be in your power to ſet the example: In *yours*, who could ſubdue a whole family of zealous Catholics, and keep your own religion; and who could engage the virgin heart of one of the moſt delicate women in the world. What woman who has a heart to beſtow; what family, that has a daughter or ſiſter to give, can withſtand you? Religion and country of both the ſame?

Give us hope, therefore, my dear Grandiſon, that you will make the effort. Aſſure us, that you will not ſcruple, if you can ſucceed, to ſet the example; and on this aſſurance we will claim from Clementina the effects of the hope ſhe has given us: And if we *can* prevail, will in England return you thanks for the numberleſs favours you have conferred upon us.

Thus earneſtly, as well from inclination as in compliance with the preſſing entreaties of every one of a family which I hope are ſtill, and ever will be dear to you, do I, your Jeronymo, your brother, your friend, ſolicit you. Mrs Beaumont joins with us. She ſcruples not, ſhe bids me tell you, to pronounce, that you and Clementina will both be more happy, ſhe with the Count of Belvedere [your reſpective countries ſo diſtant, your religion ſo different], you with an Engliſh woman, than you could have been with each other. Mrs Beaumont has owned to me in private, that you often in converſation with her, even while you had hope of calling Clementina yours, lamented, for her ſake, as well as your own, the unhappy ſituation

tion with reſpect to religion you were both in; and that you had declared more than once to her, as indeed you did once to us, that in a *beginning* addreſs you would not have compromiſed thus with a princeſs. May we not expect every thing, my Grandiſon, from your magnanimity? We hope it is in your *power*, and we doubt not your *will*, to contribute to our happineſs. But whatever be the event, I beſeech you, my dear friend, continue to love

Your JERONYMO.

LETTER II.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

Groſvenor-Square, Sunday, Oct. 15.

CAN I forgive your pride, your petulance?—No, Harriet; poſitively no! I write to ſcold you; and having *ordered* my lord to ſup abroad, I ſhall perhaps oblige you with a long letter. We honeſt folks, who have not abundance of love-fooling upon our hands, find ourſelves happy in a good deal of quiet leiſure; and I love to chide and correct you wiſe ones.—Thus then I begin—

Ridiculous parade among you! I blame you all. Could he not have been Mrs Shirley's gueſt, if he was not to be permitted to repoſe under the ſame roof with his ſovereign lady and miſtreſs? But muſt you let him go to an inn?—What for! Why to ſhew the world he was but on a foot at preſent with your other humble ſervants, and be thought no more by the inſolent Greville, and affronted as an invader of his rights. Our ſex is a fooliſh ſex. Too little or too much parade. Yet, Lord help us! were it not that we muſt be afraid to appear over-

over-forward to the man *himſelf*, we ſhould treat the opinion of the world with contempt.

And yet, after all, what with Lady Clementina, what with the world, and what with our own punctilio, and palpitating hearts, and ſo forth, and all that, and more than all that, I own you are pretty nicely circumſtanced. But, my life for yours, you will behave like a ſimpleton on occaſion of his next addreſs to you: And why? Did you ever know that people did not, who were full of apprehenſions, who aimed at being very delicate, who were ſolicitous to take their meaſures from the judgment of thoſe without them; pragmatical ſouls perhaps, who form their notions either on what they have *read*, or by the addreſſes to them of their own ſilly fellows, aukward and unmeaning, and by no means to be compared for integrity, underſtanding, politeneſs, to my brother? Conſider, child, that he having ſeen, in different countries, perhaps a hundred women equally ſpecious with the preſent miſtreſs of his deſtiny, were form and outward grace to be the attractives, is *therefore* fitter to *give* than *take* the example.

But, Harriet, I write to charge you not to increaſe your own difficulties by too much parade: Your frankneſs of heart is a prime conſideration with him. He expects not to meet with the *girl*, but the *ſenſible woman*, in his addreſs to you. He is purſuing a laudable end—Don't teaze him with pug's tricks—"What, my dear Lady G. ſhould 'I have done?" ſay you—What ſignifies aſking me now? Did not you lay your heads together? And the wiſeſt which ever were ſet on women's ſhoulders? But indeed I never knew conſultations of any kind turn to account. It is only a parcel of people getting together, propoſing doubts, and puzzling one another, and ending as they began, if not worſe. Doctors differ. So many perſons ſo many minds.

And

And O how your petulant heart throbbed with indignation, becauſe he came not to breakfaſt with you! What benefit has a polite man over an unpolite one, where the latter ſhall have his ruſticity allowed for (O *that is his way!*), and when the other has expectations drawn upon him, which, if not *critically* anſwered, he is not to be forgiven! He is a prudent man: He may have overſlept himſelf—might dream of *Clementina*. Then it was a fault in him that he ſtaid to dine on the road—His horſes might want reſt, truly!—Upon my word, Harriet, a woman in love is—a woman in love. Wiſe or fooliſh before, we are all equally fooliſh then: The ſame froward, petulant, captious babies;—I proteſt, we are very ſilly creatures all of us in theſe circumſtances; and did not love make men as great fools as ourſelves, they would hardly think us worthy of their purſuit. Yet I am ſo true to the Free-maſonry myſelf, that I would think the man who ſhould dare to ſay half I have written of our *Dollſhips*, ought not to go away with his life.

My ſiſter and I are troubled about this Greville. Inform us the moment you can, of the particulars of what paſſed between my brother and him; pray do. We long alſo to ſee the letter he has put into your hands from Bologna. It is on the road we hope.

Caroline and I are as much concerned for your honour, your punctilio, as you, or any of you can be. But by the account you give of my brother's addreſs to you in preſence of your grandmother and aunt, as well as from our knowledge of his politeneſs, neither you nor we need to trouble our heads about it: It may be all left to him. He knows ſo well what becomes the character of the woman whom he hopes to call his wife, that you will be ſure of your dignity being preſerved, if you place a confidence in him. And yet no men is ſo

much above mere formal regards as he is. Let me enumerate inſtances from your letter before me.

His own intention, in the firſt place, not to ſurpriſe you by his viſits, as you apprehended he would, which would have made him look like a man of ſelf-imagined conſequence to you—His providing himſelf with accommodations at an inn, and not giving way to the invitation, even of your *ſagacious* uncle Selby [I muſt rally him. Does he ſpare me?]—His ſingling you out on Friday from your men-friends, yet giving you the opportunity of your aunt's and grandmother's company, to make his perſonal application to you for your favour—His requeſting the intereſt of your other friends with you, as if he preſumed not on your former acquaintance, and this after an application, not diſcouraged, made to your friends and you.

As to his equanimity in his firſt addreſs to you; his retaining your hand, forſooth, before all your friends, and ſo forth; never find fault with that, Harriet. [Indeed you do make an excuſe for the very freedom you blame—*So* lover-like!—] He is the very man that a conſcious young woman, as you are, ſhould wiſh to be addreſſed by: So much courage, yet ſo much true modeſty—What, I warrant, you would have had a man chalked out for you, who ſhould have ſtood at a diſtance, bowed, ſcraped, trembled; while you had nothing to do, but bridle, and make ſtiff courteſies to him, with your hands before you—Plagued with *his* doubts, and with *your own* diffidences; afraid he would *now*, and *now*, and *now*, pop out the queſtion, which he had not the courage to put; and ſo running on, ſimpering, fretting, fearing, like two parrallel lines, ſide by ſide, and never meeting; till ſome interpoſing friends, in pity to you both, put one's head pointing to the other's head, and

ſtroking and clapping the ſhoulders of each, ſet you at each other, as men do by other dunghill bread creatures.

You own he took no notice of your emotion when he firſt addreſſed himſelf to you; ſo gave you an opportunity to look up, which otherwiſe you would have wanted. Now don't you think you know a man creature or two, who would, on ſuch an occaſion, have grinned you quite out of countenance, and inſulted you with their pity for being modeſt?—But you own, that he had emotion too, when he firſt opened his mind to you—What a duce would the girl have?—Orme and Fowler in your head, no doubt! The tremblings of rejected men, and the fantaſies of romantic women, were to be a rule to my brother, I ſuppoſe, with your mock-majeſty!—Ah, Harriet! Did I not ſay that we women are very ſilly creatures?—But my brother is a *good* man—So we muſt have ſomething to find fault with him for.—Hah, hah, hah, hah. What do you laugh at Charlotte?——What do I laugh at, Harriet?—Why, at the idea of a couple of *lovers*, taken each with a violent ague-fit, at their firſt approach to each other——Hands ſhaking—Knees trembling—Lips quivering—Tongue faltering—Teeth chattering—I had a good mind to preſent you with an ague-dialogue between ſuch a trembling couple—I, I, I, I, ſays the lover—You, you, you, you, ſays the girl—if able to ſpeak at all. But, Harriet, you ſhall have the whole on demand. Rave at me, if you will: But love, as it is called by boys and girls, ſhall ever be the ſubject of my ridicule. Does it not lead us girls into all manner of abſurdities, inconveniencies, undutifulneſs, diſgrace?——Villainous Cupidity!—It does.

To be ſerious—Neither does my brother addreſs you in a ſtile that impeaches either his own underſtanding or yours.—Another fault, Harriet,

riet, is it not?—But ſure you are not ſo *very* a girl!

The juſtice he does to Lady Clementina and her family [let me be very ſerious when I ſpeak of Clementina], is a glorious inſtance, as well of his greatneſs of mind as of his ſincerity. He has no need to depreciate one lady, to help him to exalt (or do juſtice, I ſhould rather ſay, to) another. By praiſing her, he makes noble court to you, in ſuppoſing you, as you are, one of the moſt generous of women. How great is his compliment to *both* ladies, when he calls Clementina the Miſs Byron of Italy! Who, my dear, ever courted woman as my brother courts you? Indeed there can be but very few men who have ſuch a woman to court.

He ſuffers you not to aſk for an account of the ſtate of his heart from the time he knew you firſt, till now. He gives it to you unaſked. And how glorious is that account, both to you and himſelf?

Let us look back upon his conduct when laſt in Italy, and when every ſtep ſeemed to lead to his being the huſband of another woman.

The recovery of Clementina, and of her noble brother, ſeem to be the *conſequence* of his friendly goodneſs. The grateful family all join to reward him with their darling's hand; her heart ſuppoſed to be already his. He, like the man of honour he is, concludes himſelf bound by his former offers. They accept him upon thoſe terms. The lady's merits ſhine out with tranſcendent luſtre in the eyes of every one, even of us his ſiſters, and of *you*, Harriet, and your beſt friends: Muſt they not in *his*, to whom *merit* was ever the *firſt*, *beauty* but the *ſecond* attractive? He had no tie to any other woman on earth: He had only the tenderneſs of his own heart, with regard to Miſs Byron, to contend with. *Ought* he not to have contended

with it? He *did;* and ſo far conquered, as to enable himſelf to be *juſt* to the lady, whoſe great qualities, and the concurrence of her friends in his favour, had converted compaſſion for her into love. And who, that hears her ſtory, can forbear to love her? But with what tenderneſs, with what politeneſs, does he, in his letter to his choſen correſpondent, expreſs himſelf to Miſs Byron! He declares, that if *ſhe* were not to be happy, it would be a great abatement of his own felicity. You, however, remember how politely he recals his apprehenſions that you may not, on his account, be altogether ſo happy as he wiſhes, as the ſuggeſtions of his own preſumption; and cenſures himſelf for barely ſuppoſing, that he had been of conſequence enough with you to give you pain.

How much to your honour, before he went over, does he account for your ſmiles, for your frankneſs of heart, in his company! He would not build upon them: Nor indeed could he know the ſtate of your heart, as *we* did: He had not the opportunity. How ſilly was your punctilio, that made you ſometimes fancy it was out of mere compaſſion that he revealed to you the ſtate of his engagement abroad! You ſee he tells you, that ſuch was his opinion of your greatneſs of mind, that he thought he had no other way but to put it in your power to check him, if his love for you ſhould ſtimulate him to an act of neglect to the lady to whom (ſhe having never refuſed him, and not being then in a condition either to claim him, or ſet him free) he thought himſelf under obligation. Don't you revere him for his honour to her, the nature of her malady conſidered?—What muſt he have ſuffered in this conflict!

Well, and now, by a ſtrange turn in the lady, but glorious to herſelf, as he obſerves, the obſtacle removed, he applies to Miſs Byron for her favour. How ſenſible is he of what delicacy requires from her! How juſtly (reſpecting his love for

for you) does he account for not poſtponing, for the ſake of *cold* and *dull* form, as he juſtly expreſſes it, his addreſs to you! How greatly does the letter he delivered to you favour his argument! Ah the poor Clementina! *Cruel* perſuaders her relations! I hate and pity them, in a breath. Never, before, did hatred and pity meet in the ſame boſom, as they do in mine, on this occaſion. His difficulties, my dear, and the uncommon ſituation he is in, as if he were offering you but a divided love, enhance your glory. You are reinſtated on the female throne, to the lowermoſt ſtep of which you once was afraid you had deſcended. You are offered a man, whoſe perplexities have not proceeded from the entanglements of intrigue, inconſtancy, perfidy; but from his own compaſſionate nature: And could you, by any other way in the world than by this ſuppoſed divided love, have had it in your power, by accepting his humbly-offered hand, to lay him under obligation to you, which he thinks he never ſhall be able to diſcharge? Lay *him*——Who?—Sir CHARLES GRANDISON——For whom ſo many virgin hearts have ſighed in vain! —And what a triumph to our ſex is this, as well as to my Harriet!

And now, Harriet, let me tell you, that my ſiſter and I are both in great expectations of your next letter. It is, it muſt be, written before you will have this. My brother is more than man: You have only to ſhew yourſelf to be ſuperior to the *forms* of woman. If you play the fool with him, now that you have the power you and we have ſo long wiſhed you—If you give pain to his noble, becauſe ſincere heart, by any the leaſt ſhadow of female affectation; you, who have hitherto been diſtinguiſhed for ſo amiable a frankneſs; you who cannot doubt his honour—the honour of a man who ſolicits your favour even in a *great* manner, a manner in which no man before him

ever courted a woman, becauſe few men before him have ever been ſo particularly circumſtanced; a manner that gives you an opportunity to outſhine, in your acceptance of him, even the noble Clementina in her refuſal; as bigotry muſt have been, in part, her motive—If I ſay you act fooliſhly, weakly, now—Look to it—You will depreciate, if not caſt away, your own glory. Remember you have a man to deal with, who, from the behaviour of us his ſiſters to Mrs Oldham, at his firſt return to England, took meaſure of our minds, and, without loving us the leſs for it, looked down upon us with pity; and made us, ever ſince, look upon ourſelves in a diminiſhing light, and as ſiſters who have greater reaſon to glory in their brother, than he has in them. Would you not rather, you who are to ſtand in a ſtill nearer relation to him, invite his admiration, than his pity? Till laſt Friday night you had it: What Saturday has produced, we ſhall ſoon gueſs.

Not either Lord L. or Lord G. not Emily, not aunt Eleanor, now, either ſee or hear read what you write, except here and there a paſſage, which you yourſelf would not ſcruple to hear read to them. Are not you our third ſiſter? To each of us our next ſelf: And, what gives ſtill more dignity, the elected wife of our brother!

Adieu, my love! In longing expectation of your next, we ſubſcribe

Your affectionate

CAROLINE L.
CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER

LETTER III.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady* G.

Saturday, Oct. 14.

MR Fenwick has juſt now been telling us, from the account given him by that Greville, vile man! how the affair was between him and Sir Charles Grandiſon. Take it briefly as follows:

About eight yeſterday morning, that audacious wretch went to the George at Northampton; and after making his enquiries, demanded an audience of Sir Charles Grandiſon. Sir Charles was near dreſſed, and had ordered his chariot to be ready, with intent to viſit us early.

He admitted of Mr Greville's viſit. Mr Greville confeſſes, that his own behaviour was *peremtory* (his word for *inſolent*, I ſuppoſe). I hear, Sir, ſaid he, that you are come down into this county in order to carry off from us the richeſt jewel in it —I need not ſay whom. My name is Greville: I have long made my addreſſes to her, and have bound myſelf under a vow, that, were a prince to be my competitor, I would diſpute his title to her.

You ſeem to be a *princely* man, Sir, ſaid Sir Charles, offended with his air and words, no doubt. You need not, Mr Greville, have told me your name: I have heard of you. What *your* pretenſions are, I know not; your vow is nothing to me. I am maſter of my own actions; and ſhall not account to you, or any man living, for them.

I preſume, Sir, you came down with the intention I have hinted at? I beg only your anſwer as to that. I beg it as a favour, gentleman to gentleman.

The

The manner of your addreſs to me, Sir, is not ſuch as will intitle you to an anſwer for your *own* ſake. I will tell you, however, that I am come down to pay my devoirs to Miſs Byron. I hope for acceptance; and know not that I am to make allowance for the claim of any man on earth.

Sir Charles Grandiſon, I know your character: I know your bravery. It is from that knowledge that I conſider you as a fit man for me to talk to. I am not a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, Sir.

I make no account of *who* or *what* you are, Mr Greville. Your viſit is not, at this time, a welcome one: I am going to breakfaſt with Miſs Byron. I ſhall be here in the evening, and at leiſure then to attend to any thing you ſhall think yourſelf authoriſed to ſay to me, on this or any other ſubject.

We may be overheard, Sir—Shall I beg you to walk with me into the garden below? You are going to breakfaſt, you ſay, with Miſs Byron. *Dear* Sir Charles Grandiſon, oblige me with an audience, of five minutes only, in the back-yard, or garden.

In the evening, Mr Greville, command me any where: But I will not be broken in upon now.

I will not leave you at liberty, Sir Charles, to make your viſit where you are going, till I am gratified with one five minutes' conference with you below.

Excuſe me then, Mr Greville, that I give orders, as if you were not here. Sir Charles rang. Up came one of his ſervants—Is the chariot ready? Almoſt ready, was the anſwer.—Make haſte. Saunders may ſee his friends in this neighbourhood: He may ſtay with them till Monday. Frederick and you attend me.

He took out a letter, and read in it, as he walked about the room, with great compoſure, not regarding Mr Greville, who ſtood ſwelling, as he owned, at one of the windows, till the ſervant withdrew;

withdrew; and then he addreſſed himſelf to Sir Charles in language of reproach on this contemptuous treatment.—Mr Greville, ſaid Sir Charles, you may be thankful, perhaps, that you are in my apartment: This intruſion is a very ungentlemanly one.

Sir Charles was angry, and expreſſed impatience to be gone. Mr Greville owned, that he knew not how to contain himſelf, to ſee his rival, with ſo many advantages in his perſon and air, dreſſed avowedly to attend the woman he had ſo long—Shall I ſay, been troubleſome to? For I am ſure he never had the ſhadow of countenance from me.

I repeat my demand, Sir Charles, of a conference of five minutes below.

You have no right to make any demand upon me, Mr Greville: If you think you have, the evening will be time enough. But even then you muſt behave more like a gentleman than you have done hitherto, to intitle yourſelf to be conſidered as on a foot with me.

Not on a foot with you, Sir!—And he put his hand upon his ſword. A gentleman is on a foot with a prince, Sir, in a point of honour—

Go, then, and find out your prince, Mr Greville: I am no prince: And you have as much reaſon to addreſs yourſelf to the man you never ſaw, as to me.

His ſervant juſt then ſhewing himſelf, and withdrawing; Mr Greville, added he, I leave you in poſſeſſion of this apartment. Your ſervant, Sir. In the evening I ſhall be at your command.

One word with you, Sir Charles—One word—

What would Mr Greville? turning back.

Have you made propoſals? Are your propoſals accepted?

I repeat, that you ought to have behaved differently,

rently, Mr Greville, to be intitled to an anſwer to theſe queſtions.

Anſwer me, however, Sir: I beg it as a favour.

Sir Charles took out his watch.—After nine: I ſhall make them wait. But thus I anſwer you: I *have* made propoſals; and, as I told you before, hope they will be accepted.

Were you any other man in the world, Sir, the man before you might queſtion your ſucceſs with a woman whoſe difficulties are augmented by the obſequiouſneſs of her admirers. But ſuch a man as you would not have come down on a fool's errand. I love Miſs Byron to diſtraction. I could not ſhew my face in the county, and ſuffer any man out of it to carry away ſuch a prize.

Out of the county, Mr Greville! What narrowneſs is this! But I pity you for your love of Miſs Byron: And——

You *pity* me, Sir! interrupted he.—I bear not ſuch haughty tokens of ſuperiority. Either give up your pretenſions to Miſs Byron, or make me ſenſible of it, in the way of a gentleman.

Mr Greville, your ſervant: And he went down.

The wretch followed him; and when they came to the yard, and Sir Charles was ſtepping into his chariot, he took his hand, ſeveral perſons preſent —We are obſerved, Sir Charles, whiſpered he. Withdraw with me for a few moments. By the great God of Heaven, you muſt not refuſe me. I cannot bear that you ſhould go thus triumphantly on the buſineſs you are going upon.

Sir Charles ſuffered himſelf to be led by the wretch: And when they were come to a private ſpot, Mr Greville drew, and demanded Sir Charles to do the like, putting himſelf in a poſture of defence.

Sir Charles put his hand on his ſword, but drew it not. Mr Greville, ſaid he, know your own ſafety;

ſafety; and was turning from him, when the wretch ſwore he would admit of no alternative, but his giving up his pretenſions to Miſs Byron.

His rage, as Mr Fenwick deſcribes it from himſelf, making him dangerous, Sir Charles drew.—I only defend myſelf, ſaid he—Greville, you keep no guard—He put by his paſs with his ſword; and, without making a puſh, cloſed in with him, twiſted his ſword out of his hand, and, pointing his own to his breaſt, You ſee my power, Sir—Take your life, and your ſword—But if you are either wiſe, or would be thought a man of honour, tempt not again your fate.

And am I again maſter of my ſword, and unhurt? 'Tis generous—The evening you ſay?

Still I ſay, I will be yours in the evening, either at your own houſe, or at my inn; but not as a duelliſt, Sir: You know my principles.

How can this be! and he ſwore. How was it done?—Expoſe me not at Selby-houſe——How the devil could this be?—I expect you in the evening here.

He went off a back-way. Sir Charles, inſtead of going directly into his chariot, went up to his apartment; wrote his billet to my aunt to excuſe himſelf, finding it full late to get hither in time, and being ſomewhat diſcompoſed in his temper, as he owned to us: And then he took an airing in his chariot, till he came hither to dine.

But how ſhould we have been alarmed, had we known that Sir Charles declined ſupping here, in order to meet the violent man again at his inn! And how did we again blame ourſelves for taking amiſs his not ſupping with us!

Mr Fenwick ſays, that Mr Greville got *him* to accompany him to the George.

Sir Charles apologized, with great civility to Mr Greville, for making him wait for him. Mr Greville,

Greville, *had* he been diſpoſed for miſchief, had no uſe of his right arm. It was ſtrained by the twiſting of his ſword from it, and in a ſling.

Sir Charles behaved to them both with great politeneſs; and Mr Greville owned, that he had acted nobly by him, in returning his ſword, even before his paſſion was calmed, and in not uſing his own. But it was ſome time, it ſeems, before he was brought into this temper. What a good deal contributed to it was, Sir Charles's acquainting him, that he had not given particulars at Selby-houſe, or to any body, of the affray between them; but referred it to himſelf to give them as he ſhould think proper. This forbearance he highly applauded, and was even thankful for it. Fenwick ſhall, in confidence, ſaid he, report this matter to your honour, and my own mortification, as the truth requires, at Selby-houſe. Let me not be hated by Miſs Byron on this account. My paſſion gave me diſadvantage. I will try to honour you, Sir Charles: But I muſt hate you if you ſucceed. One condition, however, I make: That you reconcile me to the Selbies and Miſs Byron; and if you are likely to be ſucceſsful, let me have the credit of reporting that it is by my conſent.

They parted with civility; but not, it ſeems, till a late hour. Sir Charles, as Mr Beauchamp and Dr Bartlett had told us, was always happy in making, by his equanimity, generoſity, and forgiveneſs, faſt friends of inveterate enemies. Thank God the iſſue was not unhappy.

Mr Fenwick ſays, that the rencounter is very little gueſſed at, or talked of [Thank God for that too!] and to thoſe few who have enquired of Mr Greville or Mr Fenwick about it, it has been denied; and now Greville, as Mr Fenwick had done before, declares he will give out, that he yields up all his hopes of Miſs Byron; but ſays,

that Sir Charles Grandiſon, of whoſe addreſs every body already talks, is the only man in England to whom he could reſign his pretenſions.

He inſiſts upon Sir Charles's dining with him to-morrow; Mr Fenwick's alſo. Sir Charles is ſo deſirous that the neighbourhood ſhould conclude, that he and theſe gentlemen are on a foot of good underſtanding, that he made the leſs ſcruple for every one's ſake to accept of his invitation.

I am very, very thankful, my deareſt Lady G. that the conſtant blufterings of this violent man, for ſo many months paſt, are ſo happily overblown.

Mr Fenwick, as I gueſſed he would, made propoſals to my aunt and me for my Lucy. Lucy has a fine fortune: But if ſhe had not, he ſhould not have her: Indeed he is not worthy of Lucy's mind. He muſt be related to *me*, he ſaid: But I anſwered, No man muſt call Lucy Selby his, who can have any other motive for his wiſhes but her merit.

We hourly expect your brother. The new danger he has been in on my account endears him ſtill more to us all. How, how will you forbear, ſaid my uncle, throwing yourſelf into his arms at once, when he demands the reſult of our deliberations? If I follow Mr Deane's advice, I am to give him my hand at the *firſt* word: If Lucy's and Nancy's, he is not to aſk me *twice:* If my grandmamma's and aunt's [they are always good], I am to act as occaſion requires, and as my own confided-in prudence will ſuggeſt at the time; but to be ſure not to be guilty of affectation. But ſtill, my dear ladies, ſomething ſticks with me (and ought it not?) in relation to the noble Clementina!

LETTER IV.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Saturday Night, Oct. 14.

NOW, my dear Ladies L. and G. let me lay before you, juſt as it happened, for your approbation or cenſure, all that has paſſed between the beſt of men and your Harriet. Happy ſhall I be if I can be acquitted by his ſiſters.

My grandmamma went home laſt night, but was here before Sir Charles; yet he came a little after eleven.

He addreſſed us ſeverally with his uſual politeneſs, and my grandmother particularly, with ſuch an air of reverence as did him credit, becauſe of her years and wiſdom.

We all congratulated him on what we had heard from Mr Fenwick.

Mr Greville and I, ſaid he, are on very good terms. When I have the preſumption to think *myſelf* a welcome gueſt, I am to introduce him as my friend. Mr Greville, though ſo long your neighbour, modeſtly doubts his own welcome.

Well he may, ſaid my aunt Selby, after—No *afters*, dear madam, if you mean any thing that has paſſed between him and me.

He again addreſſed himſelf to me. I rejoice, Sir, ſaid I, that you have ſo happily quieted a ſpirit always thought uncontroulable.

You muſt tell me, madam, replied he, when I can be allowed to introduce Mr Greville to you?

Shall I anſwer for my couſin, ſaid Lucy?—I did not, Sir Charles, think you ſuch a deſigner.—You were not, you know, to introduce Mr Greville, till you were aſſured of being yourſelf a *very* welcome gueſt to my couſin.

I own my plot, replied he: I had an intent to ſurpriſe

ſurpriſe Miſs Byron into an implied favour to myſelf.

You need not, Sir Charles, thought I, take ſuch a method.

On his taking very kind notice of my couſin James, Do you know, Sir Charles, ſaid my uncle (whoſe joy, when it overflows, ſeldom ſuffers the dear man to conſult ſeaſonableneſs), that that boy is already in love with your Emily?—The youth bluſhed—

I am obliged to every body who loves my Emily. She is a favourite of Miſs Byron—Muſt ſhe not then be a good girl?

She is indeed a favourite, ſaid I; and ſo great a one, that I know not *who* can deſerve her.

I ſaid this, leſt Sir Charles ſhould think (on a ſuppoſition that my uncle meant ſomething) that my couſin had *my* countenance.

Sir Charles then addreſſed himſelf to my grandmamma and aunt, ſpeaking low—I hope, ladies, I may be allowed in your preſence to reſume the converſation of yeſterday with Miſs Byron?

No, Sir Charles, anſwered my grandmamma, affecting to look ſerious, that muſt not be.

Muſt not be, madam! and he ſeemed ſurpriſed and *affected* too. My aunt was a little ſtartled, but not ſo much as ſhe would have been, had ſhe not known the lively turns which that excellent parent ſometimes gives to ſubjects of converſation.

Muſt not be, I repeat, Sir Charles: But I will not ſuffer you to be long in ſuſpenſe. We have always, when propoſals of this kind have been made, referred ourſelves to our Harriet. She has prudence: She has gratitude. We will leave her and you together, when ſhe is inclined to hear you on the intereſting ſubject. I know I am right. Harriet is above diſguiſes. She will be obliged to ſpeak for herſelf, when ſhe has not either her aunt or me to refer to. She and you are not acquain-

tance of yeſterday. You, Sir, I dare ſay, will not be diſpleaſed with the opportunity—

Neither Miſs Byron nor I, madam, could wiſh for the abſence of two ſuch parental relations. But this reference I will preſume to conſtrue as a hopeful prognoſtic. May I *now*, through your mediation, madam [*to my aunt*], hope for the opportunity of addreſſing myſelf to Miſs Byron?

My aunt, taking me to the window, told me what had paſſed. I was a little ſurpriſed at my grandmamma's reference to myſelf only. I expoſtulated with my aunt: It is plain, madam, that Sir Charles expected not this compliment.

Your grandmamma's motion ſurpriſed me a little, my dear: It proceeded from the fullneſs of her joy: She meant a compliment to you both: There is now no receding. Let us withdraw together.

What, madam, at *his* propoſal? As if *expecting* to be followed?—See how my uncle looks at me! Every one's eyes are upon me!—In the afternoon, if it muſt be—as by accident. But I had rather you and my grandmamma were to be preſent. I mean not to be guilty of affectation to him: I know my own heart, and will not diſguiſe it. I ſhall *want* to refer to you. I ſhall be ſilly: I dare not truſt myſelf.

I wiſh the compliment had not been made, replied my aunt. But, my dear, come along with me.

She went out. I followed her; a little reluctantly however; and Lucy tells me, that I looked ſo ſilly, as was enough of itſelf to inform every body of the intent of my withdrawing, and that I expected Sir Charles would follow me.

She was very cruel, I told her; and in my caſe would have looked as ſilly as I, while *I* ſhould have pitied *her*.

I led

I led to my cloſet. My aunt, ſeating me there, was going from me. Well, madam, and ſo I am to ſtay here quietly, I ſuppoſe, till Sir Charles vouchſafes to come? Would Clementina have done ſo?

No hint to him of Clementina in this way I charge you: It would look ungrateful and girliſh. I will introduce him to you—

And ſtay with me, I hope, madam, when he is introduced. I tell you, Lady G. all my foibles.

Away went my aunt, but ſoon returned, and with her the Man of men.

She but turned herſelf round, and ſaw him take my hand, which he did with a compliment that would have made me proud at another time, and left us together.

I was reſolved then to aſſume all my courage, and, if poſſible, to be preſent to myſelf. He *was* to himſelf; yet had a modeſty and politeneſs in his manner, which ſoftened the dignity of his addreſs.

Some men, I fancy, would have begun with admiring, or pretending to admire the pieces of my own workmanſhip which you have ſeen hang here: But not he. After another compliment made (as I preſume to re-aſſure me) on my reſtored complexion [I did indeed feel my face glow], he ſpoke directly to his ſubject.

I need not, I am ſure, ſaid he, repeat to my dear Miſs Byron what I ſaid yeſterday as to the delicacy of my ſituation, with regard to what ſome would deem a divided or double love. I need not repeat to you the very great regard I have, and ever ſhall have for the lady abroad. Her merit, and your greatneſs of mind, render any apology for ſo juſt a regard needleſs. But it may be neceſſary to ſay, what I can with truth ſay, that I love not my own ſoul better than I love Miſs Byron. You ſee, madam, I am wholly free with re-

gard to that lady—free by her own choice, by her own will.—You ſee, that the whole family build a part of their happineſs on the ſucceſs of my addreſs to a lady of my own country. Clementina's wiſh always was, that I would marry; and only be careful, that my choice ſhould not diſgrace the regard ſhe vouchſafed to own for me. Clementina, when ſhe has the pleaſure of knowing the dear lady before me, if that *may* be, by the name of Grandiſon, will confeſs, that my choice has done the higheſt credit to the favour ſhe honoured me with.

And will you not, my dear Lady G. be ready to aſk, Could Sir Charles Grandiſon be really in earneſt in this humble court (as if he doubted her favour) to a creature, every wiſh of whoſe heart was devoted to him? Did he not rather for his own ſake, in order to give her the conſequence which a wife of his ought to have, reſolve to dignify the poor girl, who had ſo long been mortified by cruel ſuſpenſe, and who had ſo often deſpaired of ever being happy with the lord of her heart? O no, my dear, your brother *looked* the humble, the modeſt lover; yet the man of ſenſe, of dignity in love. I could not but be aſſured of his affection, notwithſtanding all that had paſſed: And what *had* paſſed that he could poſſibly have helped? ——His pleas of the day before, the contents of Signor Jeronymo's letter were all in my mind.

He ſeemed to expect my anſwer. He only whoſe generouſly-*doubting* eye kept down mine, can tell how I looked, how I behaved—But heſitatingly, tremblingly, both voice and knees, as I ſat; thus brokenly, as near as I remember, I anſwered, not withdrawing my hand, though, as I ſpoke, he more than once preſſed it with his lips:—The honour of Sir Charles Grandiſon—Sir Charles Grandiſon's honour—no one ever did, or ever can doubt.—I muſt own—I muſt confeſs—There I paufed.

What

What does my dear Miſs Byron own?—What confeſs?—Aſſure yourſelf, madam, of my honour, of my gratitude.—Should you have *doubts*, ſpeak them. I deſire your favour but as I clear up your doubts. I *would* ſpeak them for you—I *have* ſpoken them for you. I own to you, madam, that there may be force in your doubts, which nothing but your generoſity and affiance in the honour of the man before you, can induce you to get over. And thus far I will own againſt myſelf, that were the lady in whoſe heart I ſhould hope an intereſt, to have been circumſtanced as I was, my own delicacy would have been hurt; owing, indeed, to the high notion I have of the true female delicacy.—Now ſay, now *own*, now *confeſs*, my dear Miſs Byron—what you were going to *confeſs*.

This, Sir, is my confeſſion—and it is the confeſſion of a heart which I hope is as ſincere as your own—That I am dazzled, (confounded, ſhall I ſay?), at the ſuperior merits of the lady you ſo nobly, ſo like yourſelf, glory ſtill in eſteeming as ſhe well deſerves to be eſteemed.

Joy ſeemed to flaſh from his eyes—He bowed on my hand, and preſſed it with his lips; but was either ſilent by choice, or could not ſpeak.

I proceeded, though with a heſitating voice, a glowing cheek, and down-caſt eye—I fear not, Sir, any more than *ſhe* did, your honour, your juſtice, no nor your indulgent tenderneſs—*Your* character, *your* principles, Sir, are full ſecurity to the woman who ſhall endeavour to deſerve from you that indulgence—But ſo juſtly high do I think of Lady Clementina and her conduct, that I fear—ah, Sir, I fear—that it is impoſſible—

I ſtopt—I am ſure I was in earneſt, and muſt *look* to be ſo, or my countenance and my heart were not allied.

What *impoſſible!*—What fears my dear Miſs Byron is *impoſſible?*

Why

Why (thus kindly urged, and by a man of unqueſtionable honour) ſhall I not ſpeak all that is in my mind? The poor Harriet Byron fears, ſhe *juſtly* fears, when ſhe contemplates the magnanimity of that exalted lady, that with all her care, with all her endeavours, ſhe never ſhall be able to make the figure to HERSELF, which is neceſſary for her own tranquillity (however *you* might generouſly endeavour to *aſſure* her doubting mind). This, Sir, is my doubt—and *all* my doubt.

Generous, kind, noble Miſs Byron! in a rapturous accent—And is this *all* your doubt? Then muſt yet the man before you be a happy man; for he queſtions not, if life be lent him, to make you one of the happieſt of women. Clementina has acted glorioufly in preferring to all other conſiderations her religion and her country: I can allow this in her favour againſt myſelf: And ſhall I not be doubly bound in gratitude to her ſiſter excellence, who, having not thoſe trials, yet the moſt delicate of human minds, ſhews in my favour a frankneſs of heart which ſets her above little forms and affectation, and at the ſame time a generoſity with regard to the merits of another lady which has few examples?

He then on one knee, taking my paſſive hand between both his, and kiſſing it once, twice, thrice—Repeat, dear, and ever-dear Miſs Byron, that this is *all* your doubt (I bowed aſſentingly: I could not ſpeak)—A happy, an eaſy taſk is mine! Be aſſured, deareſt madam, that I will diſavow every action of my life, every thought of my heart, every word of my mouth, which tends not to diſſipate that doubt.

I took out my handkerchief.—

My dear Miſs Byron, proceeded he, with an ardour that beſpoke his heart, you are goodneſs itſelf. I approached you with diffidence, with more than diffidence, with apprehenſion, becauſe of your known

known delicacy, which I was afraid, on this occaſion, would *deſcend* into punctilioufneſs.—May bleſſings attend my future life, as my grateful heart ſhall acknowledge this goodneſs!——

Again he kiſſed my hand, riſing with dignity. I could have received his vows on my knees; but I was motionleſs; yet how was I delighted to be the cauſe of joy to him!—Joy to your brother! to Sir Charles Grandiſon!

He ſaw me greatly affected, and indeed my emotion increaſed on reflection. He conſiderately ſaid, I will leave you, my dear Miſs Byron, to intitle myſelf to the congratulations of all our friends below. From this moment, after a thouſand ſuſpenſes and ſtrange events, which, unſought-for, have chequered my paſt life, I date my happineſs.

He moſt reſpectfully left me.

I was glad he did: Yet my eyes followed him. His very ſhadow was grateful to me as he went down ſtairs. And there, it ſeems, he congratulated himſelf, and called for the congratulations of every one preſent, in ſo *noble* a manner, that every eye ran over with joy.

Was I not right, ſaid my grandmamma to my aunt (you half-blamed me, my dear), in leaving Sir Charles and my Harriet together? Harriet ever was above diſguiſe. Sir Charles might have *gueſſed* at her heart; but he would not have *known* it from her own lips, had ſhe had you and me to refer to.

Whatever *you* do, madam, anſwered my aunt, muſt be right.

My aunt came up to me. She found me in a very thoughtful mood. I had ſometimes been accuſing myſelf of forwardneſs, and at others was acquitting myſelf, or endeavouring to do ſo—yet mingling, though thus early, a hundred delightful circumſtances with my accuſations and acquittals, which were likely to bleſs my future lot: Such as his relations and friends being mine, mine his; and

and I run them all over by name. But my Emily, my dear Emily! I conſidered as *my* ward as well as his. In this way my aunt found me. She embraced me, applauded me, and cleared up all my ſelf doubtings as to forwardneſs; and told me of their mutual congratulations below, and how happy I had made them all. What ſelf-confidence did her approbation give me!—And as ſhe aſſured me that my uncle would not rally, but extol me, I went down with ſpirits much higher than I went up with.

Sir Charles and my grandmamma were talking together, ſitting ſide by ſide, when I entered the room. All the company ſtood up at my entrance. —O my dear! what a princeſs in every one's eye will the declared love of ſuch a man make me! How will all the conſequence I had before, among my partial friends and favourers, be augmented!

My uncle ſaid, *fideling* by me (kindly intending not to daſh me), My ſweet ſparkler! (that was the name he uſed to call me before Sir Charles Grandiſon taught me a leſſon that made me thoughful) You are now again my delight and my joy. I thank you for not being—a fool—that's all. Egad, I was afraid of your *femality*, when you came face to face.

Sir Charles came to me, and, with an air of the moſt reſpectful love, taking my hand, led me to a ſeat between himſelf and my grandmamma.

My ever dear Harriet, ſaid ſhe, and condeſcended to lift my hand to her lips, I will not abaſh you; but muſt juſt ſay, that you have acquitted yourſelf as I wiſhed you to do. I knew I could truſt to a heart that ever was above affectation or diſguiſe.

Sir Charles Grandiſon, madam, ſaid I, has the generoſity to diſtinguiſh and encourage a doubting mind.

Infinitely obliging, Miſs Byron, replied he, preſſing one hand between both his, as my grandmamma held the other, your condeſcenſion attracts both

my

my love and reverence. Permit me to ſay, that had not Heaven given a Miſs Byron for the object of my hope, I had hardly, after what had befallen me *abroad*, ever looked forward to a wedded love.

One favour I have to beg of you, Sir, reſumed my grandmamma: It is, that you will never uſe the word *abroad*, or expreſs *perſons* by their *countries*; in fine, that you will never ſpeak with reſerve when the admirable Clementina is in your thoughts. Mention her name with freedom, my dear Sir, to my child, to me, and to my daughter Selby—you may—We always loved and reverenced her: Still we do ſo. She has given an example to all her ſex, of a paſſion properly ſubdued—Of temporal conſiderations yielding to eternal!

Sir, ſaid I, bowing as I ſat, I join in this requeſt.

His eyes gliſtened with grateful joy. He bowed low to each, but ſpoke not.

My aunt came to us, and ſat down by Sir Charles, refuſing his ſeat, becauſe it was next me. Let me, ſaid ſhe, enjoy your converſation: I have heard part of your ſubject, and ſubſcribe to it with all my heart. Lady G. can teſtify for us all three, that we cannot be ſo mean as to intend you a compliment, Sir, by what has been ſaid.

Nor can I, madam, as to imagine it. You exalt *yourſelves* even more than you do Clementina. I will let my Jeronymo know ſome of the particulars which have given joy to *my* heart. They will make *him* happy; and the excellent Clementina (I will *not* forbear her name) will rejoice in the happy proſpects before me. She wanted but to be aſſured that the friend ſhe ſo greatly honoured with her regard, was not likely (either in the qualities of the lady's mind, or in her family-connections) to be a ſufferer by her declining his addreſs.

May

May nothing now happen, my dear Lady G. to overcloud—But I will not be apprehenſive. I will thankfully enjoy the preſent moment, and leave the future to the All-wiſe Diſpoſer of events. If Sir Charles Grandiſon be mine, and reward by his kindneſs my love, what can befal me that I ought not to bear with reſignation?

But, my dear ladies, let me here aſk you a queſtion or two.

Tell me, did I ever, as you remember, ſuffer by ſuſpenſes, by *any*-thing?—Was there ever really ſuch a man as Sir Hargrave Pollexfen!—Did I not tell you my *dreams*, when I told you of what I believed I had undergone from his perſecuting inſults! It is well for the ſake of preſerving to me the grace of humility, and for the ſake of warning (for all my days *preceding* that inſult had been happy), that I wrote down *at the time* an account of thoſe ſufferings, thoſe ſuſpenſes, or I ſhould have been apt to forget now that I ever was unhappy.

And, pray let me aſk, ladies, Can you gueſs what is become of my illneſs? I was very ill, you know, when you, Lady G. did us the honour of a viſit; ſo ill, that I could not hide it from you and my other dear friends, as fain I would have done. I did not think it was an illneſs of ſuch a nature, as that its cure depended on an eaſy heart. I was ſo much convinced of the merits of Lady Clementina, and that no other woman in the world ought to be Lady Grandiſon, that I thought I had pretty tolerably quieted my heart in that expectation. I hope I brag not too ſoon. But, my dear, I now feel ſo eaſy, ſo light, ſo happy—that I hardly know what's the matter with me—But I hope nobody will *find* the malady I have *loſt*. May no diſappointed heart be invaded by it! Let it not travel to Italy! The dear lady there has ſuffered enough from a worſe malady: Nor, if it ſtay in the iſland,

let it come near the ſighing heart of my Emily! That dear girl ſhall be happy if it be in my power to make her ſo. Pray, ladies, tell her ſhe ſhall.—No, but don't: I will tell her ſo myſelf by the next poſt. Nor let it, I pray God, attack Lady Anne S. or any of the half-ſcore ladies, of whom I was once ſo unwilling to hear.

OUR diſcourſe at table was on various ſubjects. My couſin James was again very inquiſitive after the principal courts and places of note in Italy.

What pleaſure do I hope one day to receive from the peruſal (if I ſhall be favoured with it) of Sir Charles's LITERARY JOURNAL, mentioned to Dr Bartlett, in ſome of his letters from Italy! For it includes, I preſume, a deſcription of places, cities, cabinets of the curious, diverſions, amuſements, cuſtoms of different nations. How attentive were we all to the anſwers he made to my couſin James's queſtions! My memory ſerves but for a few generals, and thoſe I will not trouble you with. Sir Charles told my couſin, that if he were determined on an excurſion abroad, he would furniſh him with recommendatory letters.

Mr Greville and his inſult were one of our ſubjects after dinner, when the ſervants were withdrawn. Lucy expreſſed her wonder that he was ſo ſoon reconciled to Sir Charles, after the menaces he had for years paſt thrown out againſt any man who ſhould be likely to ſucceed with me.

My uncle obſerved, that Mr Greville had not for a long time had any hopes; that he always was apprehenſive, that if Sir Charles Grandiſon were to make his addreſſes, he would ſucceed: That it had been his and Fenwick's cuſtom, to endeavour to bluſter away their competitors *. He poſſibly, my uncle added, might hope to intimidate Sir

* *See Vol.* I. *Letter* ii.

Charles; or at leaſt, knowing his principles, might ſuppoſe he ran no riſk in the attempt.

Mr Deane ſaid, Mr Greville had told him, that the moment he knew Miſs Byron had choſen her man, he would give up his pretenſions; but that, as long as ſhe remained ſingle, he was determined to perſecute her, as he himſelf called it. Perſeverance he had known do every thing, after an admired woman had run through a circle of humble ſervants, and perhaps found herſelf diſappointed in her own choice; and for his part, but with *her*, he had no fondneſs for the married life; he cared not who knew it.

Sir Charles ſpoke of Mr Greville with candour. He thought him a man of rough manners, but not ill-natured. He affected to be a joker, and often therefore might be taken for a worſe man than he really was. He believed him to be careleſs of his reputation, and one who ſeemed to think there was wit and bravery in advancing free and uncommon things, and gloried in bold ſurprizes. For my part, continued he, I ſhould hardly have conſented to cultivate his acquaintance, much leſs to dine with him to-morrow, but as he inſiſted upon it, as a token of my forgiving in him a behaviour that was really what a gentleman ſhould not have pardoned himſelf for. I conſidered him, proceeded Sir Charles, as a neighbour to this family, with whom you had lived, and perhaps choſe to live upon good terms. Bad neighbours are nuiſances, eſpecially if they are people of fortune: It is in the power of ſuch to be very troubleſome in their own *perſons*; and they will often let looſe their *ſervants* to defy, provoke, inſult, and do miſchief to thoſe they love not. Mr Greville I thought, added he, deſerved to be more indulged, for the ſake of his love to Miſs Byron. He is a proud man, and muſt be mortified enough in having it generally

generally known that ſhe had conſtantly rejected his ſuit.

Why that's true, ſaid my uncle. Sir Charles, you conſider every body. But I hope all's over between you—

I have no doubt but it is, Mr Selby. Mr Greville's whole aim now ſeems to be, to come off with as little abatement of his pride as poſſible. He thinks, if he can paſs to the world as one who, having no hope himſelf, is deſirous to promote the cauſe of his friend, as he will acknowledge me to be, it will give him conſequence in the eye of the world, and be a gentle method of letting his pride down eaſy.

Very well, ſaid my uncle; and a very good contrivance for a proud man, I think.

It is an expedient of his friend Fenwick, replied Sir Charles; and Mr Greville is not a little fond of it. And what, ladies and gentlemen, will you ſay, if you ſhould ſee me come to church to-morrow with him, ſit with him in the ſame pew, and go with him to dinner in his coach! It is his requeſt that I will. He thinks this will put an end to the whiſpers which have paſſed, in ſpite of all his precaution, of a rencounter between him and me: For he has given out, that he ſtrained his wriſt and arm by a fall from his horſe. Tell me, dear ladies, ſhall I, or ſhall I not oblige him in this requeſt? He is to be with me to-night for an anſwer.

My grandmamma ſaid, that Mr Greville was always a very odd, a very particular man. She thought Sir Charles very kind to us in being ſo willing to conciliate with him. My uncle declared, that he was very deſirous to live on good terms with all his neighbours, particularly with Mr Greville, a part of whoſe eſtate being intermixed with his, it might be in his power to be vexatious, at leaſt to his tenants. Mr Deane thought the com-

promiſe was a happy one; and he ſuppoſed entirely agreeable to Sir Charles's generous wiſhes to promote the good underſtanding of his neighbours; and to the compaſſion it was in his nature to ſhew to an unſucceſsful rival.

Sir Charles then turning to Lucy, May I, Miſs Selby, ſaid he, do you think, without being too deep a *deſigner*, aſk leave of Miſs Byron, on the preſumption of her goodneſs to me, to bring Mr Greville to drink tea with her to-morrow in the afternoon?

Your ſervant, Sir Charles, anſwered Lucy, ſmiling. But what ſay you, couſin Byron, to this queſtion?

This houſe is not mine, replied I; but I dare ſay I may be allowed the liberty, in the names of my uncle and aunt, to anſwer, that any perſon will be welcome to Selby-houſe whom Sir Charles Grandiſon ſhall think proper to bring with him.

Mr Greville, ſaid Sir Charles, profeſſes himſelf unable to ſee any of you (Miſs Byron in particular) without an introductor. He makes a high compliment to me, when he ſuppoſes me to be a proper one. If you give me leave, bowing to my uncle and aunt, I will anſwer him to his wiſhes; and hope, when he comes, every thing will be paſſed by in ſilence that has happened between him and me.

Two or three lively things paſſed between Lucy and Sir Charles, on her repetition of his word *deſigner*. She began with advantage, but did not hold it; yet he gave her conſequence in the little debate, at his own expence, as he ſeemed to intend.

My grandmamma will go to her own church; but will be here at dinner, and the reſt of the day. I have a thouſand things more to ſay, all agreeable; but it is now late, and a drowſy fit has come upon

upon me. I will welcome it. Adieu, adieu, my dear ladies! Felicitate, I am ſure you will,

Your ever-obliged, ever-devoted,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER V.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Sunday Noon, Oct. 15.

WE were told there would be a crouded church this morning, in expectation of ſeeing the new humble ſervant of Miſs Byron attending her thither: For it is every-where known, that Sir Charles Grandiſon is come down to make his addreſſes to the young creature, who is happy in every one's love and good wiſhes; and all is now ſaid to have been ſettled between him and us, by his noble ſiſter, and Lord G. and Dr Bartlett, when they were with us. You ſee what credit you did us by your kind viſit, my dear.—And we are to be married—O my dear Lady G.! you cannot imagine how ſoon.

Many of the neighbourhood ſeemed diſappointed when they ſaw me led in by my uncle, as Mr Deane led my aunt, and Nancy and Lucy only attended by their brother. But it was not long before Mr Greville, Mr Fenwick, and Sir Charles entered, and went into the pew of the former, which is over againſt ours. Mr Greville and Mr Fenwick bowed low to us, ſeverally, the moment they went into the pew, and to ſeveral others of the gentry.

Sir Charles had firſt other devoirs to pay: To falſe ſhame, you have ſaid, he was always ſuperior. I was delighted to ſee the example he ſet. He paid us his ſecond compliments with a grace peculiar to

himſelf. I felt my face glow, on the whiſpering that went round. I thought I read in every eye admiration of him, even through the ſticks of ſome of the ladies' fans.

What a difference was there between the two men and him in their behaviour, throughout both the ſervice and ſermon! Yet who ever beheld two of the three ſo decent, ſo attentive, ſo *reverent*, I may ſay, before? Were all who call themſelves gentlemen (thought I, more than once) like *this*, the world would yet be a good world.

Mr Greville had his arm in a ſling. He ſeemed highly delighted with his gueſt; ſo did Mr Fenwick. When the ſermon was ended, Mr Greville held the pew-door ready opened to attend our movements; and when we were in motion to go, he taking officiouſly Sir Charles's hand bent towards us. Sir Charles met us at our pew-door: He approached us with that eaſy grace peculiar to himſelf, and offered, with a profound reſpect, his hand to me.

This was equal to a public declaration. It took every body's attention. He is not aſhamed to avow in public what he thinks fit to own in private.

I was humbled more than exalted by the general notice. Mr Greville (bold, yet low man!) made a motion as if he gave the hand that Sir Charles took. Mr Fenwick offered his hand to Lucy. Mr Greville led my aunt; and not ſpeaking low (ſubtle as a ſerpent!) My plaguy horſe, ſaid he, looking at his ſling, knew not his maſter. I invite myſelf to tea with you, madam, in the afternoon. You will ſupply my lame arm, I hope, yourſelf.

There is no ſuch thing as keeping private one's movements in a country-town, if one would. One of our ſervants reported the general approbation. It is a pleaſure ſurely, my dear ladies, to be addreſſed

dreſſed to by a man of whom every one approves. What a poor figure muſt ſhe make, who gives way to a courtſhip from a man commonly deemed unworthy of her! Such women indeed commonly confeſs indirectly the folly, by carrying on the affair clandeſtinely.

Sunday Evening.

O MY dear! I have been ſtrangely diſconcerted by means of Mr Greville. He is a ſtrange man. But I will lead to it in courſe.

We all went to church again in the afternoon. Every body who knew Mr Greville took it for a high piece of politeneſs in him to his gueſt, that he came twice the ſame day to church. Sir Charles edified every body by his chearful piety. Are you not of opinion, my dear Lady G. that wickedneſs may be always put out of countenance by a perſon who has an eſtabliſhed character for goodneſs, and who is not aſhamed of doing his duty in the public eye? Methinks I could wiſh that all the profligates in the pariſh had their ſeats around that of a man who has fortitude enough to dare to be good. The text was a happy one to this purpoſe: The words of our Saviour: "Whoſoever ſhall be 'aſhamed of me and of my words, in this adulte-'rous and ſinful generation, of him alſo ſhall the 'Son of man be aſhamed, when he cometh in the 'glory of his Father, with the holy angels."

Sir Charles led my aunt to her coach, as Mr Greville officiouſly, but properly for his views, did me. We found Mr Fenwick at Selby-houſe talking to my grandmamma on the new ſubject. She dined with us; but, not being very well, choſe to retire to her devotions in my cloſet, while we went to church, ſhe having been at her own in the morning.

We all received Mr Greville with civility. He affects to be thought a wit, you know, and a great joker.

joker. Some men cannot appear to advantage without making their friend a butt to ſhoot at. Fenwick and he tried to play upon each other, as uſual. Sir Charles lent each his ſmile; and, whatever he thought of them, ſhewed not a contempt of their great-boy ſnip-ſnap. But, at laſt, my grandmamma and aunt engaged Sir Charles in a converſation, which made the gentlemen ſo ſilent, and ſo attentive, that had they not flaſhed a good deal at each other before, one might have thought them a little diſcreet.

Nobody took the leaſt notice of what had paſſed between Mr Greville and Sir Charles, till Mr Greville touched upon the ſubject to me. He deſired an audience of ten minutes, as he ſaid; and, upon his declaration, that it was the laſt he would ever aſk of me on this ſubject; and upon my grandmamma's ſaying, Oblige Mr Greville, my dear, I permitted him to draw me to the window.

His addreſs was nearly in the following words; not ſpeaking ſo low, but every one might hear him, though he ſaid aloud, Nobody muſt but me.

I muſt account myſelf very unhappy, madam, in having never been able to incline you to ſhew me favour. You may think me vain: I believe I am ſo: But I may take to myſelf the advantages and qualities which every body allows me. I have an eſtate that will warrant my addreſſes to a woman of the firſt rank; and it is free, and unincumbered. I am not an ill-natured man. I love my jeſt, 'tis true; but I love my friend. You good women generally do not like a man the leſs for having ſomething to mend in him. I could ſay a great deal more in my own behalf, but that Sir Charles Grandiſon (looking at him) quite eclipſes me. Devil fetch me, if I can tell how to think myſelf *any*-thing before him. I was always afraid of him. But when I heard he was gone abroad,

abroad, in purſuit of a former love, I thought I had another chance for it.

Yet I was half-afraid of Lord D. His mother would manage a Machiavel. He has a great eſtate; a title; he has good qualities for a nobleman. But when I found that you could ſo ſteadily refuſe him, as well as me, There muſt be ſome man, thought I, who is lord of her heart. *Fenwick* is as ſad a dog as I; it cannot be he. *Orme*, poor ſoul! ſhe will not have ſuch a milk-ſop as that neither—

Mr Orme, Sir, interrupted I, and was going to praiſe him—But he ſaid, I will be heard out now: This is my dying ſpeech; I will not be interrupted.

Well then, Sir, ſmiling, come to your laſt words as ſoon as you can.

I have told you before now, Miſs Byron, that I will not bear your ſmiles: But now, ſmiles or frowns, I care not. I have no hopes left; and I am reſolved to abuſe you before I have done.

Abuſe me!—I hope not, Sir.

"Hope not!" What ſignify *your* hopes, who never gave me any? But hear me out. I ſhall ſay ſome things that will diſpleaſe you; but more of another nature.—I went on gueſſing who could be the happy man.—That *ſecond* Orme, Fowler, cannot be he; thought I. Is it the newly-arrived Beauchamp? He is a pretty fellow enough [I had all your footſteps watched, as I told you I would]. No, anſwered I myſelf, ſhe refuſed Lord D. and a whole tribe of us, before Beauchamp came to England—Who the devil can he be?—But when I heard that the dangerous man, whom I thought gone abroad to his matrimonial deſtiny, was returned unmarried; when I heard that he was actually coming northward, I began to be again afraid of him.

Laſt

Laſt Thurſday night I had intelligence that he was ſeen at Dunſtable in the morning, in his way towards us. Then did my heart fail me. I had my ſpies about Selby-houſe: I own it. What will not love and jealouſy make a man do? I underſtand that your uncle and Mr Deane, and a tribe of ſervants for train-ſake, were ſet out to meet him. How I raved! How I curſed! How I ſwore!—They will not ſurely, thought I, allow my rival, at his *firſt* viſit, to take up his reſidence under the ſame roof with this charming witch!

Witch! Mr Greville—

Witch! Yes, Witch! I called you ten thouſand names, in my rage, all as bad as that. Here, Jack, Will, Tom, George, get ready inſtantly each a dozen firebrands! I will light up Selby-houſe for a bon-fire, to welcome the arrival of the invader of my freehold! And prongs and pitchforks ſhall be got ready to puſh every ſoul of the family back into the flames, that no one of it may eſcape my vengeance—

Horrid man! I will hear no more.

You muſt! You ſhall! It is my dying ſpeech, I tell you.

A dying man ſhould be penitent.

To what purpoſe?—I can have no hope. What is to be expected *for* or *from* a deſpairing man?—But then I had intelligence brought me, that my rival was not admitted to take up his abode with you. This ſaved Selby-houſe. All my malice then was againſt the George at Northampton. The keeper of it owes, ſaid I to myſelf, a hundred thouſand obligations to me; yet to afford a retirement to my deadlieſt foe!—But 'tis more manly, thought I, in perſon, to call this invader to account, if he pretends an intereſt at Selby-houſe; and to force him to relinquiſh his pretenſions to the queen of it; as I had made more than one gallant fellow do before, by dint of bluſter.

I ſlept

I ſlept not all that night. In the morning I made my viſit at the inn. I pretend to know as well as any man what belongs to civility and good manners; but I knew the character of the man I had to deal with: I knew he was cool, yet reſolute. My rage would not let me be civil; and if it would, I knew I muſt be rude to provoke him. I *was* rude. I was peremtory.

Never were there ſuch cold, ſuch phlegmatic contempts paſſed upon man, as he paſſed upon me. I came to a point with him. I heard he would not fight: I was reſolved he ſhould. I followed him to his chariot. I got him to a private place; but I had the devil, and no man, to deal with. He cautioned me, by way of inſult, as I took it, to keep a guard. I took his hint. I had better not; for he knew all the tricks of the weapon. He was in with me in a moment. I had no ſword left me, and my life was at the mercy of his. He gave me up my own ſword—— Cautioned me to regard my ſafety; put up his; withdrew.—I found myſelf ſenſible of a damnable ſtrain. I had no right arm. I ſlunk away like a thief. He mounted his triumphal car; and purſued his courſe to the Lady of Selby-houſe. I went home, curſed, ſwore, fell down, and bit the earth.

My uncle looked impatient: Sir Charles ſeemed in ſuſpenſe, but attentive. Mr Greville proceeded:

I got Fenwick to go with me, to attend him at night, by appointment. Cripple as I was, I would have provoked him: He would not be provoked: And when I found that he had not expoſed me at Selby-houſe; when I remembered that I owed my ſword and my life to his moderation; when I recollected his character; what he had done by Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; what Bagenhall had told of him: Why the plague, thought I, ſhould

ſhould I (hopeleſs as I am of ſucceeding with my charming Byron, whether *he* lives or dies) ſet my face againſt ſuch a man? He is incapable either of inſult or arrogance: Let me (Fenwick adviſed a ſcheme; let me) make him my friend to ſave my pride, and the devil take the reſt, Harriet Byron, and all—

Wicked man!—You were dying a thouſand words ago—I am tired of you—

You have not, madam, heard half my dying words yet—But I would not terrify you—Are you terrified?

Indeed I am.

Sir Charles motioned as if he would approach us; but kept his place on my grandmamma's ſaying, Let us hear his humour out: Mr Greville was always particular.

Terrified, Madam! What is *your* being terrified to the ſleepleſs nights, to the tormenting days, you have given me? Curſing darkneſs, curſing light, and moſt myſelf!—O madam! with ſhut teeth, what a torment of torments have you been to me!—Well, but now I will haſten to a concluſion, in mercy to you, who, however, never ſhewed me any——

I never was cruel, Mr Greville——

But you was; and moſt cruel, when moſt ſweet-tempered. It was to that ſmiling obligingneſs that I owed my ruin! That gave me hope; that radiance of countenance; and that frozen heart! —O you are a dear deceiver!—But I haſten to conclude my dying ſpeech—Give me your hand! —I will have it—*I will not eat it*, as once I had like to have done—And now, madam, hear my parting words—" You will have the glory of giv-
' ing to the beſt of men the beſt of wives. Let
' it not be long before you do, for the ſake of
' many, who will hope on till then. As your *lo-*
' *ver*, I muſt hate him: As your *huſband*, I will

'love him. He will, he muſt be kind, affec-
'tionate, grateful to you; and you will deſerve
'all his tenderneſs. May you live (the orna-
'ments of human nature as you are) to ſee your
'children's children; all promiſing to be as good,
'as worthy, as happy, as yourſelves! And full of
'years, full of honour, in one hour may you be
'tranſlated to that Heaven where only you can be
'more happy than you will be, if you are both as
'happy as I wiſh and expect you to be!"

Tears dropt on my cheek at this unexpected bleſſing.

He ſtill held my hand—I will not, without your leave, madam—May I, before I part with it?—He looked at me as if for leave to kiſs my hand, bowing his head upon it.

My heart was opened. God bleſs you, Mr Greville! as you have bleſſed me.—Be a good man, and he will—I withdrew not my hand.

He kneeled on one knee; eagerly kiſſed my hand more than once. Tears were in his own eyes. He aroſe, hurried me to Sir Charles, and holding to him my then, through ſurprize, half-withdrawn hand—Let me have the pride, the glory, Sir Charles Grandiſon, to quit this dear hand to yours. It is only to yours that I would quit it —*Happy, happy, happy pair!—None but the brave deſerve the fair*—

Sir Charles took my hand—Let this precious preſent be mine, ſaid he (kiſſing it), with the declared aſſent of every one here; and preſented me to my grandmamma and aunt. I was affrighted by the hurry the ſtrange man had put me into—

May I *but* live to ſee her yours, Sir! ſaid my grandmamma, in a kind of rapture!

The moment he had put my hand into Sir Charles's, he ran out of the room with the utmoſt precipitation. He was gone, quite gone, when he came to be enquired after; and every body was

uneaſy for him, till we were told, by one of the ſervants, that he took from the window of the outward parlour his hat and ſword; and by another, that he met him, his ſervant after him, hurrying away, and even ſobbing as he flew.—Was there ever ſo ſtrange a man?

Don't you pity Mr Greville, my dear?

Sir Charles was generouſly uneaſy for him.

Mr Greville, ſaid Lucy (who had always charity for him), has frequently ſurpriſed us with his particularities; but I hope, from the laſt part of his behaviour, that he is not the free-thinking man he ſometimes affects to be thought. I flatter myſelf, that Sir Charles had a righter notion of him than we, in what he ſaid of him yeſterday.

Sir Charles waited on my grandmamma home; ſo we had him not to ſupper. We are all to dine with her to-morrow. Your brother, you may ſuppoſe, will be a principal gueſt.

Monday Morning, Oct. 16.

I HAVE a letter from my Emily; by which I find ſhe is with you; though ſhe has not dated it. You were very kind in ſhewing the dear girl the overflowings of my heart in her favour. She is all grateful love and goodneſs. I will ſoon write to her, to repeat my aſſurances, that my whole power ſhall always be exerted to do her pleaſure: But you muſt tell her, as from yourſelf, that ſhe muſt have patience. I cannot aſk her guardian ſuch a queſtion as ſhe puts, as to her living with me, till I am likely to *ſucceed*. Would the ſweet girl have me make a requeſt to him, that ſhall ſhew him I am ſuppoſing myſelf to be his before I am ſo? We are not come ſo far on our journey by ſeveral ſtages. And yet, from what he intimated laſt night, as he waited on my grandmamma to Shirley-manor, I find, that his expectations are forwarder than it will be poſſible for me to anſwer: And I muſt,

muſt, without intending the leaſt affectation, for common decorum-ſake, take the management of this point upon myſelf. For, my dear, we are every one of us here ſo much in love with him, that the moment he ſhould declare his wiſhes, they ſhould be as ready to urge me to oblige him, were he even to limit me but to two or three days, as if they were afraid he would not repeat his requeſt.

I have a letter from Mr Beauchamp. He writes, that there are no hopes of Sir Harry's recovery. I am very ſorry for it. Mr Beauchamp does me great honour to write to me to give me conſolation. His is a charming letter—So full of filial piety!—Excellent young man! He breathes in it the true ſpirit of his friend.

Sir Charles and his Beauchamp, and Dr Bartlett, correſpond, I preſume, as uſual. What would I give to ſee all Sir Charles writes that relates to us!

Mr Fenwick juſt now tells us, that Mr Greville is not well, and keeps his chamber. He has my cordial wiſhes for his health. His laſt behaviour to me appears, the more I think of it, more ſtrange, from ſuch a man. I expected not that he would conclude with ſuch generous wiſhes.

Nancy, who does not love him, compares him to the wicked prophet of old, bleſſing where he was expected to curſe *; and ſays, it was ſuch an overſtrain of generoſity from him, that it might well overſet him.

Did you think that our meek Nancy could have ſaid ſo ſevere a thing? But meekneſs offended (as ſhe once was by him) has an excellent memory, and can be bitter.

We are now preparing to go to Shirley-manor. Our couſins Patty and Kitty Holles will be there

* *Balaam, Numb.* xxii. *et ſeq.*

at dinner. They have been for a few weeks paſt at their aunt's, near Daventry. They are impatient to ſee Sir Charles. Adieu, my deareſt ladies! Continue to love

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VI.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Monday Night, October 16.

WE have been very happy this day at my grandmamma's. Your brother makes himſelf more and more beloved by all my friends; who yet declare, that they thought they could not have loved him better that they did before. My couſins Holles ſay, they could ſooner lay open their hearts to him than to any man they ever ſaw; yet their freedom would never make them loſe ſight of their reſpect.

He told me, that he had breakfaſted with Mr Greville. How does he conciliate the mind of every one to him! He ſaid kind and compaſſionate things of Mr Greville; and *ſo* unaffectedly!—I was delighted with him. For, regardful as he would be, and is, of his own honour, no low, narrow jealouſy, I dare ſay, will ever have entrance into his heart. *Charity thinketh no evil!* Of what a charming text is that a part *!—What is there equal to it in any of the writings of the philoſophers?

My dear Miſs Byron, ſaid he to me, Mr Greville loves you more than you can poſſibly imagine. Deſpairing of ſucceſs with you, he has aſſumed airs of bravery; but your name is written in large letters in his heart. He gave me, continued he, the

* 1 *Cor.* xiii. 5.

the importance of aſking my *leave* to love you ſtill —What *ought* I to have anſwered?

What *did* you anſwer, Sir?

That ſo far as I might preſume to give it I gave it.

Had I the honour, added I, of calling Miſs Byron mine, I would not barely *allow* your love of her; I would *demand* it.—Have I not aſſured you, Mr Greville, that I look upon you as my *friend?*

You will quite ſubdue Mr Greville, Sir, ſaid I. You will, by the generoſity of your treatment of him, do more than any body elſe ever could—You will make him a good man.

Mr Greville, madam, deſerves pity, on more accounts than one. A wife, ſuch a one as his good angel led him to wiſh for, would have ſettled his principles. He wants ſteadineſs: But he is not, I hope, a bad man. I was not concerned for his cavalier treatment of you yeſterday, but on your own account, leſt his roughneſs ſhould give you pain. But his concluding wiſhes, and his preference of a rival to himſelf, together with the manner of his departure, unable as he was to withſtand his own emotions, and the effect it had upon his ſpirits, ſo as to confine him to his chamber, had ſomething great in it—And I ſhall value him for it as long as he will permit me.

Sir Charles and my grandmamma had a good deal of talk together. Dearly does ſhe love to ſingle him out. What a pretty picture would they make, could they be both drawn ſo as not to cauſe a *profane* jeſter to fall into miſtakes, as if it were an old lady making love to a handſome young man!

Let me ſketch it out—See, then, the dear lady, with a countenance full of benignity, years written by venerableneſs rather than by wrinkles in her face; dignity and familiarity in her manner; one hand on his, talking to him: His fine countenance

ſhining with modeſty and reverence, looking down delighted, as admiring her wiſdom, and not a little regardful of her half-pointing finger [let that be for fear of miſtakes] to a creature young enough to be her grand-daughter; who, to avoid ſhewing too much ſenſibility, ſhall ſeem to be talking to two other young ladies [Nancy and Lucy, ſuppoſe]; but, in order to diſtinguiſh the young creature, let her, with a bluſhing cheek, caſt a ſly eye on the grandmamma and young gentleman, while the other two ſhall not be afraid to look more free and unconcerned.

See, my dear, how fanciful I am: But I had a mind to tell you, in a new manner, how my grandmamma and Sir Charles ſeem to admire each other.

Mr Deane and he had alſo ſome talk together; my uncle joined them: And I bluſhed in *earneſt* at the ſubject I only *gueſſed* at from the following words of Mr Deane, at Sir Charles riſing to come from them to my aunt and me, who both of us ſat in the bow-window. My dear Sir Charles Grandiſon, ſaid Mr Deane, you love to give pleaſure: I never was ſo happy in my life as I am in view of this long wiſhed-for event. You *muſt* oblige me: I inſiſt upon it.

My aunt took it as I did.—A generous contention! ſaid ſhe. O my dear! we ſhall all be too happy. God grant that nothing may fall out to diſconcert us! If there *ſhould*, how many broken hearts—

The firſt broken one, madam, interrupted I, would be the happieſt: I, in that caſe, ſhould have the advantage of every body.

Dear love! you are too ſerious [tears were in my eyes]: Sir Charles's unqueſtionable honour is our ſecurity!—If Clementina be ſtedfaſt; if life and health be ſpared you and him—If—

Dear,

Dear, dear madam, no more *Ifs!* Let there be but one *If*, and that on Lady Clementina's reſumption. In that caſe I will ſubmit, and God only (as indeed he always ought) ſhall be my reliance for the reſt of my life.

Lucy, Nancy, and my two couſins Holles, came and ſpread, two and two, the other ſeats of the bow-window (there are but three) with their vaſt hoops; undoubtedly becauſe they ſaw Sir Charles coming to us. It is difficult, whiſpered I to my aunt (petulantly enough), to get him one moment to one's ſelf. My couſin James (ſilly youth! thought I) *ſtopt* him in his way to me; but Sir Charles would not long be ſtopt: He led the interrupter towards us; and a ſeat not being at hand, while the young ladies were making a buſtle to give him a place between them (toſſing their hoops above their ſhoulders on one ſide), and my couſin James was haſtening to bring him a chair, he threw himſelf at the feet of my aunt and me, making the floor his ſeat.

I don't know how it was; but I thought I never ſaw him look to more advantage. His attitude and behaviour had ſuch a lover-like appearance—Don't you ſee him, my dear?—His amiable countenance, *ſo* artleſs, yet *ſo* obliging, caſt up to my aunt and me: His fine eyes meeting ours; mine, particularly, in their *own* way; for I could not help looking down with a kind of proud baſhfulneſs, as Lucy told me afterwards. How affected muſt I have appeared, had I either turned my head aſide, or looked ſtiffly up to avoid his!

I believe, my dear, we women in courtſhip don't love that men, if ever ſo wiſe, ſhould keep up to *us* the dignity of wiſdom, much leſs that they ſhould be ſolemn, formal, grave—Yet are we fond of reſpect and obſervance too.—How is it?—Sir Sir Charles Grandiſon can tell.—Did you think of your brother, Lady G. when you once ſaid, that

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the man who would commend himſelf to the general favour of us young women, ſhould be a decent rake in his addreſs, and a ſaint in his heart? Yet might you not have choſen a better word than *rake?* Are there not more clumſy and fooliſh rakes than polite ones, except we can be ſo much miſtaken, as to give to impudence the name of agreeable freedom?

Sir Charles fell immediately into the eaſieſt (ſhall I ſay the gallanteſt?), the moſt agreeable converſation, as if he muſt be all of a piece with the freedom of his attitude; and mingled in his talk two or three very pretty humorous ſtories; ſo that no body thought of helping him again to a chair, or wiſhing him in one.

How did this little incident familiarize the amiable man, as a ſtill *more* amiable man than before to my heart! In one of the little tales, which was of a gentleman in Spain ſerenading his miſtreſs, we aſked him if he could not remember a ſonnet he ſpoke of as a pretty one? He, without anſwering, ſung it in a moſt agreeable manner; and, at Lucy's requeſt, gave us the Engliſh of it.

It is a very pretty ſonnet. I will aſk him for a copy and ſend it to you, who underſtand the language.

My grandmamma, on Sir Charles's ſinging, beckoned to my couſin James, who going to her, ſhe whiſpered him. He ſtept out, and preſently returned with a violin, and ſtruck up, as he entered, a minuet tune. Harriet, my love! called out my grandmamma. Without any other intimation, the moſt agreeable of men, in an inſtant, was on his feet, reached his hat, and took me out.

How were we applauded! How was my grandmamma delighted! The words *Charming couple!* were whiſpered round, but loud enough to be heard. And when we had done, he led me to my

ſeat

ſeat with an air that had all the real fine gentleman in it. But then he ſat not down as before.—

I wonder if Lady Clementina ever danced with him.

My aunt, at Lucy's whiſpered requeſt, propoſed a dance beween Sir Charles and her. You, Lady G. obſerved, more than once, that Lucy dances finely. Inſulter! whiſpered I to her, when ſhe had done, you know your advantages over me!— Harriet, replied ſhe, what do *good* girls deſerve when they ſpeak againſt their conſciences?

My grandmamma afterwards called upon me for one leſſon on the harpſichord; and they made me ſing.

An admirable converſation followed at tea, in which my grandmother, aunt, my Lucy, and Sir Charles bore the chief parts; every other perſon delighting to be ſilent.

Had we not, Lady G. a charming day?

In my next I ſhall have an opportunity, perhaps, to tell you what kind of a travelling companion Sir Charles is. For, be pleaſed to know, that for ſome time paſt a change of air, and a little excurſion from place to place, have been preſcribed for the eſtabliſhment of my health, by one of the honeſteſt phyſicians in England. The day before Sir Charles came into theſe parts, it was fixed that to-morrow we ſhould ſet out upon this tour. On his arrival, we had thoughts of poſtponing it; but having underſtood our intention, he inſiſted upon its being proſecuted; and, offering his company, there was no declining the favour you know, *early* days as they however are: And although every body abroad talks of the occaſion of his viſit to us, he has been ſo far from directing his ſervants to make a ſecret of it, that he has ordered his Saunders to anſwer to every curious queſtioner, that Sir Charles and I were of longer acquaintance than yeſterday. But is not this, my dear, a co-

gent

gent intimation, that Sir Charles thinks ſome parade, ſome delay neceſſary? Yet don't *he* and *we* know how little a while ago it is that he made his firſt declaration? What, my dear, (ſhould he be ſolicitous for an early day) is the inference? My uncle, too, ſo forward, that I am afraid of him?

We are to ſet out to-morrow morning. Peterborough is to be our furtheſt ſtage one way. Mr Deane inſiſts that we ſhould paſs two or three days with him. All of us but my grandmamma are to be of this party.

O MY dear Lady G. what a letter is juſt brought me, by the hand that carried up mine on Saturday! Bleſs me! what an anſwer!——But I have not time to enter into ſo large a field. Let me only ſay, that for ſome parts I moſt heartily thank you and dear Lady L.; for others I do not, and imagine Lady L. would not have ſubſcribed her beloved name had ſhe read the whole. What charming ſpirits have you, my dear, dear Lady G.! —But, Adieu, my ever-amiable ladies, both!

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Thrapſton, Tueſday Even. Oct. 17.

WE paſſed ſeveral hours at Boughton *, and arrived here in the afternoon. Mr Deane inſiſted that we ſhould ſtop at a nephew's of his in the neighbourhood of this town. The young gentleman met us at Oundle, and conducted us to his houſe. I have got ſuch a habit of ſcribbling, that I can-

* *The ſeat of the late Duke of Montagu.*

I cannot forbear applying to my pen at every opportunity. The leſs wonder, when I have your brother for my ſubject: and the two beloved ſiſters of that brother to write to.

It would be almoſt impertinent to praiſe a man for his horſemanſhip, who in his early youth was ſo noted for the performance of all his exerciſes, that his father and General W. thought of the military life for him. Eaſe and unaffected dignity diſtinguiſh him in all his accompliſhments. Bleſs me, madam, ſaid Lucy to my aunt, on more occaſions than one, this man is every thing!

Shall I own that I am retired to my pen juſt now from a very bad motive? *Anger.* I am, in my heart, even peeviſh with *all* my friends, for cluſtering ſo about Sir Charles, that he can hardly obtain a moment (which he ſeems to ſeek for too) to talk with me alone My uncle [he *does* dote upon him] always inconſiderately ſtands in his way; and can I ſay to a man ſo *very* inclinable to raillery, that he ſhould allow *me* more, and *himſelf* leſs of Sir Charles's converſation! I wonder my *aunt* does not give my uncle a hint. But ſhe loves Sir Charles's company as well as my uncle.

This, however, is nothing to the diſtreſs my uncle gave me at dinner this day. Sir Charles was obſerving upon the diſpoſition of one part of the gardens at Boughton, that Art was to be but the handmaid of Nature——I have heard, Sir Charles, ſaid my uncle, that you have made that a rule with you at Grandiſon-hall. With what pleaſure ſhould I make a viſit there to *you and my nice*———

He ſtopt. He *needed not:* He might have ſaid any thing after this. Sir Charles looked as if concerned for *me;* yet ſaid, that would be a joyful viſit to him. My aunt was vexed for *my* ſake. Lucy gave my uncle *ſuch* a look—

My

My uncle afterwards indeed apologized to me—*Ads-heart*, I was a little blunt, I believe. But what *a duce* need there be theſe niceties obſerved when you are *ſure?*—I am ſorry, however—But it would not—Yet you, Harriet, made it worſe by looking ſo ſilly.

WHAT, Lady G. can I do with this dear man? My uncle, I mean. He has been juſt making a propoſal to me, as he calls it, and with ſuch *honeſt* looks of forecaſt and wiſdom—Look ye, Harriet—I ſhall be always blundering about your *ſcrupuloſities*. I am come to propoſe ſomething to you that will put it out of my power to make miſtakes—I beg of you and your aunt, to allow me to enter with Sir Charles into a certain ſubject; and this not for your ſake—I know you won't allow of that—But for the *eaſe of Sir Charles's own heart*. Gratitude is *my* motive, and ought to be *yours*. I am ſure he loves the very ground you tread upon.

I beſought him, for *every* ſake dear to himſelf, not to interfere in the matter: but to leave theſe ſubjects to my aunt and me—Conſider, Sir, ſaid I, *conſider* how very lately the firſt perſonal declaration was made.

I do, I will conſider every thing—But there is danger between the cup and the lip.

Dear Sir! (my hands and eyes lifted up) was all the anſwer I could make. He went from me haſtily, muttering good-naturedly againſt *femalities*.

Deane's Grove, Wedn. Oct. 18.

MR DEANE's pretty box you have ſeen. Sir Charles is pleaſed with it. We looked in at Fotheringay-caſtle *, Milton †, &c. Mr Charles Deane,

* *The priſon of Mary Queen of Scots.*

† *The ſeat of Earl Fitzwilliams.*

Deane, a very obliging and ſenſible young gentleman, attended his uncle all the way.

What charming deſcriptions of fine houſes and curioſities abroad did Sir Charles give us when we ſtopt to bait, or to view the pictures, furniture, gardens of the houſes we ſaw!

In every place, on every occaſion on the road, or when we alighted or put up, he ſhewed himſelf ſo conſiderate, ſo gallant, ſo courteous to all who approached him, and *ſo* charitable!—Yet not indiſcriminately to every body that aſked him: But he was bountiful indeed, on repreſentation of the miſery of two honeſt families. Beggars born, or thoſe who make begging a trade, if in health, or not lame or blind, have ſeldom, it ſeems, any ſhare in his munificence: But perſons fallen from competence, and ſuch as ſtruggle with ſome inſtant diſtreſs, or have large families, which they have not ability to maintain; theſe, and ſuch as theſe, are the objects of his bounty. Richard Saunders, who is ſometimes his almoner, told my Sally, that he never goes out but ſomebody is the better for him; and that his *manner* of beſtowing his charity is *ſuch* as, together with the poor people's bleſſings and prayers for him, often draws tears from his eyes.

I HAVE overheard a dialogue that has juſt now paſſed between my uncle and aunt. There is but a thin partition between the room they were in and mine; and he ſpoke loud; my aunt not low; yet earneſt only, not angry. He had been propoſing to her, as he had done to me, to enter into a certain ſubject, in pity to Sir Charles: None had he for his poor niece. No doubt but he thought he was obliging me; and that my objection was only owing to *ſexuality*, as he calls it: A word I don't like: I never heard it from Sir Charles.

My aunt was not at all pleaſed with his motion. She wiſhed, as *I* had done, that he would not interfere in theſe *nice* matters. He took offence at the excluſion, becauſe of the word *nice*. She ſaid, he was too precipitating, a great deal: She did not doubt but Sir Charles would be full early in letting me know his expectations.

She ſpoke more deciſively than ſhe uſed to do. He cannot bear her chidings, though ever ſo gentle. I need not tell you that he both loves and reveres her; but, as one of the lords of the creation, is apt to be jealous of his prerogatives. You uſed to be diverted with his honeſt particularities.

What an *ignoramus* you women and girls make of me, Dame Selby! ſaid he. I know nothing of the world, nor of men and women, that's certain. I am always to be *documented* by you and your *minxes!* But the *duce* take your *niceties:* You don't, you can't, poor ſouls as you are, diſtinguiſh *men*. You muſt all of you go on in one *rig-my-roll* way, in one beaten track. Who the *duce* would have thought it needful, when a girl and we all were wiſhing, till our very hearts were *burſting*, for this man, when he was not in his own power, that you muſt now come with your *hums*, and your *haws*, and the whole *circum-roundabouts* of female nonſenſe, to *ſtave-off* the point your hearts and ſouls are ſet upon? I remember, Dame Selby, though ſo long ago, how *you* treated your future lord and maſter, when you *prank'd* it as a lady and miſtreſs. You vexed my very ſoul, I can tell you that! And often and often, when I left you, I ſwore bitterly, that I never would come again as a lover—though I was a poor forſworn wretch—God forgive me!

My dear Mr Selby, you ſhould not remember paſt things. You had very odd ways——I was afraid, for a good while, of venturing with you at all——

Now,

Now, Dame Selby, I have you at a *why not*, or I never had, though by the way your *un*-evenneſs increaſed my oddneſs.—But what oddneſs is in Sir Charles Grandiſon? If he is not *even*, neither you nor I were ever *odd*. What reaſon is there for *him* to run the *female gauntlope?* I pity the excellent man, remembering how I was formerly vexed myſelf——I hate this *ſhilly-ſhally* fooling; this *know-your mind* and *not* know-your-mind nonſenſe. As I hope to *live and breath*, I'll, I'll, I'll blow you all up, without *gun-powder* or *oatmeal*, if an honeſt gentleman is thus to be fooled with; and after ſuch a letter too from his friend Jeronymo, in the names of the whole family. Lady G. for my money! [Ah, thought I, Lady G. gives better advice than ſhe even *wiſhes* to know how to take!] I like her notion of parallel lines.—Sir Charles Grandiſon is none of your *gew-gaw whip-jacks*, that you know not where to have. But I tell you, Dame Selby, that neither you nor your niece know how, with your *fine* ſouls, and *fine* ſenſe, to go out of the common *femality path*, when you get a man into your gin, however ſuperior he is to common *inſanglements*, and low chicanery, and *dull* and *cold* forms, as Sir Charles properly called them, in his addreſs to the little *pug's face*. [I *do* love her, with all her pretty ape's tricks: For what are you all but, right or wrong, apes of one another?] And do you think, with *all your wiſdom*, he ſees not through you? He does; and, as a wiſe man, muſt deſpiſe you all, with your *femalities* and *for-ſooths*—

No femality, Mr Selby, is deſigned—No—

I am impatient, Dame Selby, light of my eye, and dear to my heart and ſoul as you are; I will take my own way in this. I have no mind that the two deareſt creatures in the world to me, ſhould render themſelves *deſpiſable* in the eyes of a man they want to think highly of them. And here if

I put in, and ſay but a wry word, as you think it —I am to be called to account—

My dear, did you not begin the ſubject? ſaid my aunt.

I am to be cloſeted, and to be *documentized*, proceeded he—Not another word of your *documentations*, Dame Selby; I am not in a humour to bear them: I will take my own way—And that's enough.

And then, I ſuppoſe, he ſtuck his hands in his ſide, as he does when he is good-humouredly angry; and my aunt, at ſuch times, gives up till a more convenient opportunity; and then ſhe always carries her point (and why? Becauſe ſhe is always reaſonable), for which he calls her a *Parthian* woman.

I heard her ſay, as he ſtalked out royally, repeating that he would take his own way; I ſay no more, Mr Selby—Only conſider—

Oy, and let Harriet conſider, and do *you* conſider, Dame Selby: Sir Charles Grandiſon is not a common man.

I did not let my aunt know that I heard this ſpeech of my uncle: She only ſaid to me, when ſhe ſaw me, I have had a little debate with your uncle: We muſt do as well as we can with him, my dear. He means well.

Thurſday Morning, Oct. 19.

AFTER breakfaſt, firſt one, then another, dropt away, and left only Sir Charles and me together. Lucy was the laſt that went; and the moment ſhe was withdrawn, while I was thinking to retire to dreſs, he placed himſelf by me: Think me not abrupt, my deareſt Miſs Byron, ſaid he, that I take almoſt the only opportunity which has offered of entering upon a ſubject that is next my heart.

I found my face glow. I was ſilent.

You have given me hope, madam: All your friends encourage that hope. I love, I revere your friends. What I have now to petition for is, a confirmation of the hope I have preſumed upon. CAN you, madam (the female delicacy is more delicate than that of man *can* be), unequally as you may think yourſelf circumſtanced with a man who owns that once he could have devoted himſelf to another lady; CAN you ſay, that the man before you is the man whom you *can*, whom you *do* prefer to any other?

He ſtopt, expecting my anſwer.

After ſome heſitations, I have been accuſtomed, Sir, ſaid I, by thoſe friends whom you ſo *deſervedly* value, to ſpeak nothing but the ſimpleſt truth. In an article of this moment, I ſhould be inexcuſeable if—

I ſtopt. His eyes were fixed upon my face. For my life I could not ſpeak; yet wiſhed to be able to ſpeak—

If—If *what*, madam? and he ſnatched my hand, bowed his face upon it, held it there, not looking up to mine. I could then ſpeak—If thus urged, and by SIR CHARLES GRANDISON—I did not ſpeak my heart—I anſwer—Sir—I CAN—I DO.

I wanted, I thought, juſt then, to ſhrink into myſelf.

He kiſſed my hand with fervour; dropt down on one knee; again kiſſed it—You have laid me, madam, under everlaſting obligation: And will you permit me before I riſe—lovelieſt of women, will you permit me to beg an early day?—I have many affairs on my hands; many more in deſign, now I am come, as I hope, to ſettle in my native country for the reſt of my life. My chief glory will be, to behave commendably in the *private* life. I wiſh not to be a *public* man; and it muſt be a very particular call, for the ſervice of my king and country united, that ſhall draw me out into pub-

lic notice. Make me, madam, ſoon the happy *huſband* I hope to be. I preſcribe not to you the time; but you are above empty forms. May I preſume to hope it will be before the end of a month to come?

He had forgot himſelf. He ſaid he would not preſcribe to me.

After ſome involuntary heſitations—I am afraid of nothing ſo much, juſt now, Sir, ſaid I, as appearing, to a man of your honour and penetration, affected. Riſe, Sir, I beſeech you! I cannot bear——

I will, madam, and riſe as well as kneel, to thank you, when you have anſwered a queſtion ſo very important to my happineſs.

Before I could reſume, only believe me, madam, ſaid he, that my urgency is not the inſolent urgency of one who imagines a lady will receive as a *compliment* his impatience. And if you have no ſcruple that you think of high importance, add, I beſeech you, to the obligation you have laid him under to your condeſcending goodneſs (and add with that frankneſs of heart which has diſtinguiſhed you in my eyes above all women) the very high one of an early day.

I looked down—I could not look up—I was afraid of being thought affected—Yet how could I ſo ſoon think of obliging him?

He proceeded—You are ſilent, madam!—Propitious be your ſilence! Allow me to enquire of your *aunt* for your kind, your condeſcending acquieſcence. I will not now urge you further: I will be all hope.

Let me ſay, Sir, that I muſt not be precipitated. Theſe are very early days.

Much more was in my mind to ſay; but I heſitated——I could not ſpeak. Surely, my dear ladies, it was too early an urgency. And can a woman be wholly unobſervant of cuſtom, and the

laws

laws of her ſex?——Something is due to the faſhion in our dreſs, however abſurd that dreſs might have appeared in the laſt age (as theirs do to us), or may in the next: And ſhall not thoſe cuſtoms which have their foundation in modeſty, and are characteriſtic of the gentler ſex, be intitled to excuſe, and more than excuſe?

He ſaw my confuſion. Let me not, my deareſt life, diſtreſs you, I ſaid he. Beautiful as your emotion is, I cannot enjoy it if it give you pain. Yet is the queſtion ſo important to me; ſo much is my heart concerned in the favourable anſwer I hope for from your goodneſs, that I muſt not let this opportunity ſlip, except it be your pleaſure that I attend your determination from Mrs Selby's mouth.—Yet *that* I chuſe not neither; becauſe I preſume for more favour from your own, than you will, on *cold* deliberation, allow your aunt to ſhew me. Love will plead for its faithful votary in a ſingle breaſt, when conſultation on the ſuppoſed fit and unfit, the object abſent, will produce delay. But I will retire for two moments. You ſhall be my priſoner mean time. Not a ſoul ſhall come in to interrupt us, unleſs it be at your call. I will return and receive your determination; and if that be the fixing of my happy day, how will you rejoice me!

While I was debating within myſelf, whether I ſhould be angry or pleaſed, he returned, and found me walking about the room.—Soul of my hope, ſaid he, taking with reverence my hand, I now preſume that you *can*, that you *will* oblige me.

You have given me no time, Sir: But let me requeſt, that you will not expect an anſwer, in relation to the early day you *ſo* early aſk for, till after the receipt of your next letters from Italy. You ſee how the admirable lady is urged; how reluctantly ſhe has given them but *diſtant* hope of complying with their wiſhes. I ſhould be glad to

wait

wait for the next letters; for thoſe, at leaſt, which will be an anſwer to yours, acquainting them, that there *is* a woman with whom you think you could be happy. I am earneſt in this requeſt, Sir. Think it not owing to affectation.

I acquieſce, madam; the anſwer to thoſe letters will ſoon be here. It will indeed be ſome time before I can receive a reply to that I wrote in anſwer to Jeronymo's laſt letter. I impute not affectation to my deareſt Miſs Byron. I can eaſily comprehend your motive: It is a generous one. But it befits me to ſay, that the next letters from Italy, whatever may be their contents, can *now* make no alteration on my part. Have I not declared myſelf to your friends, to you, and to the world?

Indeed, Sir, they *may* make an alteration on mine, highly as I think of the honour Sir Charles Grandiſon does me by his good opinion. For, pardon me, ſhould the moſt excellent of women think of reſuming a place in your heart——

Let me interrupt you, madam.—It cannot *be* that Lady Clementina, proceeding, as ſhe has done, on motives of piety, zealous in her religion, and all her relations now earneſt in another man's favour, can alter her mind. I ſhould not have acted with juſtice, with gratitude, to her, had I not tried her ſtedfaſtneſs by every way I could deviſe: Nor, in juſtice to *both* ladies, would I allow myſelf to apply for *your* favour, till I had *her* reſolution confirmed to me under her own hand after my arrival in England. But were it *now* poſſible that ſhe ſhould vary, and were you, madam, to hold your determination in my favour ſuſpended, the conſequence would be this: I ſhould never, while that ſuſpence laſted, be the huſband of *any woman on earth.*

I hope, Sir, you will not be diſpleaſed. I did not think you would ſo *ſoon* be ſo *very* earneſt.

But

But this, Sir, I ſay, let me have reaſon to think, that my happineſs will not be the misfortune of a more excellent woman, and it ſhall be my endeavour to make the man happy who *only* can make me ſo.

He claſped me in his arms with an ardor—that diſpleaſed me not—on reflection—but at the time ſtartled me. He then thanked me again on one knee. I held out the hand he had not in his, with intent to raiſe him; for I could not ſpeak. He received it as a token of favour; kiſſed it with ardor; aroſe; *again* preſſed my cheek with his lips. I was too much ſurprized to repulſe him with anger: But was he not too free? Am I a prude, my dear! In the odious ſenſe of the abſurd word, I am ſure I am not: But in the beſt ſenſe, as derived from *prudence*, and uſed in oppoſition to a word that denotes a worſe character, I own myſelf one of thoſe who would wiſh to reſtore it to its natural reſpectable ſignification, for the ſake of virtue; which, as Sir Charles himſelf once hinted, is in danger of ſuffering by the abuſe of it; as religion once did, by that of the word *Puritan*.

Sir Charles, on my making towards the door that led to the ſtairs, withdrew with ſuch a grace, as ſhewed he was capable of recollection.

Again I aſk, Was he not too free? I will tell you how I judge that he was: When I came to conclude my narrative to my aunt and Lucy, of all that paſſed between him and me, I bluſhed, and could not tell them how free he was. Yet you ſee, ladies, that I can write it to you.

Sir Charles, my uncle, and Mr Deane, took a little walk, and returned juſt as dinner was ready. My uncle took me aſide, and whiſpered to me; I am glad at my heart and ſoul the ice is broken. This is the man of true ſpirit—*Ads-heart*, Harriet, you will be Lady Grandiſon in a fortnight at furtheſt, I hope. You have had a charming

confabulation,

confabulation, I doubt not. I can gueſs you have, by Sir Charles's declaring himſelf more and more delighted with you. And he owns, that he put the queſtion to you.—Hay, Harriet!—Smiling in my face.

Every one's eyes were upon me. Sir Charles, I believe, ſaw me look as if I were apprehenſive of my uncle's raillery. He came up to us: My dear Miſs Byron, ſaid he, in my uncle's hearing, I have owned to Mr Selby the requeſt I preſumed to make you. I am afraid that he, as well you, think me too bold and forward. If, madam, *you* do, I aſk your pardon: My hopes ſhall always be controuled by your pleaſure.

This made my uncle complaiſant to me. I was re-aſſured. I was pleaſed to be ſo ſeaſonably relieved.

Friday Morning, October 20.

You muſt not, my dear ladies, expect me to be ſo *very* minute: If I am, muſt I not loſe a hundred charming converſations? One, however, I will give you a little particularly.

Your brother deſired leave to attend me in my dreſſing-room—But how can I attempt to deſcribe his air, his manner, or repeat the thouſand agreeable things he ſaid? Inſenſibly he fell into talking of future ſchemes, in a way that punctilio itſelf could not be diſpleaſed with.

He had been telling me, that our dear Mr Deane, having been affected by his laſt indiſpoſition, had deſired my uncle, my aunt, and him, to permit him to lay before them the ſtate of his affairs, and the kind things he intended to do by his own relations; who, however, were all in happy circumſtances. After which, he inſiſted upon Sir Charles's being his ſole executor, which he ſcrupled; deſiring that ſome other perſon ſhould be joined with him in the truſt: But Mr Deane being

ing very earneſt on this head, Sir Charles ſaid, I hope I know my own heart: My dear Mr Deane, you muſt do as you pleaſe.

After ſome other diſcourſe, I ſuppoſe, ſaid I, the good man will not part with us till the beginning of next week.

Whenever you leave him, anſwered he, it will be to his regret; it may therefore as well be ſoon: But I am ſorry, methinks, that he, who has qualities which endear him to every one, ſhould be ſo much alone as he is here. I have a great deſire, when I can be ſo happy as to find myſelf a ſettled man, to draw into my neighbourhood friends who will dignify it. Mr Deane will, I hope, be often our viſiter at the hall. The love he bears to his dear god-daughter will be his inducement; and the air and ſoil being more dry and wholeſome than this ſo near the fens, may be a means to prolong his valuable life.

Dr Bartlett, continued he, has already carried into execution ſome ſchemes which relate to my indigent neighbours, and the lower claſs of my tenants. How does that excellent man revere Miſs Byron!—My Beauchamp, with our two ſiſters and their lords, will be often with us. Your worthy couſins Reeves, Lord W. and his deſerving lady, will alſo be our viſiters, and we theirs, in turn. The Mansfield family are already within a few miles of me: And our Northamptonſhire friends! —Viſiters and viſited—What happineſs do I propoſe to myſelf and the beloved of my heart!—And if (as you have generouſly wiſhed) the dear Clementina may be happy, at leaſt not unhappy, and her brother Jeronymo recover, what, in this world, can be wanting to crown our felicity?

Tears of joy ſtrayed down my cheek, unperceived by me, till they fell upon his hand, as it had mine in it. He kiſſed them away. I was abaſhed. If my dear Miſs Byron permit me to go on,

I have

I have her advice to aſk.—I bowed my aſſent. My heart throbbed with painful joy: I could not ſpeak.

Will *it not be too early*, madam, to aſk you about ſome matters of domeſtic concern? The leaſe of the houſe in St James's-ſquare is expired. Some difficulties are made to renew it, unleſs on terms which I think unreaſonable. I do not eaſily ſubmit to impoſition. Is there any thing that you particularly like in the ſituation of that houſe?

Houſes, Sir, nay, countries, will be alike to me, in the company of thoſe I value.

You are all goodneſs, madam. I will leave it to my ſiſters to enquire after another houſe. I hope you will allow them to conſult you as any one may offer. I will write to the owner of my preſent houſe (who is ſolicitous to know my determination, and ſays he has a tenant ready if I relinquiſh it) that it will be at his command in three months time. When my dear Miſs Byron ſhall bleſs me with her hand, and our Northamptonſhire friends will part with her, if ſhe pleaſes, we will go directly to the hall.

I bowed, and intended to look as one who thought herſelf obliged.

Reſtrain, check me, madam, whenever I ſeem to treſpaſs on your goodneſs. Yet how ſhall I forbear to wiſh you to haſten the day that ſhall make you wholly mine?—You will the rather allow me to wiſh it, as you will then be more than ever your own miſtreſs; though you have always been generouſly left to a diſcretion that never was more deſervedly truſted to. Your will, madam, will ever comprehend mine.

You leave me, Sir, only room to ſay, that if gratitude can make me a merit with you, *that* began with the firſt knowledge I had of you: and it has been increaſing ever ſince—I hope I never ſhall be ungrateful.

Tears again ſtrayed down my cheek. Why did I weep?

Delicate ſenſibility! ſaid he. He claſped his arms about me—But inſtantly withdrew them, as if recollecting himſelf—Pardon me, madam! Admiration will ſometimes mingle with reverence. I muſt expreſs my gratitude as a man—May my happy day be not far diſtant, that I may have no bound to my joy!——He took my hand, and again preſſed it with his lips. My heart, madam, ſaid he, is in your hand: You cannot but treat it graciouſly.

Juſt then came in my Nancy [Why came ſhe in?] with the general expectation of us to breakfaſt——Breakfaſt!—What, thought I, is breakfaſt!—The *world*, my Charlotte!—But huſh!—Withdraw, fond heart, from my pen! Can the *deareſt* friend allow for the acknowledgment of impulſes ſo fervent, and which, writing to the moment, as I may ſay, the moment only can juſtify revealing?

He led me down ſtairs, and to my very ſeat, with an air *ſo* noble, yet *ſo* tender—My aunt, my Lucy, every body——looked at me. My eyes betrayed my hardly conquered emotion.

Sir Charles's looks and behaviour were ſo reſpectful, that every one addreſſed me as a perſon of increaſed conſequence. Do you think, Lady G. that Lord G.'s and Lord L.'s reſpectful behaviour to their wives do not as much credit to their own hearts as to their ladies? How happy are you that you have recollected yourſelf, and now encourage not others, by your example, to make a jeſt of a *huſband*'s love!—Will you forgive me the recollection, for the ſake of the joy I have in the reformation?——

I HAVE read this letter, juſt now, to my aunt and Lucy, all except this laſt ſaucy hint to you.

They claſped me each in their arms, and ſaid, they admired *him*, and were pleaſed with *me*. Inſtruct me, my dear ladies, how to behave in ſuch a manner, as may ſhew my gratitude (I had almoſt ſaid my love); yet not go ſo very far, as to leave the day, the hour, every thing to his determination!

But, on reading to my aunt and Lucy what I had written, I was aſhamed to find, that when he was enumerating the friends he hoped to have near him, or about him, I had forgot to remind him of my Emily. Ungrateful Harriet!—But don't tell her that I was ſo abſorbed in ſelf, and that the converſation was ſo intereſting, that my heart was more of a paſſive than an active machine at the time. I will ſoon *find*, or *make*, an occaſion to be her ſolicitreſs. You once thought that Emily, for her *own* ſake, ſhould not live with us; but her heart is ſet upon it. Dear creature! I love her! I will ſoothe her! I will take her to my boſom!—I will, by my ſiſterly compaſſion, intitle myſelf to all her confidence: She ſhall have all mine. Nor ſhall her guardian ſuſpect her.—I will be as faithful to her ſecret, as you and Lady L. were (thankfully I remember it!) to mine. Do you think, my dear, that if Lady Clementina [I bow to her merit whenever I name her to myſelf] had had ſuch a true, ſuch a ſoothing friend, to whom ſhe could have revealed the ſecret that oppreſſed her noble heart, while her paſſion was young, it would have been attended with ſuch a deprivation of her reaſon, as made unhappy all who had the honour of being related to her?

O MY dear Lady G.! I am undone! Emily is undone! We are all undone!—I am afraid ſo!—My intolerable careleſſneſs!—I will run away from him! I cannot look him in the face!—But I am moſt, moſt of all, concerned for my Emily!

Walking

Walking in the garden with Lucy, I dropt the laſt ſheet, marked 6, of this letter *.

I miſſed it not till my aunt this minute told me, that Sir Charles, croſſing the walk which I had juſt before quitted, ſtopped, and took up a paper. Immediately my heart miſgave me. I took out my letter: I thought I had it all—But the fatal, fatal ſixth ſheet is wanting: That muſt be what he ſtooped for, and took up. What ſhall I do?—— Sweet Emily! now will I never ſuffer you to live with him. All my own heart laid open too!—Such prattling alſo!—I cannot look him in the face!—How ſhall I do, to get away to Shirley-manor, and hide myſelf in the indulgent boſom of my grandmamma!—What affectation, after this, will it be, to refuſe him his day!—But he demands audience of me. Could any thing (O the dear Emily!) have happened more mortifying to

Your Harriet Byron?

LETTER VIII.

Miſs Byron. *In Continuation.*

Friday Afternoon, October 20.

I WAS all confuſion, when he, looking as unconſcious as he uſed to do, entered my dreſſing-room. I turned my face from him. He ſeemed ſurpriſed at my concern. Miſs Byron, I hope, is well. Has any thing diſturbed you, madam?

My paper, my paper! You took it up—For the world I would not—The poor Emily!—Give it me; give it me; and I burſted into tears.——

Was there ever ſuch a fool? What buſineſs had I to name Emily?

* *Beginning*, Why did I weep? P. 73.

He took it out of his pocket. I came to give it to you; putting it into my hand. I ſaw it was your writing, madam: I folded it up immediately: It has not been unfolded ſince: Not a ſingle ſentence did I permit myſelf to read.

Are you ſure, Sir, you have not read it; nor any part of it?——

Upon my honour I have not.

I cleared up at once. A bleſſed reward, thought I, for denying my own curioſity, when preſſed by my Charlotte to read a letter clandeſtinely obtained!

A thouſand, thouſand thanks to you, Sir, for not giving way to your curioſity. I ſhould have been miſerable, perhaps, for months, had you read that paper.

You now indeed raiſe my curioſity, madam. Perhaps your generoſity will permit you to gratify it; though I ſhould not have forgiven myſelf, had I taken advantage of ſuch an accident.

I will tell you the contents of ſome parts of it, Sir.

Thoſe which relate to my Emily, if you pleaſe, madam. The *poor* Emily, you ſaid.—You have alarmed me. Perhaps I am not to be *quite* happy!—What of *poor* Emily! Has the girl been imprudent?—Has ſhe already—What of the *poor* Emily?

And his face glowed with impatience.

No harm, Sir, of Emily!—Only a requeſt of the dear girl! [What better uſe could I have made of my fright, Lady G.?] But the *manner* of my mentioning it, I would not for the world you ſhould have ſeen.

No harm, you ſay!—I was afraid, by your concern for her—But can you love her, as well as ever?—If you can, Emily muſt ſtill be good.

I can. I do.

Wha

What then, dear madam, of *poor* Emily? Why *poor* Emily?

I will tell you. The dear girl makes it her requeſt, that I will procure of you one favour for her: Her heart is ſet upon it.

If Emily continue good, ſhe ſhall only ſignify her wiſh, and I will comply. If *I* am not a father to her, is ſhe not fatherleſs?

Allow me, Sir, to call you kind! good! humane!

What I want of thoſe qualities, Miſs Byron will teach me, by her example—But what would my Emily?——

She would live with her guardian, Sir——

With *me*, madam?—And with *you*, madam?—Tell me, own to me, madam, *and* with you?

That is her wiſh——

And does my beloved Miſs Byron think it a *right* wiſh to be granted? Will *ſhe* be the inſtructing friend, the exemplary ſiſter, now in that time of the dear girl's life, when the eye, rather than the judgment, is uſually the director of a young woman's affections?

I love the ſweet innocent: I could wiſh her to be always with me.

Obliging goodneſs! Then is one of my cares over. A young woman, from fourteen to twenty, is often a troubleſome charge upon a friendly heart. I could not have aſked this favour of you. You rejoice me by mentioning it. Shall I write a letter, in your name, to Emily?

There, Sir, are pen, ink, and paper.

In *your* name, madam?

I bowed aſſent; miſtruſting nothing.

He wrote; and doubling down, ſhewed me only theſe words——"My dear Miſs Jervois, I 'have obtained for you the deſired favour—Will 'you not continue to be as good as you have hi-

'therto been?——That is all which is required of 'my Emily, by her ever affectionate——

I inſtantly wrote, "*Harriet Byron.*"——But, Sir, what have you doubled down?

Charming confidence!—What muſt he be, who could attempt to abuſe it?——Read, madam, what you have ſigned.

I did. How my heart throbbed.——And *could* Sir Charles Grandiſon, ſaid I, thus *intend* to deceive? *Could* Sir Charles Grandiſon be ſuch a plotter? Thank God you are not a bad man.

After the words, *I have obtained for you the deſired favour*, followed theſe:

"You muſt be very good. You muſt reſolve to 'give me nothing but joy; joy equal to the love 'I have for you, and to the ſacrifice I have made 'to oblige you. Go down, my love, as ſoon as 'you can, to Grandiſon-hall: I ſhall then have 'one of the ſiſters of my heart there to receive 'me. If you are there in leſs than a fortnight, 'I will endeavour to be with you in a fortnight 'after. I ſacrifice, at leaſt, another fortnight's 'punctilio to oblige you. And will you not con-'tinue to be as good as you have *hitherto* been? 'That is all which is required of my Emily, 'by, *&c.*

Give me the paper, Sir; holding out my hand for it.

Have I forfeited my character with you, madam?——holding it back, with an air of reſpectful gaiety.

I muſt conſider, Sir, before I give you an anſwer.

If I have, why ſhould I not ſend it away; and, as Miſs Byron cannot deny her hand-writing, hope to receive the benefit of the ſuppoſed deceit? Eſpecially as it will anſwer ſo many good ends: For inſtance, your own wiſhes in Emily's favour;

as

as it will increaſe your own power of obliging; and be a means of accelerating the happineſs of a man, whoſe principal joy will be in making you happy.

Was it not a pretty piece of deceit, Lady G.? Shall I own, that my heart was more inclined to reward than puniſh him for it? And really, for a moment, I thought of the impracticableneſs of complying with the requeſt, as if I was ſeriouſly pondering upon it, and was ſorry it was not practicable. To get away from my dear Mr Deane, thought I, who will not be in haſte to part with us; ſome female buſtlings to be got over on our return to Selby-houſe; propoſal renewed, and a little paraded with [why, Lady Lady G. did you tell me that your ſex is a fooliſh ſex?]; the preparation; the ceremony; the awful ceremony! the parting with the deareſt and moſt indulgent friends that every young creature was bleſſed with; and to be at Grandiſon-hall, all within one month! —Was there ever ſo precipitating a man?

I believe verily, that I appeared to him as if I were conſidering of it; for he took advantage of my ſilence, and urged me to permit him to ſend away to Emily what he had written; and offered to give reaſons for his urgency: Written as it is, ſaid he, by me, and ſigned by you, how will the dear girl rejoice at the conſent of both, under our hands! And will ſhe not take the caution given her in it from me, as kindly as ſhe will your mediation in her favour?

Sure, Sir, ſaid I, you expect not a ſerious anſwer!—Upon his honour, he did—How, Sir! Ought you not rather to be thankful, if I forgive you, for letting me ſee that Sir Charles Grandiſon was capable of ſuch an artifice, though but in a jeſt; and for his reflection upon me, and perhaps meant on our ſex, as if decorum were but *punctilio?*

I beg

I beg my Lucy's pardon, added I, for being half angry with her when ſhe called you a *deſigner*.

My deareſt creature, ſaid he, I *am* a deſigner. Who, to accelerate a happineſs on which that of his whole life depends, would not be innocently ſo? I am, in this inſtance, ſelfiſh: But I glory in my ſelfiſhneſs; becauſe I am determined, if power be lent me, that every one, within the circle of our acquaintance, ſhall have reaſon to congratulate you as one of the happieſt of women.

Till this artifice, Sir, ſhewed me what you *could* do, were you not a man of the ſtricteſt honour, I had nothing but affiance in you. Give me the paper, Sir; and, for your own ſake, I will deſtroy it, that it may not furniſh me with an argument, that there is not *one* man in the world who is to be implicitly confided in by a woman.

Take it, madam (preſenting it to me, with his uſual gracefulneſs); deſtroy it not, however, till you have expoſed me as *ſuch* a breach of confidence *deſerves*, to your aunt, your Lucy—to your uncle Selby: and Mr *Deane*, if you pleaſe.

Ah, Sir! you know your advantages! I will not, in this caſe, refer to them: I could ſooner rely, dearly as they love their Harriet, on Sir Charles Grandiſon's juſtice, than on their favour, in *any* debate that ſhould happen between him and me.

There never, madam, except in the caſe before us, can be room for a reference: Your prudence and my gratitude muſt ſecure us both. Even now, impatient as I am to call you mine, which makes me willing to lay hold of every opportunity to urge you for an early day, I will endeavour to ſubdue that impatience, and ſubmit to your will. Yet, let me ſay, that if I did not think your heart one of the moſt laudably unreſerved, yet truly delicate, that women ever boaſted, and your prudence equal, you would not have found me ſo acquieſcent

cent a lover, early as you *ſuppoſe* my urgency for the happy day.

And is it *not* early, Sir? Can Sir Charles Grandiſon think me punctilious?—But you will permit me to write to Miſs Jervois *myſelf*, and acquaint her with her granted wiſh, if—

If! No *if*, madam—Whatever you think right to be done in this caſe, that do. Emily will be more particularly your ward than mine, if you condeſcend to take the truſt upon you.

You will be pleaſed, dear Lady G. to acquaint Emily with the grant of her wiſh: She will rejoice. God give the dear creature reaſon for joy; and then I ſhall have double pleaſure in having contributed to her obtaining of it. But, on ſecond thoughts, I will write to her myſelf: for I allow not that ſhe ſhall ſee or hear read every thing I write to you.

Shall I own to you, that my grandmamma, and aunt, and Lucy, are of your mind? They all three wiſh—But who can deny the dear innocent the grant of a requeſt on which ſhe has ſo long ſet her heart? And would it not be a pity, methinks I hear the world ſay, ſome time hence, eſpecially if any miſhap (God forbid it!) ſhould befal her, that Sir Charles Grandiſon, the moſt honourable of men, ſhould ſo marry, as that a young lady of innocence and merit, and miſtreſs of a fortune, which, it might be foreſeen, would encourage the attempts of deſigning men, could not have lived with his wife!—Poor child!—Then would the *world* have ſhaken its wiſe head (allow the expreſſion); and well for me if it had judged ſo mildly of me.

Our dear Mr Deane, though reluctantly, has conſented that we ſhall leave him on Monday next. We ſhall ſet out directly for Selby-houſe, where we propoſe to be the ſame night. My aunt

and

and I have been urgent with him to go back with us; but he is croſs, and *will* be excuſed.

Juſt now Lucy tells me, that Mr Deane declared to my uncle, aunt, and her, that he will not viſit us at Selby-houſe till we ſend for him and the ſettlements together, which he will have ready in a week—Strange expedition! Sure they are afraid your brother will change his mind, and are willing to put it out of the poor man's power to recede! Lucy ſmiles at me, and is ſure, ſhe ſays, that ſhe may in confidence reveal all theſe matters to me, without endangering my *life*. My next letter will be from Selby-houſe.

While that life continues, my dear ladies, look upon me as aſſuredly

Yours, HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER IX.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

Monday, Oct. 23.

GO on, go on, with your narrative, my dear. Hitherto Caroline and I know not how either much to blame you, or totally to acquit you of *parade*, the man and his ſituation conſidered; and the ſtate of your heart for ſo many months paſt; every one of your friends—conſenting, ſhall I ſay?—*more* than conſenting—*ardent* to be related to him. Hark ye, Harriet, let me whiſper you—My brother, whether he come honeſtly, or not, by his knowledge, I dare ſay, thinks not ſo highly of the Free-maſonry part of marriage as you do! —You ſtart! O Charlotte! you cry:—And, O Harriet! too—But, my dear girl, let my brother ſee, that you think (and no woman in the world does, if you don't) that the true modeſty, after hearts

hearts are engaged, is to think little of parade, and much of the ſocial happineſs that awaits two worthy minds united by love, and conformity of ſentiment—After all, we are ſilly creatures, Harriet: We are afraid of wiſe men. No wonder that we ſeldom chuſe them, when a fool offers. I wiſh I knew the man, however, who dared to ſay this in my hearing.

Your grandmother Shirley is more than woman: My brother prodigiouſly admires her. I think you may truſt to her judgment, if you ſuppoſe him too precipitating. Your aunt is an excellent woman: But I never knew a woman or man, who valued themſelves on delicacy, and found themſelves conſulted upon it, but was apt to overdo the matter. Is not this a little, a *very* little, Mrs Selby's caſe? Let her know, that I bid you aſk this queſtion of herſelf: She muſt be aſſured that I equally love and honour her; ſo won't be angry.

Your uncle is an odd, but a very honeſt Dunſtable ſoul! Tell him, I ſay ſo; but withal, that he ſhould leave women to act as *women* in theſe matters. *What a duce, what a pize*, would he expect perfection from them? He, whoſe arguments always run in the depreciating ſtrain? If he *would*, aſk him, *where* ſhould they have it, converſing, as they are obliged to do, with men? Men for their fathers, for their brothers, for their uncles—They *muſt* be a *little* ſilly, had they not a *fund of* ſillineſs in themſelves.—But I would not have them be moſt *out*, in matters where they ſhould be moſt *in*.

I think, however, ſo does Lady L. that ſo far as you have proceeded, you are tolerable; though not half ſo clever as he, conſidering ſituations. Upon my word, Harriet, allowing for every thing, neither of Sir Charles Grandiſon's ſiſters expected that their brother would have made ſo ardent, ſo polite, a lover. He is ſo *prudent* a man, and that

once

once had like to have been one of *your*, even *your* objections.—Yet ſo nobly ſincere—ſo manly. O that my ape—But come, Harriet, as men go in this age of monkeys and Sir Foplings, Lord G. (for all *you*) is not to be deſpiſed. I, as a good wife ought, will take his part, whoever runs him down. Where much is not given, much, and ſo forth—

I have told Emily the good news: I could not help it, though you promiſe to write to her.

Poor thing! ſhe is all exſtaſy! She is not the only one who ſeeks, as her greateſt good, what may poſſibly prove her greateſt misfortune. But, for her ſake, for your ſake, and my brother's, I hope, under your directing eye, and by prudent management (the flame ſo young), a *little* cold water will do; and that if it *will* blaze, it may be directed towards Beauchamp's houſe.

Let me whiſper you again, Harriet—Young girls, finding themſelves veſted with new powers, and a ſet of new inclinations, turn their ſtaring eyes out of themſelves; and the firſt man they ſee, they imagine, if he be a ſingle man, and but ſimpers at them, they muſt receive him as a lover: Then they return downcaſt for ogle, that he may ogle on without interruption. They are ſoon brought to write anſwers to letters which confeſs flames the writer's heart never felt. The girl doubts not her own gifts, her own conſequence: She wonders that her father, mother, and other friends, never told her of theſe new-found excellencies: She is more and more beautiful in her own eyes, as he more and more flatters her. If her parents are *a*-verſe, the girl is *per*-verſe; and the more, the leſs diſcretion there is in her paſſion. She adopts the word *conſtancy*; ſhe declaims againſt *perſecution*; ſhe calls her idle flame LOVE; a cupidity, which only was a ſomething ſhe knew not what to make of,—and, like a wandering bee, had

it not ſettled on this flower, would on the next, were it either bitter or ſweet.

And this generally, with the thoughtleſs, is the beginning and progreſs of that formidable invader, miſcalled *love*; a word very happily at hand to help giddy creatures to talk with, and look without confuſion of face on a man telling them a thouſand lies, and hoping, perhaps by illaudable means, to attain an end not in *itſelf* illaudable, when duty and diſcretion are, the one the guide, the other the gentle reſtraint.

But as to Emily—I depend on her *principles*, as well as on your affectionate diſcretion (when you will be pleaſed among ye to permit my brother *to be actually yours*) for reſtraining her imagination. There never beat in female boſom an honeſter heart. Poor thing! ſhe is *but* a girl! and who is the woman or child that looks on my brother without love and reverence?

For Emily's ſake, you ſee, you muſt not have too many of your honeſt uncle's *circum-roundabouts*. He makes us laugh. I love to have him angry with his Dame Selby. Dear Harriet, when your heart's quite at eaſe, give us the courtſhip of the odd ſoul to *the light of his eyes*; *his* oddneſs, and *her* delicacy! A charming contraſt! You *did* help us to a little of it once *, you know. Theirs, on the woman's ſide, could not be a match of love at firſt: But who ſo happy as they? I am convinced, Harriet, that love on one ſide, and diſcretion on the other, is enough in conſcience, and, in ſhort, much better than love on both: For what room can there be for diſcretion in the latter caſe? The man is guilty of a heterodoxy in love you know, who is prudent, or but ſuſpected of being ſo!—Ah Harriet, Harriet, once more I ſay, we women are fooliſh creatures in our love-affairs, and know not what's beſt for ourſelves.—In your ſtile—"Don't

* *See Page* 62.

'you think ſo, Lucy?"—Yet I admire Lucy—She got over an improperly-placed love; and now, her mad fit over [we have *all* little or much of it, *begun* as I told you how], ſhe is *ſo* cool, *ſo* quiet, *ſo* ſedate—Yet once I make no doubt, looking forward to her preſent happy quieſcence, would have thought it a ſtate of inſipidity. Dearly do we love racketing; and another whiſper ſome of us to be racketed——But not *you!* you are an exception. Yes, to be ſure!—But I believe you'll think me mad.

We like my brother's little trick upon you in the billet he wrote, and which you ſigned, as if to Emily. You ſee how earneſt he is, my dear. I long for his next letters from Italy. I think that is a lucky plea enough for you, ſuppoſe parade neceſſary.

We have got Everard among us again. The ſorry fellow—O Harriet, had you ſeen him with his hat upon his two thumbs, bowing, cringing, bluſhing, confounded when firſt he came into my royal preſence. But I, from my throne, extended the golden ſcepter to him, as I knew I ſhould pleaſe my brother by it. He ſat down when I bid him, twiſted his lips, curdled his chin, hemm'd, ſtole a look of reverence at me, looked down when his eyes met mine; *mine* bold as innocence, *his* conſcious as guilt; hemm'd again, turned his hat about, then with one of his not quite forgotten airs of pertneſs, putting it under his arm, ſhook his ears, tried to look up; then his eye ſunk again under my broader eyes—O my dear, what a paltry creature is a man vice-bitten, and ſenſible of detected folly and obligation!

Sir Charles has made a man of him once more. His dreſs is as gay as ever, and, I dare ſay, he ſtruts as much in it as ever, in company that knows not how he came by it. *He* reformed!—Bad habits are of the Jeruſalem-artichoke kind; once planted,

planted, there is no getting them out of the ground.

Our good Dr Bartlett is alſo with us at preſent: He is in hopes of ſeeing my brother in town—"In 'town,'' Harriet!—and the great affair unſolemnized!—Woe be to you, if—But let's ſee how you act when left to yourſelf. Prudent people in others' matters, are not always prudent in their own, eſpecially in their love-affairs. A little over-nicety at ſetting out will carry them into a road they never intended to amble in; and then they are ſometimes obliged to the *leſs* prudent to put them in the path they ſet out from. Remember, my dear, *I* am at hand if you bewilder yourſelf.

Dr Bartlett tells us, that my brother has extricated this poor creature from his entanglements with his woman, by his interpoſition only by letter: Some money, I ſuppoſe. The Doctor deſires to be ſilent on the means, but hints, however, that Everard will ſoon be in circumſtances not unhappy.

I HAVE got the Doctor to explain himſelf. Every day produces ſome new inſtances of women's follies. What would poor battered rakes and younger brothers do when on their laſt legs, were it not for good-natured widows—Ay, and ſometimes for forward maids? This wretch, it ſeems, has acquitted himſelf ſo handſomely in the diſcharge of the 100 *l.* which he owed to his wine-merchant's relict, and the lady was ſo full of ackowledgments and obligations, and all that, for being paid but her due, that he has ventured to make love to her, as it is called, and is well received. He behaves with more ſpirit before me.

The widow had a plain, diligent, honeſt man before. She has what is called *taſte*, forſooth, or believes ſhe has. She thinks Mr Grandiſon a finer gentleman than him who left her in a condition

to be thought worthy of the addreſs of a gayer man. She prides herſelf, it ſeems, in the relation that her marriage will give her to a man of Sir Charles Grandiſon's character. Much *worſe* reaſons will have weight, when a woman finds herſelf inclined to change her condition. But Everard is very earneſt that my brother ſhould know nothing of the matter till all is over: So you (as I) have this piece of news in confidence. Lady L. has not been told it. His couſin, he ſays, who refuſed him his intereſt with Miſs Mansfield, Lady W.'s ſiſter, becauſe he thought a further time of probation, with regard to his avowed good reſolutions, neceſſary, would perhaps, for the widow's ſake, if applied to, *put a ſpoke in his wheel.*

Everard (I can hardly allow myſelf to call him Grandiſon) avows a vehement paſſion for the widow. She is *rich.*—When they are ſet out together in *taſte*, as ſhe calls it, trade, or buſineſs, her firſt riſe quite forgot, what a gay, what a frolic dance will ſhe and her new huſband, in a little while, lead up on the grave of her poor, plain, deſpiſed one!

'Tis well, 'tis well, my dear Harriet, that I have a multitude of faults myſelf [witneſs, to go no further back, this letter], or I ſhould deſpiſe nine parts of the world out of ten.

I find that Sir Charles, and Beauchamp, and Dr Bartlett correſpond. Light is hardly more active than my brother, nor lightning more quick, when he has any thing to execute that muſt or ought to be done. I believe I told you early, that was a part of his character. You muſt not then wonder or be offended [Shall I uſe the word *offended*, my dear?] that you, in your turn, now he has found himſelf at liberty to addreſs you, ſhould be affected by his adroitneſs and vivacity in your *femalities*, as uncle Selby calls them: Aptly enough I think, though I do not love that men ſhould be ſo impudent

impudent as either to abuſe us, or even to find us out. You cannot always, were you to *think* him too precipitating, ſeparate diſagreeable qualities from good in the ſame perſon, ſince, perhaps, the one is the conſtitutional occaſion of the other. Could he, for example, be half ſo uſeful a friend as he is, if he were to dream over a love-affair, as you would ſeem to have him; in other words, gape over his ripened fruit till it dropt into his yaw-yaw-yawning mouth? He'll certainly get you Harriet within, or near his propoſed time. Look about you: He'll have you before you know where you are. By *hook*, as the ſaying is, will he pull you to him, ſtruggle as you will (he has already got hold of you), *or by crook*, inviting, nay, compelling you, by his generoſity, gentle ſhepherd-like, to nymph as gentle. What you do, therefore, do with ſuch a grace as may preſerve to you the appearance of having it in your power to lay an obligation upon him. It is the opinion of both his ſiſters, that he values you more for your noble expanſion of heart, and not ignorant, but generous frankneſs of manners, yet mingled with dignity; than for—even your beauty, Harriet—— Whether you, who are in ſuch full poſſeſſion of every grace of perſon, care, as a woman, to hear of that or not. His gay parterre ſimilitude you remember, my dear. It is my firm belief, that thoſe are the greateſt admirers of fine flowers, who love to ſee them in their borders, and ſeldomeſt pluck the fading fragrance. The other wretches crop, put them in their boſoms, and in an hour or two, roſe, carnation, or whatever they be, after one parting ſmell, throw them away.

He is very buſy wherever he is. At his inn, I ſuppoſe, moſt. But he boaſts not to you, or anybody, of what he does.

He writes now and then a letter to aunt Nell, and ſhe is *ſo* proud of the favour—Look you here, niece,

niece; look you here!—But I ſhan't ſhew you all he writes. On go the ſpectacles—for ſhe will not for the world part with the letter out of her hands. She reads one paragraph, one ſentence, then another. On and off go the ſpectacles, while ſhe conjectures, explains, animadverts, applauds; and ſo goes on till ſhe leaves not a line unread: Then folding it up carefully in its cover, puts it in her letter or ribband-caſe, which ſhall I call it? For having but few letters to put in it, the caſe is filled with bits and ends of ribbands, patterns, and ſo forth, of all manner of colours, faded and freſh, with *intermingledoms* of goldbeaters ſkin, plaiſters for a cut finger, for a chapt lip, a kibe, perhaps for corns, which ſhe diſpenſes occaſionally very bountifully, and values herſelf (as we ſee at ſuch times by a double chin made triple) for being not unuſeful in her generation. Chide me, if you will; the humour's upon me; hang me if I care: You are only Harriet Byron as yet. Change your name, and increaſe your conſequence.

I have written a long letter already; and to what end? only to expoſe myſelf, ſay you? True enough. But now, Harriet, to bribe you into paſſing a milder cenſure, let me tell you all I can pick up from the doctor relating to my brother's matters. Bribe ſhall I call this, or gratitude for your free communications?

Matters between the Mansfields and the Keelings are brought very forward. Hang particulars: Nobody's affairs lie near my heart but yours. The two families have already begun to viſit. When my brother returns, all the gentry in the neighbourhood are to be invited, to rejoice with the parties on the occaſion.

Be ſo kind, my dear, as to diſmiſs the good man as ſoon as your punctilio will admit. We are contented, that while he lays himſelf out ſo much in the ſervice of others, he ſhould do ſomething

thing for himſelf. You, my dear, we look upon as a high reward for his many great and good actions. But, as he is a man who has a deep ſenſe of favours granted, and values not the bleſſing the more (when it *ought* to be within his reach) becauſe it is dear, as is the caſe of the ſorry fellows in general, I would have you conſider of it—that's all.

The doctor tells me alſo, that the wicked Bolton's ward is dead, and that every thing is concluded to Sir Charles's ſatisfaction with him, and the Mansfields (reinſtated in all their rights) are once more a happy family.

Sir Hargrave is in a lamentable way: Dr Bartlett has great compaſſion for him. Would you have *me* pity him, Harriet?—You would, you ſay—Well then I'll try for it. As it was by his means you and we, and my brother, came acquainted, I think I *may*. He is to be brought to town.

Poor Sir Harry Beauchamp! He is paſt recovery. Had the phyſicians given him over when they firſt undertook him, he might, they ſay, have had a chance for it.

I told you that Emily's mother was turned Methodiſt. She has converted her huſband. A ſtrange alteration! But it is natural for ſuch ſort of people to paſs from one extreme to another. Emily every now and then viſits them. They are ready to worſhip her for her duty and goodneſs. She is a lovely girl: She every day improves in her perſon, as well as in her mind. She is ſometimes with me, ſometimes with Lady L. ſometimes with aunt Eleanor, ſometimes with your Mrs Reeves—We are ready to fight for her: But you will ſoon rob all of us. She is preparing for her journey to you. Poor girl! I pity her. *Such* a conflict in her mind between her love of you and tenderneſs for her guardian: Her Anne has confeſſed to me, that ſhe weeps one half of the night, yet forces herſelf to be

be lively in company—after the example of Miſs Byron, ſhe ſays, when ſhe viſited you at Selby-houſe. I hope, my dear, all will be right. But to go to live with a beloved object—I don't underſtand it. You, Harriet, may. I never was in love, God help me!

I am afraid the dear girl does too much for her mother. As they have ſo handſome an annuity, 400 *l.* a-year, ſo much beyond their expectations, I think ſhe ſhould not give, nor ſhould they receive any thing conſiderable of her, without her guardian's knowledge. She is laying out a great deal of money in new cloaths, to do you and her guardian credit——on your nuptials, poor thing! ſhe ſays, with tears in her eyes—but whether of joy, or ſenſibility, it is hard to decide; but I believe of both.

What makes me imagine ſhe does more than ſhe ſhould is, that a week ago ſhe borrowed fifty guineas of me, and but yeſterday came to me——I ſhould do a very wrong thing, ſaid ſhe, bluſhing up to the ears, ſhould I aſk Lady L. to lend me a ſum of money till my next quarter comes due, after I made myſelf *your* debtor ſo lately: But if you *could* lend me thirty or forty guineas more, you would do me a great favour.

My dear! ſaid I; and ſtared at her.

Don't queſtion, don't chide me this one time. I never will run in debt again: I hate to be in debt. But you have bid me tell you all my wants.

I will not, my love, ſay another word. I will fetch you fifty guineas more.

More, my dear Lady G.! that is a pretty rub: But I will always, for the future, be within bounds: And don't let my guardian know it—He will kill me by his generoſity, yet perhaps in his own heart wonder what I did with my money. If *he* thought ill of me, or that I was extravagant, it would break my heart.

Only,

Only, my dear, ſaid I, remember that 400 *l.* a-year—Mrs O'Hara cannot want any thing to be done for her now.

Don't call her Mrs O'Hara! She is very good: Call her my mother.

I kiſſed the ſweet girl, and fetched her the other fifty guineas.

I thought it not amiſs to give you this hint, my dear, againſt ſhe goes down to you. But do you think it right, after all, to have her with my brother and you?

Lady L. keeps cloſe—She faſts, cries, prays, is vaſtly apprehenſive: She makes me uneaſy for her and myſelf. Theſe vile men! I believe I ſhall hate them all. Did *they* partake—But not half ſo grateful as the blackbirds; they rather look big with inſolence, than perch near, and ſing a ſong to comfort the poor ſouls they have ſo grievouſly mortified. Other birds, as I have obſerved (ſparrows in particular), ſit hour and hour, he's and ſhe's in turn; and I have ſeen the hen, when the rogue has ſtaid too long, *rattle* at him, while he circles about her with ſweeping wings, and diſplayed plumage, his head and breaſt of various dyes, ardently ſhining, Peep, peep, peep; as much as to ſay, I beg your pardon, love—I was forced to go a great way off for my dinner. —Sirrr-rah! I have thought ſhe has ſaid, in an unforgiving accent—Do your duty now—Sit cloſe —Peep, peep, peep—I will, I will, I will—Away ſhe has ſkimmed, and returned to relieve him —when ſhe thought fit.

Don't laugh at us, Harriet, in our mortified ſtate—(Begone, wretch—*What have I done, madam?* ſtaring! What have you done!—My ſorry creature came in wheedling, courting, juſt as I was pitying two meek ſiſters: Was it not enough to vex one?)—Don't laugh at us, I ſay—*If* you *do!*

—may

—may my brother, all in good time, avenge us on *you*, prays in malice

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER X.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady* G.

Wedn. Evening, Oct. 25.

FIE upon you, Lady G.! What a letter have you written! There is no ſeparating the good from the bad in it! With what dangerous talents are you entruſted! and what uſe do you make of them! I have written two long letters, continuing my narrative of our proceedings; but I muſt take you to ſevere taſk for this before me; and *this* and *they* ſhall go together!

Wicked wit! What a foe art thou to decent chearfulneſs!—In a *woman*'s hand ſuch a weapon! What might we not expect from it, were it in a man's? How you juſtify the very creatures of that ſex, whom you would be thought to deſpiſe!

But you ſay, you would not allow in a man the liberties you yourſelf take with your own ſex. How can you, my dear, be ſo partial to your faults, yet own them to be ſuch? Would you rank with the worſt of ſinners? They do juſt ſo.

I may be a fool: I may be inconſiſtent: I may not know how with a grace to give effect to my own wiſhes: I may be able to adviſe better than act—Moſt pragmatical creatures think they can be counſellors in another's caſe, while their own affairs, as my uncle would ſay, *lie at ſixes and ſevens*. But how does this excuſe your freedoms with your whole ſex—with the innocents of it more particularly?

Let

Let me ſay, my dear, that you take odious, yes, *odious* liberties; I won't recall the word: Liberties which I cannot, though to ſhame you, repeat. Fie upon you Charlotte!

And yet you ſay, that neither you nor Lady L. know how to blame me much, though, the man conſidered, you will not totally acquit me of parade; and in another place, that ſo far as we have proceeded, we have behaved tolerably. Why, then, all this riot?—yes, riot, Charlotte! againſt us, and againſt our ſex! *What*, but for riot's ſake?

"The humour upon you!"—The humour is upon you, with a witneſs! "Hang you, if you 'care!"—But, my dear, it would be more to your credit if you *did* care; and if you checked the wicked humour.—Do you think nobody but you has ſuch talents? Fain would I lower you, ſince, as it is evident, you take pride in your *licence*——Forgive me, my dear.—Yet I will not ſay half I think of your wicked wit. Think you, that there are not many who could be as ſmart, as ſurpriſing, as you, were they to indulge a vein of what you call humour? Do you think your brother is not one? Would he not be too hard for you at your own weapons? Has he not convinced you that he could? But he, a *man*, can check the overflowing freedom.

But if I *have* ſet out wrong with your brother, I will do my endeavour to recover my path. You greatly oblige me with your conducting hand: But what neceſſity was there for you to lead me through briars and thorns, and to plunge me into two or three dirty puddles, in order to put me into the right path, when it lay before you in a direct line, without going a bow-ſhot about?

Be pleaſed, however, to conſider ſituation on *my* ſide, as well as on your brother's: I might be ſomewhat excuſeable for my awkwardneſs, perhaps, were

were it conſidered that the notion of a *double* or *divided love*, on the man's part, came often into my head; indeed could not be long out; the lady ſo ſuperlatively excellent! his affection for her ſo *allowably*, as well as *avowedly* ſtrong! Was it poſſible to avoid little jealouſies, little petulancies, when ſlights were imaginable? The more for the excellency of the man; the more for my paſt weakneſs of *ſo many months?* I pretend not, my deareſt Charlotte, to be got above nature: I know I am a weak ſilly girl: I am humbled in the ſenſe I have of his and Clementina's ſuperior merits. True love will ever make a perſon think meanly of herſelf, in proportion as ſhe thinks highly of the object. Pride will be up ſometimes; but in the pull two ways, between that and mortification, a torn coat will be the conſequence: And muſt not the *tatterdemalion* (what a new language will my uncle teach me!) then look ſimply?

You bid me aſk my aunt—You bid me tell my uncle—Naughty Charlotte! I will aſk, I will tell them nothing. Pray write me a letter next that I can read to *them*. I ſkipt this paſſage—Read that—'um—'um—'um—Then ſkipt again—Heyday! What's come to the girl? cried my uncle: Can Lady G. write what Harriet cannot read? [There was a rebuke for you, Charlotte!] For the love of God, let me read it:—He buſtled, laughed, ſhook his ſhoulders, rubbed his hands, at the imagination—Some pretty roguery, I warrant: Dearly do I love Lady G. If you love me, Harriet, let *me* read; and once he ſnatched one of the ſheets. I boldly ſtruggled with him for it—For ſhame, Mr Selby, ſaid my aunt. My dear, ſaid my grandmother, if your uncle is ſo impetuous, you muſt ſhew him no more of your letters.

He then gave it up—Conſider, Charlotte, what a fine piece of work we ſhould have had with my uncle, had he read it through!

But, let me ſee,——What are the parts of this wicked letter, for which I can ſincerely thank you; —O my dear, I cannot, cannot, without ſoiling my fingers, pick them out—Your intelligences, however, are among thoſe which I hold for favours.

Poor Emily! that is a ſubject which delights, yet ſaddens me—We are *laudably* fond of diſtinguiſhing merit. But your brother's is ſo dazzling —Every woman is one's rival. But no more of my Emily! Dear creature! the ſubject pains me —Yet I cannot quit it.—You aſk, if, after all, I think it right that ſhe ſhould live with me?—What can I ſay? For *her* ſake, perhaps, it will not: Yet how is her heart ſet upon it! For my own ſake, as there is no perfect happineſs to be expected in this life, I could be content to bear a little pain, were that dear girl to be either benefited or pleaſured by it. Indeed I love her at my heart—— And what is more—I love myſelf for ſo ſincerely loving her.

In the picked part of your letter, what you write of your aunt Eleanor—But I have no *patience* with you, ſinner as you are againſt light, and better knowledge! and derider of the infirmities, not of old maids, but of old age!—Don't you hope to live long yourſelf? That worthy lady wears not ſpectacles, Charlotte, becauſe ſhe never was ſo *happy* as to be married. Wicked Charlotte! to owe ſuch obligation to the generoſity of good Lord G. for taking pity of you in time [Were you four or five-and-twenty when he honoured you with his hand at St George's church?] and yet to treat him as you do, in more places than one, in this very letter!

But I will tell you what I will do with this ſame ſtrange letter—I will tranſcribe all the good things in it. There are many which both delight and inſtruct; and ſome morning, before I dreſs for the day, I will [Sad taſk, Charlotte! But it ſhall be by way of penance for ſome of my faults and follies!] tranſcribe the intolerable paſſages; ſo make two letters of it. One I will keep to ſhew my friends here, in order to increaſe, if it be poſſible, their admiration of my Charlotte; the bad one I will preſent to you. I know I ſhall tranſcribe it in a violent hurry—Not much matter whether it be legible or not—The *hobbling* it will cauſe in the reading will make it appear worſe to you, than if you could read it as glibly as you write. If half of it *be* illegible, enough will be left to make you bluſh for the whole, and wonder what ſort of a pen it was that ſomebody, unknown to you, put into your ſtandiſh.

After all, ſpare me not, my ever-dear, my ever-charming friend: ſpare only your-*ſelf:* Don't let Charlotte run away from both G.'s. You will then be always equally ſure of my admiration and love. For dearly do I love you, with all your faults; ſo dearly, that when I conſider your faults by themſelves, I am ready to arraign my heart, and to think there is more of the roguery of my Charlotte in it than I will allow of.

One puniſhment to you, I intend, my dear—In all my future letters, I will write as if I had never ſeen this your naughty one. Indeed I am in a kind of way, faulty or not, that I cannot get out of all at once; but as ſoon as I can, I will, that I may better juſtify my diſpleaſure at ſome parts of your letter, by the obſervance I will pay to others. That is a ſweet ſentence of my Charlotte's: "Change your name, and increaſe your conſe-'quence." Reflect, my dear; how naughty

muſt

muſt you have been, that ſuch a charming inſtance of goodneſs could not bribe to ſpare you.

Your ever affectionate and grateful

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XI.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Selby-houſe, Tueſday Morning, Oct. 24.

MR Deane would not go back with us. He laid a ſtrict charge upon me, at parting, not to be punctilious.

I am *not*, my dear Lady G. Do *you* think I am? The men are their own enemies, if they wiſh *us* to be open-hearted and ſincere, and are not ſo *themſelves*. Let them enable us to depend on their candour, as much as we may on that of Sir Charles Grandiſon, and the women will be inexcuſeable, who ſhall play either the prude or the coquet with them. You will ſay, I am very cunning, perhaps, to form at the ſame time a rule *from*, and an excuſe *for*, my own conduct to this excellent man: But be that as it will, it is truth.

We ſent our duty laſt night to Shirley-manor: and expect every moment the dear parent there with us.

She is come. I will go down; and if I get her by myſelf, or only with my aunt and Lucy, I will tell her a thouſand thouſand agreeable things, which have paſſed ſince laſt I had her tender bleſſing.

WE have had this Greville and this Fenwick here. I could very well have ſpared them. Miſs Orme came hither alſo, uninvited, to breakfaſt; a

favour ſhe often does us. I knew not, at firſt, how to behave to Sir Charles before her: She looked ſo jealous of him! ſo cold! Under her bent brow ſhe looked at him: Yes, and No, were all her anſwers, with an air *ſo* ſtiff!—But this reſerve laſted not above a quarter of an hour. Sir Charles addreſſed himſelf to *me* with ſo much reſpect, to *her*, with ſo polite a freedom, that ſhe could not hold her ſhyneſs.

Her brow cleared up; her eyes looked larger, and more free: Her buttoned-up pretty mouth opened to a ſmile: She anſwered, ſhe aſked queſtions; gave her required opinion on more topics than one, and was *again* all Miſs Orme.

Every-body took great notice of Sir Charles's fine addreſs to her, and were charmed with him; for we all eſteem Mr Orme, and love his ſiſter. How pleaſant it was to ſee the ſunſhine break out in her amiable countenance, and the gloom vaniſhing by degrees!

She took me out into the leſſer parlour.—What a ſtrange variable creature am I! ſaid ſhe: How I hated this Sir Charles Grandiſon, before I ſaw him! I was vexed to find him, at firſt ſight, anſwer what I had heard of him; for I was reſolved to diſlike him, though he had been an angel: But, ah, my poor brother!—I am afraid, that I myſelf ſhall be ready to give up his intereſt!—No wonder, my dear Miſs Byron, that nobody elſe would do, when you had ſeen this man!—But ſtill let me beſpeak your pity for my brother—Would to Heaven you had not gone to London!—What went you thither for?

Sir Charles kindly enquired of her after Mr Orme's health; praiſed him for his character; wiſhed his recovery; and to be allowed to cultivate the friendſhip of ſo worthy a man: And all this with an air ſo ſincere!—But good men muſt love one another.

SIR Charles has juſt now declared to my aunt, that he thinks of going up to town, or to Grandiſon-hall, I forget if they told me which, tomorrow or next day: Perhaps he knows not *to which* himſelf. I was ſurpriſed. Perhaps he is tired with us. Let me recollect—*Thurſday was ſe'ennight*! Why indeed he has been down with us twelve days!—No leſs.

But he has no doubts, no ſuſpences, from *us*, to keep love awake; his path is plain and ſmooth before him. He had demanded his day: We think we cannot immediately, and after ſo ſhort a time paſt ſince his declaring himſelf, give it him—And why ſhould he loſe his precious time among us? I ſuppoſe he will be ſo *good* as to hold himſelf in readineſs to obey *our* ſummons—He expects a ſummons from *us*, perhaps!——

O my dear Lady G.! am I not perverſe? I believe I am. Yet where there is room, from paſt circumſtances, to dread a ſlight, though none may be intended, and truly as I honour and revere Lady Clementina, my mind is not always great enough (perhaps from conſciouſneſs of demerit) to carry itſelf above apprehenſion and petulance, noble as is the man.

My uncle is a little down upon it; and why? Becauſe, truly, my grandmamma has told him, that it is really too early yet to fix the day; and he reverences, as every-body does, her judgment.

But why, he aſks, cannot there be preparation making! Why may not ſomething be ſeen *going forward?*

What! before the day is named? my aunt aſks.—As Harriet had deſired to have his next letters arrive before ſhe directly anſwered the queſtion, ſhe could *not* recede.

He went from them both greatly diſſatisfied, and exclaiming againſt women's love of power, and never knowing how to make a right uſe of it.

A meſſage from Sir Charles. He deſires to attend me. I believe I ſhall be a little ſullen: I know my heart: It is all his own; and I am *loth* to diſoblige him—But he was far, far more attendant on Lady Clementina's motions: Don't you think ſo, Lady G.? But ſhe was all excellence—Well—But huſh!—I ſay no more!—

I WILL give you an account of our converſation. I verily believe, that had he not touched the poor ſnail with too haſty a finger, which made her ſhrink again into her ſhell, I might have been brought to name the week, though not the day.

But I will not anticipate.

He entered with a very polite and affectionate air. He enquired after my health, and ſaid, I looked not well—Only *vexed*, thought I!

It is impoſſible, I believe, to hold diſpleaſure in the preſence of a beloved object, with whom we are not mortally offended. My deareſt Miſs Byron, ſaid he, taking my paſſive hand, I am come to aſk your advice on twenty ſubjects. In the firſt place, here is a letter from Lady G. recommending to me a houſe near her own [He gave it me. I read it.] Should you, madam, approve of Groſvenor-ſquare?

I was ſilent: You will gueſs how my captious folly appeared to him, by what he ſaid to me. He reſpectfully took my hand—Why ſo ſolemn, dear madam? Why ſo ſilent? Has any thing diſturbed you? Some little diſpleaſure ſeems to hang upon that open countenance. Not at me, I hope?

Yet it *is*, thought I! But I did not intend you ſhould ſee it.—I cleared up; and without anſwering

ing his queſtion, ſaid, It is in the neighbourhood of Lady L. I hope?

Thank you madam, for that *hope*—It is. Nor far from your couſins Reeves.

I can have no objection, Sir.

I will refer myſelf, on this ſubject, if you pleaſe, to my ſiſters, and Lord G. He values himſelf on his taſte in houſes and furniture, and will be delighted to be put into commiſſion with my ſiſters on this occaſion: Or ſhall I ſtay till the happy day is over, and leave the choice wholly to yourſelf?

Lady G. Sir, ſeems pleaſed with the houſe. She writes, that there is ſomebody elſe about it. It may not, then, be to be had.

Shall I, then, commiſſion her to take it directly?

What you pleaſe, Sir.

He bowed to me, and ſaid, Then that matter is ſettled. And now, madam, let me own all my arts. You would penetrate into them, if I did not. You ſee, that the great queſtion is never out of my view—I cannot but hope and believe, that you are above regarding *mere* punctilio—Have you, my deareſt Miſs Byron, thought, can you think, of ſome early week, in which to fix my happy day!—Some preparation on your part, I preſume, will be thought neceſſary: As to mine, were you to bleſs me with your hand next week, I ſhould be aforehand in that particular.

I was ſilent. I was conſidering how to find ſome middle way that ſhould make non-compliance appear neither diſobliging nor affected.

He looked up at me with love and tenderneſs in his aſpect; but, having no anſwer, proceeded:

Your uncle, madam, and Mr Deane, will inform you, that the ſettlements are ſuch as cannot be diſapproved of. I expect every day ſome ſlight tokens of my affection for my dear Miſs Byron, which

which will be adorned by the lovely wearer: I have not been ſo extravagant in them, as ſhall make her think I build on toys for her approbation. She will allow me to give her my notions on this ſubject. In the articles of perſonal appearance, I think, that propriety and degree ſhould be conſulted, as well as fortune. *Our* degree, *our* fortune, madam, is not mean; but I, who always wiſhed for the revival of ſumptuary laws, have not ſought, in this article, to emulate princes. In my own dreſs I am generally a conformiſt to the faſhion. Singularity is uſually the indication of ſomething wrong in judgment. I rather perhaps dreſs too ſhowy, though a young man, for one who builds nothing on outward appearance. But my father loved to be dreſſed. In matters which regard not morals, I chuſe to appear to his friends and tenants, as not doing diſcredit to his magnificent ſpirit *. I could not think it becoming, as thoſe perhaps do who have the direction of the royal ſtamp on the coin, to ſet my face the contrary way to that of my predeceſſor. In a word, all my father's ſteps, in which I could tread, I did; and have choſen rather to build upon, than demoliſh, his foundations.——But how does my vanity miſlead me! I *have* vanity, madam; I have pride, and ſome conſequential failings, which I cannot always get above: But, anxious as I ever ſhall be for your approbation, my whole heart ſhall be open to you; and every motive, every ſpring of action, ſo far as I can trace it, be it to my advantage or not, ſhall be made known to you. Happy the day that I became acquainted with Dr Bartlett! He will tell you, madam, that I am corrigible.

* *Miſs Byron obſerves*, Vol. I. Let. xxxvi. *that Sir Charles's dreſs and equipage are rather gay than plain. She little thought, at that time, that he had ſuch a reaſon to give for it as he here ſuggeſts.*

corrigible. You muſt perfect, by your ſweet converſation, *un*coupled with fear, what Dr. Bartlett has ſo happily begun; and I ſhall then be more worthy of you than at preſent I am.

O, Sir, you do me too much honour! You muſt be *my* monitor. As to the ornaments you ſpeak of, I hope I ſhall always look upon ſimplicity of manners, a grateful return to the man I ſhall vow to honour, and a worthy behaviour to all around me, as my principal ornaments!

His eyes gliſtened. He bowed his face upon my hand, to hide, as I thought, his emotion. Excellent Miſs Byron! ſaid he. Then, after a pauſe, now let me ſay, that I have the happineſs to find my humble application to you acceptable to every one of your friends. The only woman on earth, whom, beſides yourſelf, I ever could have wiſhed to call mine, and all her ever-to-be-reſpected family (pleading their *own* ſakes), join their wiſhes in my favour; and, were you to deſire it, would, I am ſure, ſignify as much to you under their own hands. I know not whether I could ſo far have overcome my own ſcruples in behalf of your delicacy (placing myſelf, as perſons always ought when they hope for favour, in the granter's place) as to ſupplicate you ſo *ſoon* as I have done, but at the earneſt requeſt of a family, and for the ſake of a lady I muſt ever hold dear. The world about you *expects* a ſpeedy celebration. I have not, I own, been backward to encourage the expectation: It was impoſſible to conceal from it the motive of my coming down, as my abode was at an inn. I came with an equipage, becauſe my pride (How great is my pride!) permitted me not to own that I doubted. Have you, madam, a material objection to an early day? Be ſo good to inform me if you have. I wiſh to remove every ſhadow of doubt from your heart.

I was ſilent. He proceeded:

Let

Let me not pain you, madam!—lifting my hand to his lips—I would not pain you for the world. You have ſeen the unhappy Olivia: You have perhaps heard her ſtory from herſelf. What muſt be the cauſe upon which ſelf-partiality cannot put a gloſs? Becauſe I knew not how (it was ſhocking to my nature) to repulſe a lady, ſhe took my pity for encouragement. Pity from a *lady* of a man is noble——The declaration of pity from a *man* for a woman, may be thought a vanity bordering upon inſult. Of ſuch a nature is *not* mine ——She has ſome noble qualities——From my heart, for her character's ſake, I pity Olivia, and the more for that violence of temper which ſhe never was taught to reſtrain. If, madam, you have any ſcruples on *her* account, own them: I will, for I honeſtly *can*, remove them.

O Sir! None! None!—Not the leaſt, on that unhappy lady's account—

Let me ſay, proceeded he, that Olivia reveres you, and wiſhes you (I hope cordially, for ſhe is afraid ſtill of your ſiſter-excellence) to be mine. Give me leave to boaſt (it *is* my boaſt), that tho' I have had pain from individuals of your ſex, I can look back on my paſt life, and bleſs God that I never, from *childhood* to *manhood*, WILFULLY gave pain either to the MOTHERLY or SISTERLY heart *; nor from *manhood* to the *preſent hour*, to any other woman.

O Sir! Sir!—What is it you call *pain*, if at this inſtant (and I ſaid it with tears) *that* which your goodneſs makes me feel is not ſo?—The dear, the excellent Clementina! What a perverſeneſs is in *her* fate! She, and ſhe *only*, could have deſerved you!

He bent his knee to the greatly-honoured Harriet—

* *See his mother's written acknowledgment to this purpoſe, Vol.* II. *P.* 221.

riet—I acknowledge with tranſport, ſaid he, the joy you give me by your magnanimity; ſuch a *more* than ſiſterly magnanimity to that of Clementina. How nobly do you authorize my regard for *her!*—In *you*, madam, ſhall I have all *her* excellencies, without the abatements, which muſt have been allowed had ſhe been mine, from conſiderations of religion and country. Believe me, madam, that my love of her, if I know my heart, is of ſuch a nature, as never can abate the fervour of that I vow to you. To both of you, my principal attachment was to MIND: Yet let me ſay, that the *perſonal* union, to which you diſcourage me not to aſpire, and the *duties* of that moſt intimate of all connexions, will preſerve *to you* the *due* preference, as (allow me to ſay) it would have done to *her*, had ſhe accepted of my vows.

O Sir! believe me incapable of affectation, of petulance, of diſguiſe! My heart (why ſhould I not ſpeek freely to Sir Charles Grandiſon?) is wholly yours!——It never knew another lord! I will flatter myſelf, that, had you never known Lady Clementina, and had ſhe not been a prior love, you never would have had a divided heart!—What pain muſt you have had in the conflict! My regard for you bids me acknowledge my own vanity in my pity for you?

I guſhed into tears—You muſt leave me, Sir—I cannot bear the exaltation you have given me!

I turned away my face: I thought I ſhould have fainted.

He claſped me to his boſom: He put his cheek to mine: For a moment we neither of us could ſpeak.

He broke the ſhort ſilence. I dread the effects on your tender health, of the pain that I, or rather your own greatneſs of mind gives you. Beloved of my heart! kiſſing my cheek, wet at that moment with the tears of both, forgive me!——

And

And be aſſured, that reverence will *always* accompany my love. Will it be too much, juſt now, to re-urge the day that ſhall anſwer the wiſhes of Clementina, of her noble brothers, of all our own friends, and make you wholly mine?

His air was ſo noble, his eyes ſhewed ſo much awe, yet ſuch manly dignity, that my heart gave way to its natural impulſe—Why, Sir, ſhould I not declare my reliance on your candour! My honour, in the world's eye, I entruſt to you: But bid me not do an improper thing, leſt my deſire of obliging you ſhould make me forget myſelf.

Was not this a generous reſignation? Did it not deſerve a generous return? But he, even Sir Charles Grandiſon, endeavoured to make his advantage of it, letters from Italy unreceived! as if he thought my reference to thoſe a punctilio alſo.

What a depoſit!—Your honour, madam, is ſafely entruſted. Can punctilio be honour?—It is but the ſhadow of it. What but *that* ſtands againſt your grant of an early day?—Do not think me miſled by any impatience to call you mine, to take an undue advantage of our condeſcenſion. Is it not the happineſs of *both* that I wiſh to confirm? And ſhall I ſuffer falſe delicacy, falſe gratitude, to take place of the true?—Allow me, madam—But you ſeem uneaſy—I will prolong the time I had intended to beg you would permit me to limit you to. Let me requeſt from you the choice of ſome one happy day, before the expiration of the next *fourteen*—

Conſider, Sir!

Nothing, madam, happening in my behaviour to cauſe you to revoke the generous truſt: From *abroad* there cannot.

He looked to be in earneſt in his requeſt: Was it not *almoſt* an ungenerous return to my confidence in him? Twelve days only had elapſed ſince his perſonal declaration; the letters from Italy which

he had allowed me to wait for unreceived; Lady D. one of the moſt delicate-minded of women, knowing too my preferable regard for your brother: And muſt not the *hurry* have the worſe appearance for *that?* No preparation yet thought of: My aunt thinking his former urgency, greatly as ſhe honours him, rather *too* precipitating—My ſpirits, hurried before, were really affected. Do not call me a ſilly girl, deareſt Lady G.: I endeavoured to ſpeak, but, at the inſtant, could not diſtinctly.

I am ſorry, madam, that what I have ſaid has ſo much diſturbed you. Surely ſome one day in the fourteen—

Indeed, indeed, Sir, interrupted I, you have ſurpriſed me: I did not think you could have wiſhed *ſo* to limit me—I did not expect—

What, lovelieſt of women! will you *allow* me to expect? The day is ſtill at your own choice. Revoke not, however, the generous conceſſion till Mrs Shirley, Mrs Selby, and our Lucy are conſulted. Will you, deareſt madam, be determined by them?

Say not, Sir, to any of them, after ſuch an inſtance of my confidence in you—for the honour of your accuſtomed generoſity, ſay it not—that you could ſo limit me, and I will endeavour to forget it.

Conſider, my deareſt Miſs Byron—

I believe my grandmamma is come, ſaid I—

They are all goodneſs: They will indulge me. I will tell you, madam, taking my hand and ſeating me, what is my intention, if you approve of it. All the country ſuppoſe that my application for your favour meets with encouragement: They expect, as I have told you, a ſpeedy ſolemnization. I took my lodgings at ſome little diſtance from you, at a place of public entertainment; perhaps (pardon me, madam, for the ſake of my ingenuouſ-

neſs) with ſome view, that the general talk [ſee, Lady G.! it is well he is a good man!] would help to accelerate my happy day: But, madam, to continue my daily viſits from thence, when my happineſs is ſuppoſed to be near, will not perhaps *look* ſo well (we *are to be* ſtudious for *looks*, it ſeems)—— Indeed I would not be thought to deſpiſe the world's opinion: The world, when it will have patience to ſtay till it is maſter of facts, is not always wrong: It can judge of others better than it can act itſelf—The change of my lodgings to others in this houſe, or in Shirley-manor, will not perhaps be allowed till I am bleſſed with the hand of the deareſt relation of both: I therefore think of going up to town *declaredly* (why not?) to prepare for our nuptials, and to return near the time agreed upon for the happy celebration. Then will either this houſe, or Shirley-manor, be allowed to receive the happieſt of men.

He ſtopt: I was ſilent. He proceeded, looking tenderly, yet ſmilingly, in my downcaſt face, ſtill holding my hand:—And now, dearer to me than life, let me aſk you—Can you think it an unpardonable intruſion on your condeſcending goodneſs, that I make the time of my return to my Miſs Byron not over-tedious?—Fourteen days, were you to go to the extent of them, would be an age to me, who have been for ſo many days as happy as a man in expectation can be. I do aſſure you, madam, that I could not have had the inſolence to make you a requeſt, which I rather expected to be forgiven than complied with. I thought myſelf not ungenerous to the confidence you repoſed in me, that I gave you *ſo much* time. I thought of a *week*, and began apologizing, leſt you ſhould think it too ſhort; but, when I ſaw you diſturbed, I concluded with the mention of a *fortnight*. My deareſt creature, think me not unreaſonable in my expectations of your compliance—

What,

What, Sir! in a fortnight!—

As to preparations, madam, you know the pleaſure my ſiſters will have in executing any commiſſions you will favour them with on ſo joyful an occaſion. Charlotte had not *ſo much* time for preparation. But were *not* every thing to be in readineſs by the choſen day, there will be time enough for all you wiſh, before you would perhaps chuſe to ſee company—Conſider, my deareſt life, that if you regard punctilio merely, punctilio has no determinate end: Punctilio begets punctilio. You may not half a year hence imagine *that* to be ſufficiently gratified. And allow me to ſay, that I cannot give up my hope till your grandmamma and aunt decide that I ought.

How, Sir!—And can you thus adhere?—But I will allow of your *reference*—

And be determined by their advice, madam?

But I will not truſt you, Sir, with pleading your own cauſe.

Are you not arbitrary, madam?

In this point, if I am, ought I *not* to be ſo?

Yes, if you will *reſume* a power you had ſo generally reſigned.

May I not, Sir, when I think it over-ſtrained in the hands of the perſon to whom, in better hopes, it was delegated?

That, dear lady, is the point to be tried. You conſent to refer the merits of it to your grandmamma and aunt?

If I *do*, Sir, you ought not to call me *arbitrary*.

It is gracious, bowing, in my ſovereign lady, to ſubmit her abſolute will and pleaſure to arbitration.

Very well, Sir!—But will you not ſubmit to *my own* award?

Tell me, dear Miſs Byron, tell me, if I do, how generous will you be?

I was far from intending—

Was, madam——I hope I may dwell upon that word, and repeat my queſtion?

Am, Sir. I *am* far from intending———

No more, dear madam. I appeal to another tribunal.

Well, Sir, I will endeavour to recollect the ſubſtance of this converſation, and lay it in writing before the judges you have named. Lucy ſhall be a third.

You will permit me, madam, to ſee your ſtate of the caſe, before you lay it before the judges?

No, Sir. None but they muſt ſee it, till it makes part of a letter to Lady G. who then ſhall ſhew it only to Lady L.

It is the harder to be thus preſcribed to, my dear Miſs Byron, becauſe———

What, Sir, in my day?———

That was what I was going to urge, becauſe *mine* will never come. Every day, to the end of my life, will be yours [dear man!]—Only, Sir, as I *deſerve* your kindneſs: I wiſh not for it on other terms. And you ſhall be then ſole judge of my deſerts. *I* will not appeal to any other tribunal.

He gracefully bowed. I think, ſaid he, ſmiling, I muſt withdraw my intended appeal: I am half-afraid of my judges, and perhaps ought to rely wholly on your goodneſs.

No, no, Sir! Your *intention* is your *act*. In *that* ſenſe you have appealed to Cæſar *.

I never before was in love with deſpotiſm. You mention writing to my ſiſters: You correſpond with them, I preſume, as you formerly did with *our* Lucy. Let me tell you, madam, that you had not been *Miſs Byron* FOURTEEN days after I was favoured with the ſight of thoſe letters, had I been at

* *Alluding to Feſtus's anſwer to St Paul, Acts* XXV. 12.

at liberty to offer you my heart, and could I have prevailed on you to accept it. Your diſtreſs, your noble frankneſs of heart—

And let me own, Sir, as an inſtance of the frankneſs you are pleaſed to encourage, that gratitude for the deliverance you ſo nobly gave me, had as much power over *my* heart, as the openneſs of mine, and my diſtreſs, could have over *yours*.

Sweet excellence!——Complete your generous goodneſs to a grateful heart; it *is* a grateful one; and ſhorten the days of your *ſingle* power, in order to enlarge it!

Lucy appeared; but ſeeing us engaged in converſation, was about to retire: But he, ſtepping to her, and taking both her hands—OUR Lucy, obligingly ſaid he, you muſt come in—You are to be one judge of three in a certain cauſe, that will come before you—And I hope—

No prejudgings, Sir Charles, ſaid I—You are not to plead at all—

Yet deeply intereſted in the event, Miſs Selby! ſaid he.

A bad ſign, couſin Byron! ſaid Lucy. I begin already to doubt the juſtice of your cauſe.

When you hear it, Lucy, make, as you uſually do, the golden rule yours, and I have nothing to fear.

I tell you, before-hand, I am inclined to favour Sir Charles. No three judges can be found, but will believe, from his character, that *he* cannot be wrong.

But from mine, that *I* may!—O my Lucy! I did not expect this from my couſin. You muſt not, I think, be one of my judges.

To this place, I have ſhewn my three judges. The following is their determination, drawn up by the dear Lady Preſident, my grandmamma:

Sir Charles Grandiſon, *againſt* Harriet Byron. Et e Contra.

WE the underwritten do find upon the caſe laid before us by the ſaid Harriet, That in the whole converſation between the ſaid Sir Charles and her, ſhe has behaved herſelf with that true virgin delicacy, yet with that laudable unreſervedneſs that might be expected from *her* character, and *his* merits. We think the gentleman has the advantage of the lady in the arguments for the early day contended for; and if ſhe has defended herſelf by little artifices and diſguiſes, we ſhould have no ſcruple to decide againſt her: But as ſhe had ſhewn, throughout the converſation, noble inſtances of generoſity, truſt repoſed, and even acknowledged affection; we recommend to them both a compromiſe.

We allow, therefore, Sir Charles Grandiſon to purſue his intentions of going to town, *declaredly* to prepare for the happy day; and recommend it to Harriet, in conſideration of the merits of the requeſter (who lays his whole heart open before her, in a manner too generous not to meet with a like return), to fix as early a day as in prudence ſhe can.

For the reſt, May the Almighty ſhower down his bleſſings on both! May all their contentions, like this, be thoſe of love and true delicacy! May they live together many, very many happy years, an example of conjugal felicity! And may their exemplary virtues meet with an everlaſting reward!—So pray, ſo ſubſcribe,

HENRIETTA SHIRLEY.
MARIANNE SELBY.
LUCY SELBY.

To-morrow

To-morrow morning, when Sir Charles comes to breakfaſt, this paper will be preſented to him by my grandmamma.

I wonder whether Sir Charles writes to Dr Bartlett an account of what paſſes here. If he does, what would I give to ſee his letters! and, particularly, what he thinks of the little delays he meets with! But do, dear Lady G. acquit me of affectation and parade. Indeed it is not *that*. I hope he himſelf acquits me, and cenſures himſelf; for, upon my word, he is unreaſonably haſty.

I could not but expreſs a little curioſity about his hint of Lady Olivia's favourable opinion of me, though not at the time; and he was ſo good as to ſhew me, and my grandmamma and aunt, a moſt extraordinary character which ſhe gave me in a long letter *. I *ſaw* it was a long letter: I was very *Eve-iſh*, my dear. Lucy ſaid afterwards, that I did *ſo leer* at it: An ugly word, importing *ſlyneſs*; and, after I was angry at myſelf for giving her the idea that put her upon applying it, I chid her for uſing it.

Lady Olivia writes ſuch high things, my dear! I bluſh—I did not, could not, deſerve them. I always pitied her, you know; but now you cannot imagine how much more than ever I pity her. Do all of us, *indeed*, as the men ſay, love flattery?—I did not think I did—I ſhall find out all the *obliquities* of my heart in time. I was ſuppoſed once to be ſo *good* a creature—as if none other were half ſo good!—Ah, my partial friends! you ſtudied your Harriet in the dark; but here comes the ſun darting into all the crooked and obſcure corners of my heart; and I ſhrink from his dazzling eye; and compared to Him (and *Clementina*, let me add) appear to myſelf *ſuch* a Nothing—

Nay, I have had the mortification, once or twice, to think myſelf leſs than the very Olivia, upon whom,

* See Vol. VI. p. 181-2.

whom, but lately, ſecure of my mind's ſuperiority to her mind, I looked down with a kind of proud compaſſion: And whence this kind exaltation of Olivia, and ſelf-humiliation?—Why, from her magnifying beyond meaſure the poor Harriet, and yielding up her own hopes, entreating him, as ſhe does, to addreſs me; and that with ſuch honourable diſtinction, as if my acceptance of him were doubtful, and a condeſcenſion.

I wiſh I could procure you a copy of what your brother read to me—Ah, my dear! it is very ſoothing to my pride!—But what is the *foundation* of that pride? Is it not my ambition to be thought worthily of by the beſt of men? And does not praiſe ſtimulate me to reſolve to *deſerve* praiſe? I will *endeavour* to deſerve it. But, my dear, this Olivia, a fine figure herſelf, and loving in ſpite of diſcouragement, can praiſe to the object of her love, the *perſon*, and ſtill more, the *mind*, of her rival?—Is not that great in Olivia? Could I be ſo great, if I thought myſelf in danger from *her*?

LETTER XII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Selby-houſe, Wedn. Oct. 25.

SIR Charles came not this morning till we were all aſſembled for breakfaſt. I had begun to think, whether, if I had been Sir Charles, and he had been Miſs Byron, I would not have been here an hour before, expecting the deciſion of the judges to whom a certain cauſe was referred. O my dear Lady G.! how narrow-minded I am, with all my quondam heroiſm! The knowledge of his paſt engagements with the excellent Clementina, and of his earneſt wiſhes then to be hers, makes me, on every

every occaſion that can be tortured into an appearance of neglect or coldneſs, *ſo* ſilly!—Indeed I am aſhamed of myſelf. But all my petulance was diſpelled, the inſtant he ſhone upon us.

Well, my dear ladies, ſaid he, the moment he took his place, whiſpering to my grandmamma (who ſat between my aunt and Lucy), Is ſentence given?

It is, Sir Charles—He took my hand, croſs my Nancy's lap, as ſhe ſat between him and me—I have hopes, my dear Miſs Byron [from the fooliſhneſs in my looks, I ſuppoſe], that you are *caſt*.

Have patience, Sir, ſaid I—It is well that the beſt of us are not always to be our own carvers.

He looked, Lucy ſaid afterwards, with eyes of love upon me, and of apprehenſion on his judges; and the diſcourſe turned upon indifferent ſubjects.

I retired as ſoon as breakfaſt was over; and he demanded his ſentence.

My uncle was, as he called it, *turned out of door* before my grandmamma gave your brother the paper.

Sir Charles read it—You are not ſerious upon it, Sir Charles, ſaid my grandmamma?—I am infinitely obliged to you, ladies, replied he. I love to argue with my dear Miſs Byron: I muſt attend her this moment.

He ſent up Sally before him, and came up. I was in my cloſet; and ſcrupled not to admit him.

Henceforth, my deareſt dear Miſs Byron, ſaid he, the moment he approached me (as I ſtood up to receive him) I ſalute you undoubtedly mine—And he ſaluted me with ardor—I knew not which way to look—So *polite* a lover, as I thought him!—Yet never man was ſo gracefully free!—It remains now, madam, proceeded he, ſtill holding my hand, to put to trial your goodneſs to me [You have done that already, thought I!] in the great queſtion, by which I am to conduct myſelf for the next week, or

ten

ten days. *Week* or *ten days*, thought I! Surely, Sir, you are an incroacher.

You ſee, Sir, ſaid I, when a little recovered, what judges who, on ſuch points as theſe, cannot err, have determined.

Yes, they *can*, interrupted he: As *Ladies*, they are parties—But I ſubmit. Their judgment muſt be a law to me—I will go up to town, as they adviſe. I cannot, however, be long abſent from you. When I return, I will not put up at a public place. Either your uncle, or your grandmother, muſt allow me to be their gueſt. This will oblige you, I hope, even for *dear* punctilio ſake, to honour me with your hand very ſoon after my return

He pauſed: I was ſilent. His firſt addreſs had put me out. Remember, madam, I ſaid, reſumed he, that I cannot be long abſent: You are above being governed by mere punctilio. Add to the obligations your generous acceptance of me has laid me under—Why ſighs my angel? [It was, my dear Lady G. an involuntary ſigh!]—For the world, I would not give you either ſenſible or laſting pain. But if the ſame circumſtances would make your nomination of a day as painful to you ſome time hence as now, then bleſs me with as early a day as you CAN give me, to expreſs myſelf in the words of my judges.

This, Sir, ſaid I (but I heſitated, and looked down), is one of the ſolemn points which precede one of the moſt ſolemn circumſtances of my life. You ſeem more in earneſt for an early day than I could have expected. When I have declared that affectation has no part in the more diſtant compliance, I may be allowed, by the niceſt of my own ſex, to lay open to a man ſo generous, though ſo precipitating, my whole heart. Indeed, Sir, it is wholly yours—I bluſhed, as I felt, and turned away my face. It *was* a free declaration: But I was reſolved to baniſh affectation. He bowed profoundly

ſoundly on my hand, and kiſſed it. Gratitude looked out in his eyes, and appeared in his graceful manner, though attentively ſilent.

You was my deliverer, proceeded I. An eſteem founded on gratitude, the object ſo meritorious, ought to ſet me above mere forms—Our judges ſay, that you have the advantage in the argument—

I will lay no ſtreſs, madam, on this part of their judgment in my favour—To your goodneſs, and to that ſo nobly acknowledged eſteem, I wholly refer myſelf.

I think myſelf, proceeded I, that you have the advantage in the argument—All that is in my power, I would wiſh to do to oblige you.

Condeſcending goodneſs!—Again he bowed on my hand.

Do you think, Sir—

Why heſitates my love?

Do you think, ſix weeks—

Six ages, my deareſt, deareſt creature!—Six weeks! For heaven's ſake, madam—He looked, he ſpoke, impatience.

What can a woman, who has owned your title to *expect* to be obliged, ſay—Let me, at leaſt, aſk (and I unaffectedly heſitated) a *month*, Sir—from this day—And that you will acknowledge yourſelf not perverſely or weakly treated.

He dropt on one knee, and kiſſing my hand, once, twice, thrice, with rapture, *Within* the month, then, I hope—I cannot live a month from you—Allow me to return in the firſt fortnight of the month—

O Sir! and take up your reſidence with us, on your return?

Undoubtedly madam.—Conſider, Sir—Do you alſo, deareſt madam, conſider; and baniſh me not from you for ſo very long a time.

My heart *wanted*, I thought, to oblige him; but to allow him to return ſooner, as he was to take up his

his abode with us, what was that, but, in effect, complying with his firſt propoſal?

Permit me, Sir, to retire. Indeed you are too urgent.

He aſked my excuſe; but declared that he would not give up his humble plea (*humble* he *called* it) unleſs my grandmamma and aunt told him, that he ought.

On his leaving me to return to company below, he preſented me with four little boxes. Accept, my beloved Miſs Byron, ſaid he, of theſe trifles. I received them not till this morning. While I had the day to *hope* from you, my heart would not ſuffer me to offer them, leaſt you ſhould ſuſpect me mean enough to imagine an influence from them. I oblige *myſelf* by the tender, and I comply with cuſtom, which I am fond of doing, whenever I can innocently do it. But I know, that you, my dear Miſs Byron, value the heart more than a thouſand times the value of theſe—Mine, madam, is yours, and will be yours to the end of my life.

What could I ſay?—My heart, on recollection, reproaches me for my ungraceful acceptance. I courteſied. I was ſilly. Sir Charles Grandiſon only can be preſent to every occaſion.

He *looked* as if my not refuſing them was a favour more than equivalent to the value of the preſents. My deareſt life, ſaid he, on putting them on my toilette, how much you oblige me!—Shall I conduct you to our friends below? Will you acquaint your grandmamma and aunt with our debate, and my bold expectation?

I ſtood ſtill. He took my hand, preſſed it with his lips, and, with a reverence more than uſually profound, as if he had *received* inſtead of *conferred* a favour, withdrew. Never was a preſent ſo gracefully made! I cannot deſcribe the grace with which he made it.

My uncle, it ſeems, as ſoon as he went down, aſked him, How he had ſettled the great affair? My grandmamma and aunt in a breath, as he paid his compliments to them, aſked him, if their Harriet had been good?—or, as good as he expected?

Miſs Byron, ſaid he, has taken more time than I could have wiſhed ſhe had. A month, ſhe talks of.

Has ſhe complied ſo far? ſaid my grandmamma: I am glad of it. I am afraid ſhe would have inſiſted upon more time—

So was I, ſaid my aunt. But who can withſtand Sir Charles Grandiſon? Has the dear girl given you the *very* day, Sir?

No, madam. If ſhe had, I ſhould have hoped it would have been conſiderably *within* the month. As yet, ladies, I hope it will.

Nay, Sir Charles, if you are not pleaſed with a month, ſaid my aunt—Huſh, dear ladies!—Here comes the angel.—Not a word, I beſeech you, on that ſide of the queſtion—She will think, if you applaud her, that ſhe has conſented to too ſhort a term—You muſt not make her uneaſy with herſelf.

Does not this look as if he imagined there was *room* for me to be ſo?—I *almoſt* wiſh—I don't know what I wiſh; except I could think but half ſo well of myſelf as I do of him: For then ſhould I look forward with leſs pain in my joy than now too often mingles with it.

Your brother excuſed himſelf from dining with us: That Greville has engaged him. Why would he permit himſelf to be engaged by him? Greville cannot love him: He can only admire him, and that every body does, who has been but once in his company. Miſs Orme, even Miſs Orme is in love with him. I received a note from her while your brother was with us. Theſe are the contents:

Dear Miſs BYRON,

I AM in love with your young baronet. It is well that your beauty and your merit ſecure

you, and make every other woman hopeleſs. To ſee and and know Miſs Byron is half the cure, unleſs a woman were preſumption itſelf. O my poor brother!—But will you let me expect you, and as many of the dear family as you can bring, at breakfaſt to-morrow morning?—Sir Charles Grandiſon, of courſe. Shew your own obligingneſs to me, and your power over him, at the ſame time. Your couſins Holles will be with me, and three ſiſter toaſts of York; beſides *that* Miſs Clarkſon, of whoſe beauty and agreeableneſs you have heard me talk. They long to ſee you. You *may* come. Poor things! how they will be mortified! If any one of them can allow herſelf to be leſs lovely than the others, ſhe will be leaſt affected with your ſuperiority. But let me tell you, that Miſs Clarkſon, had ſhe the intelligence in her eyes that ſomebody elſe has, and the dignity with the eaſe, would be as charming a young woman. But we are all prepared, I to love, they to admire, your gentleman. Pray, pray, my dear, bring him, or the diſappointment will kill

Your KITTY ORME.

Lucy, acquainting Sir Charles with the invitation, aſked him, if he would oblige Miſs Orme. He was at our command, he ſaid—So we ſhall breakfaſt to-morrow at *The Park*.

But I am vexed at his dining from us to-day. So little time to ſtay with us! I wiſh him to be *complaiſant* to Mr Greville; but need he be ſo *very* obliging? There are plots laying for his company all over the country. We are told, there is to be a numerous aſſembly, all of gentlemen, at Mr Greville's. Mr Greville humorouſly declares, that he hates all women for the ſake of one.

WE have juſt opened the boxes. O my dear Lady G.! your brother is either very proud, or his

his fortune is very high! Does he not ſay, that he always conſults fortune, as well as degree, in matters of outward appearance? He has not, in theſe preſents, I am ſure, conſulted either the fortune or degree of your Harriet—Of your *happy* Harriet, I had like to have written: But the word *happy*, in this place, would have looked as if I thought theſe jewels an addition to my happineſs.

How does his bounty inſult me, on my narrow fortune!—Narrow, unleſs he ſubmit to accept of the offered contributions of my friends—

Contributions!—Proud Harriet, how art thou, even in thy exaltation, humbled!—*Trifles*, he called them: The very ornamenting one's ſelf with ſuch *toys*, may, in his eye, be thought trifling, though he is not above complying with the faſhion, in things indifferent: But the coſt and beauty of theſe jewels conſidered, they are *not* trifles. The jewel of jewels, however, is his heart!—How would the noble Clementina—Hah, *Pen!* heart, rather, why, juſt now, this check of *Clementina?*—I *know* why—Not from want of admiration of her; but when I am allowing my heart to open, then does—Something *here*, in my inmoſt boſom [Is it conſcience?] ſtrikes me, as if it ſaid, Ah, Harriet!—Triumph not; rejoice not! Check the overflowings of thy grateful heart!—Art thou not an invader of another's right?

LETTER XIII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Thurſday Morning, Oct. 26.

I WILL hurry off a few lines. I am always ready before theſe fiddling girls: Lucy and Nancy, I mean. Never tedious, but in dreſſing! They

will over-do the morning appearance. I could beat them—So well acquainted with propriety as they are; and knowing the beauty of elegant negligence. Were I not afraid of Lucy's repartee, and that ſhe would ſay I was laying out for a compliment, I would tell them, they had a mind to try to eclipſe Miſs Clarkſon, and the Yorkſhire ladies. Your brother *ſupped*, as well as dined, at that Greville's. Fie upon him! I did not think he had ſo little command of himſelf!—Vain Harriet! Perhaps he *choſe* to be rather *there* than *here*, for *novelty*-ſake. I ſhall be ſaucy by and by. He is below, ſtrongly engaged in talk with my aunt—About *me*, I ſuppoſe: Ay, to be ſure! methinks your ladyſhip ſays. He can talk of no body elſe!—Well, and what if one would wiſh he *could* not? [*What are theſe girls about?*] No leſs than one-and-twenty gentlemen at Greville's, beſides the prince of them all. They all were ready to worſhip him. Fenwick looked in juſt now, and tells us ſo. He ſays, that your brother was the livelieſt man in the company. He led the mirth, he ſays, and viſibly exerted himſelf the more, finding the turn of the converſation likely to be what might be expected from ſuch a company of all men. Wretches! can twenty of them, when met, be tolerable creatures, not a woman among them to ſoften thier manners, and give politeneſs to their converſation? Fenwick ſays, they engaged him at one time into talk of different regions, cuſtoms, uſages. He was maſter of every ſubject. Half a ſcore mouths were open at once whenever he ſpoke, as if diſtended with *gags*, was his word; and every one's eyes broader than ever they were obſerved to be before. Fenwick has humour; a little: Not much; only by accident. So unlike *himſelf* at times, that he may paſs for a different man. His aping Greville helps his oddneſs —How I ramble! You'll think I am aping my dear Lady G. Mocking's catching!—[*O theſe girls!*]

girls!]—I think time loſt when I am not writing to you. You cannot imagine what a thief I am to my company. I ſteal away myſelf, and get down, before I am miſſed, half a ſcore times in a couple of hours. Sir Charles ſung to the wretches: They all ſung. They encored him without mercy.—He talks of ſetting out for town on Saturday, early. Lord bleſs me! what ſhall I do when he is gone?—Do you think *I* ſay this? If I *do*, I am kept in countenance: Every-body ſays ſo, as well as I—But ah! Lady G. he has invited all the gentlemen, the whole twenty-one, and my couſin James, and my uncle, to dine with him at his inn to-morrow!—*Inn!* naſty inn! Why did we let him go thither? I am afraid he is a reveller. Can he be ſo *very* good a man? O yes, yes, yes! wicked Harriet! What is in thy heart to doubt it? A fine reflection upon the age; as if there could not be but *one* good man in it! and as if a good man could not be a man of vivacity and ſpirit! From whom can ſpirits, can chearfulneſs, can debonnairneſs, be expected, if not from a *good* man?—I will ſhew theſe girls, by the quantity I have written, how they have made me wait. Prating, I ſuppoſe, to my Sally, about Sir Charles. They can talk of nobody elſe.

Ready! Yes, you dear creatures! So you ought to have been a leaf and a half of my writing ago!—Adieu, Lady G. till our return from Miſs Orme's.

Thurſday Noon.

JUST come back from Miſs Orme's. Sir Charles and my grandmamma are now got together in ſerious talk. I know I was the ſubject, by the dear parent's looking often ſmiling upon me, as I ſat at a diſtance, and by his eye (taking the reference, as I may call it, of hers) turned as often towards me; ſo I ſtole up to my pen.

We were very politely treated by Miſs Orme. Miſs Clarkſon is a charming young lady. The three

Yorkſhire ſiſters are lovely women. Sir Charles has told us, that mere beauty only attracts his eye, as fine flowers do in a gay parterre. I don't know *that*, my dear: That's the *philoſophical* deſcription of himſelf. The *ſame* men and women are not always the *ſame* perſons. The ladies, one and all, when his back was turned, declared that he was the gallanteſt man they ever were in company with. He ſaid the eaſieſt, politeſt things, they ever heard ſpoken—They never were in his company *before:* They might elſe have heard *as* fine. Such dignity they obſerved (ſo does every body), yet ſo much eaſe, in all he ſaid, as well as in his whole behaviour—*Born* to be a public man, would his pride permit him to aim at being ſo!—Not a ſyllable, however, but what might be ſaid to each with the ſtricteſt truth. Sir Charles Grandiſon [It is Lucy's obſervation, as well as mine] addreſſes himſelf to women, *as* women, not as goddeſſes; yet does honour to the perſons, and to the ſex. Other men, not knowing what better to ſay, make angels of them all at once. The higheſt things are ever ſaid by men of the loweſt underſtandings; and, their bolts once ſhot, the poor ſouls can go no further. So ſilly!—Has not your ladyſhip ſome of theſe in your eye, who make out the reſt, by grinning in our faces, in order to convince us of their *ſincerity?* Complimental men don't conſider, that if the women they egregiouſly flatter were what they would have them believe they think them, they would not be ſeen in ſuch company.

But what do you think the elder ſiſter of the three ſaid of your brother?—She was ſure, thoſe eyes, and that vivacity and politeneſs, were not given him for nothing. *Given him for nothing!* What a phraſe is that! In ſhort, ſhe ſaid, that *practice* had improved his natural advantages. *This* I have a good mind to ſay of *her*—Either ſhe has not charity, or her heart has paid for enabling its miſtreſs to make

ſuch

ſuch an obſervation. *Practice!* What meant ſhe by the word?—Indeed your brother was not ſo *abſtractedly* inattentive, *I* thought, to the beauty of Miſs Clarkſon, but he might give ſome *little ſhadow* of ground for obſervation to a cenſorious perſon.

I ſometimes think, that, free and open as his eyes are, his character might ſuffer, if one were to judge of his heart by them. Lord L. I remember, once ſaid, that ladies abroad uſed to look upon him as their own man, the moment they beheld him.—Innocently ſo, no doubt, and in their converſation-aſſemblies. Poor Lady Olivia, I ſuppoſe, was ſo caught! at an unhappy moment, perhaps, when her caution was half-aſleep, and ſhe was loth to have it too rudely awakened. But ought I, your Harriet, to talk of this?—Where was *my* caution, when I ſuffered *myſelf* to be ſurpriſed?—O but my *gratitude* was my excuſe. Who knows what Olivia might have to plead?—We have not her whole ſtory, you know. Poor lady, I pity her! To croſs the ſeas, as ſhe did!—Ineffectually!

But can you bear that pen prattling; the effects of a mind more at eaſe than it ever expected to be?

I will go down. *Can* I be ſo long ſpared? I am juſt thinking, that were I one of the creatures called coquettes, the beſt way to attract attention when it grew languid, is to do as I do from zeal in writing to you—Be always going out and returning, and not ſtaying long enough in a place to tire one's company, or ſuffer them to turn their eyes upon any body elſe. Did *you* ever try ſuch an experiment, Charlotte? But you never *could* tire your company. Yet I think you have a ſpice of that character in yours. Don't you think ſo yourſelf?—But don't own it, if you do—Hey-day! What's the matter with me! I believe by my flippancy I am growing quite well, and as ſaucy as I uſed to be—Poor Lady Clementina! I wiſh ſhe were happy! Then ſhould I be ſo.

My dear Lady G. we had a charming converſation this day: My grandmamma and your brother bore the principal parts in it. It began with dreſs, and faſhion, and ſuch-like trifling ſubjects; but ended in the nobleſt. You know my grandmamma's chearful piety. Sir Charles ſeemed at firſt only deſigning to attend to her wiſdom; but ſhe drew him in. O my dear! he ſeems to be, yet not to know it, as good a man as ſhe is a woman! Yet years ſo different!—But auſterity, uncharitableneſs, on one hand; oſtentation, affectation, on the other; theſe are qualities which can have no place in his heart. Such a glorious benevolence! Such enlarged ſentiments!—What a happy, thrice happy woman, thought I, ſeveral times, muſt ſhe be, who ſhall be conſidered as a partaker of his goodneſs! Who ſhall be bleſt not only *in* him, but *for* him; and be his, and he hers, to all eternity!

My aunt once, in the concluſion of this converſation, ſaid, How happy would it be if he could reform certain gentlemen of this neighbourhood! And as they were ſo fond of his company, ſhe hoped he would attempt it.

Example, he anſwered, and a *ſilent* one, would do more with ſuch men than *precept*. *They have Moſes, and the prophets*.. They know when they do wrong, and what is right. They would be afraid of, and affronted at, a man pretending to inſtruct them. Decency from ſuch men is as much as can be expected. We live in ſuch an age, added he, that I believe more good may be done by ſeeming to relax a little, than by ſtrictneſs of behaviour. Yet I admire thoſe, who, from a full perſuaſion of their duty, do *not* relax; and the more, if they have got above moroſeneſs, auſterity, and uncharitableneſs.

After dinner, Mr Milbourne, a very good man, miniſter of a diſſenting congregation in our neighbourhood, accompanied by Dr Curtis, called in upon

upon us. They are good friends, made ſo by the mediation of my grandmamma, ſome years ago, when they did *not* ſo well underſtand each other. Dr Curtis had been with us more than once ſince Sir Charles was our viſiter. He greatly admires him, you need not doubt. It was beautiful, after compliments had paſſed between Sir Charles and the gentleman, to ſee the *modeſt man* ſhine out in your brother's behaviour. Indeed he was free and eaſy, but attentive, as expecting entertainment and inſtruction from *them*, and leading *each* of them to give it in his own way.

They ſtaid but a little while; and when they were gone, Sir Charles ſaid, he wanted no other proof of their being good men than they gave by their charity and friendſhip to each other. My uncle, who you know is a zealous man *for the church*, ſpeaking a little ſeverely of perſons whom he called *Schiſmatics*; O Mr Selby! ſaid Sir Charles, let us be afraid of preſcribing to tender conſciences. You and I, who have been abroad in countries where they account us *worſe* than Schiſmatics, would have been loth to have been preſcribed to, or compelled, in articles for which we ourſelves are only anſwerable to the common Father of us all?

I believe in my conſcience, Sir Charles, replies my uncle, if the truth were known, you are of the mind of that king of Egypt, who ſaid, He looked upon the diverſity of religions in his kingdom with as much pleaſure as he did on the diverſity of flowers in his garden.

I remember not the name of that king of Egypt, Mr Selby; but I am not of his mind. I ſhould not, if I were a king, take *pleaſure* in ſuch a diverſity: But as the *examples* of kings are of great force, I would, by making my own as faultleſs as I could, let my people ſee the excellence of my perſuaſion, and my uniform practical adherence to it;

it; inſtead of diſcouraging erroneous ones by unjuſtifiable ſeverity. Religious zeal is generally a fiery thing: I would as ſoon quarrel with a man for his face as for his religion. A good man, if not over-heated by zeal *will be* a good man, whatever be his faith, and ſhould always be intitled to our eſteem, as he is to our good offices, as a fellow-creature.

The *Methodiſts*, Sir Charles; what think you of the *Methodiſts?* Say you love 'em; and, and, and, adds-dines, you ſhall not be my nephew.

You now, my dear Mr Selby, make me afraid of you. You throw out a menace, the *only* one you could perhaps think of that would make me temporize.

You need not, you need not be afraid, Sir Charles, ſaid my uncle, laughing! What ſay *you*, Harriet? *Need* he? Hay? looking in my downcaſt face. Why ſpeak you not, *lovely love?* Need Sir Charles, if he *had* diſobliged *me*, to have been *afraid?*—Hay?

Dear Sir! you have not of a long time been ſo——

So *what*, Harriet? So *what*, deareſt?—looking me quite down.

Fie, Mr Selby! ſaid my grandmamma.

Sir Charles, ſtepping to me, very gallantly took my hand—O Mr Selby, you are not kind, ſaid he: But allow me to make my advantage of your unkindneſs. My dear Miſs Byron, let you and me withdraw; in compaſſion to Mr Selby, let us withdraw: We will not hear him chidden as I ſee the ladies think he ought to be.

And he hurried me off. The ſurpriſe made me appear more reluctant than I was in my heart.

Every one was pleaſed with his air and manner, and by this means he relieved himſelf from ſubjects with which he ſeemed not delighted, and obtained opportunity to get me to himſelf.

Here

Here had he ſtopt, he would have been welcome: But, hurrying me into the cedar-parlour, I am jealous, my love, ſaid he, putting his arm round me: You ſeemed loth to retire with me. Forgive me: But thus I puniſh you whenever you give me cauſe: And, dear Lady G. he downright kiſſed me—My lip, and not my cheek—and in ſo fervent a way—I tell you every thing, my Charlotte—I could have been angry—had I known *how* from ſurpriſe. Before I could recollect myſelf, he withdrew his arm; and, reſuming his uſual reſpectful air, it would have made me look affected, had I then taken notice of it. But I don't remember any inſtance of the like freedom uſed to Lady Clementina.

My *lovely love*, ſaid he, to expreſs myſelf in your uncle's ſtyle, which is that of my heart, tell me, Can you have pity for a poor man when he is miſerable, who, on a certain occaſion, ſhewed *you* none? See what a letter Sir Hargrave Pollexfen has written to Dr Bartlett, who aſks my advice about attending him.

I obtained leave to communicate it to you, my dear Lady L. and Lady G. Be pleaſed to return it to me. I preſume you will read it here.

Dear Dr Bartlett,

CAN your company be diſpenſed with by the beſt of men, for one, two, three days?—I have not had a happy hour ſince I ſaw you and Sir Charles Grandiſon at my houſe on the foreſt. All is gloom and horror in my mind: My deſpondency is, muſt be, of the blackeſt kind. It is blacker than remorſe: It is all repining, but no repentance: I cannot, cannot repent. Lord God of heaven and earth, what a wretch am I! with ſuch a fortune, ſuch eſtates! I am rich as Crœſus, yet more miſerable than the wretch that begs his bread from door to door, and who oftener meets repulſes

ſes than relief. What a glorious choice has your patron made! Youth unbroken, conſcience his friend, he cannot know an enemy. O that I had lived the life of your patron! I cannot ſee a creature who does not extol him. My wine-merchant's name is Danby—Good God! What ſtories does he tell of him! Lord Jeſus! what a heart muſt he have, that would permit him to do ſuch things as Danby reports of him of his own knowledge! While I—as young a man as himſelf, for what I know—With powers to do good, as great, perhaps greater than his own—Lord! Lord! Lord! what a hand have I made of it, for the laſt three or four years of my life! who might have reached threeſcore and ten with comfort! whereas now, at twenty-eight, I am on the very brink of the grave. It appears to me as ready dug: It yawns for me: I am neither fit to die nor to live. My days are dreadful: My nights are worſe: My bed is a bed of nettles, and not of down. Not one comfortable thought, not one good action to revolve, in which I had not ſome vile gratification to promote!—Wretched man! It is come home to me with a vengeance.

You prayed by me: You prayed for me. I have not been ſo happy ſince—Come and make me eaſy—happy I can never be in this world—For pity, for charity-ſake, come and teach me how to bear life, or how to prepare for its ceſſation. And if Sir Charles Grandiſon would make me one more viſit, would perſonally join in prayer with you and me, a glimpſe of comfort would once more dart in upon my mind.

Try your intereſt with him, my dear Sir, in my behalf, and come together. Where is he?—The great God of heaven and earth proſper to him all his wiſhes, be he where he will, and be they what they will. Every body will find their account in his proſperity. But I!—what uſe have I made of

the proſperity given me?—Mercedes gone to his account: Bagenhall undone: Jordan ſhunning me: Narrow-ſoul'd Jordan! He is reformed: but, not able to divide the *man* from the *crime*, he thinks he cannot be in earneſt but by hating both. God help me! I cannot now, if I would, give him a bad example! He needed not be afraid of my ſtaggering him in his good purpoſes.

One favour, for God's ſake, procure for me—It is, that the man whoſe life once I ſought, and thought myſelf juſtified by the provocation; who afterwards ſaved mine, for a time ſaved it, reſerved as I was for pains, for ſufferings in mind and body worſe that death—That *this* man will be the executor of my laſt will. I have not a friend left. My relations are hungering and watching for my death, as birds of prey over a field of battle. My next heirs are my worſt enemies, and moſt hated by me. Dear Sir Charles Grandiſon, my deliverer, my preſerver, from thoſe bloody Frenchmen, if you are the good man I think you, complete your kindneſs to him whom you have preſerved, and ſay you will be his executor. I *will* (becauſe I *muſt*) do juſtice to the pretenſions of thoſe who will rejoice over my remains, and I will leave you a diſcretionary power in articles wherein you may think I have ſhewn hatred. For juſtice-ſake, then, be my executor. And do you, good Bartlett, put me in the way of repentance, and I ſhall then be happy. Draw me up, dear Sir, a prayer that ſhall include a confeſſion. You cannot ſuppoſe me too bad a man in a Chriſtian ſenſe. Thank God, I am a Chriſtian in belief, though I have been a devil in practice. You are a heavenly-minded man; give me words which may go to my heart, and tell me what I ſhall ſay to my God.

Tell Sir Charles Grandiſon, that he *owes* to me the ſervice I requeſt of him. For if he had not interpoſed ſo helliſhly as he did on Hounſlow-

heath, I had been the huſband of Miſs Byron in two hours; and ſhe would have thought it her duty to reform me: And, by the great God of heaven I ſwear, it was my intention to be reformed, and to make her, if I could have had but her *civility*, though not her *love*, the beſt of huſbands. Lord God of heaven and earth! what a happy man had I then been!—Then had I never undertaken that damned expedition to France, which I have rued ever ſince. Let your patron know how much I owe to him my unhappineſs, and he will not, in juſtice, deny any reaſonable, any honeſt requeſt that I ſhall make him.

Lord help me! What a long letter is here! My ſoul complains on paper: I do nothing but complain. It will be a relief if your patron and you will viſit, will pray for, will pity

The moſt miſerable of men,

HARGRAVE POLLEXFEN.

Your brother's eye followed mine as I read. I frequently wept. In a ſoothing, tender, and reſpectful manner, he put his arm round me, and, taking my own handkerchief, unreſiſted, wiped away the tears as they fell on my cheek. Theſe were his ſoothing words as my boſom heaved at the dreadful deſcription of the poor man's miſery and deſpair: Sweet humanity!—Charming ſenſibility!—Check not the kindly guſh!—Dew drops of heaven! wiping away my tears, and kiſſing the handkerchief—Dew-drops of heaven, from a mind, like that heaven, mild and gracious! Poor Sir Hargrave!—I will attend him.

You *will*, Sir! That is very good of you!—Poor man! What a hand, as he ſays, has he made of it!

A hand indeed! repeated Sir Charles, his own benign eyes gliſtening.

And

And will you be his executor, Sir!—You will, I hope?

I will do any thing that my dear Miſs Byron wiſhes me to do; any thing that may comfort the poor man, if indeed he has not a perſon in whom he *ought* to confide, whether he is *willing* to do ſo or not. My endeavour ſhall be, to reconcile him to his relations: Perhaps he hates them becauſe they are likely to be his heirs: I have known men capable of ſuch narrowneſs.

When we came to the place where the unhappy man mentions my having been likely to be his in two hours time, a chillneſs came over my heart; I ſhuddered. Ah, Sir! ſaid I, how grateful ought I to be to *my* deliverer!

Ever-amiable goodneſs! reſumed he, how have I been, how am I, how ſhall I be rewarded?—— With tender awe he kiſſed my cheek—Forgive me, angel of a woman! A man can ſhew his love but *as* a man. Your heart is the heart I wiſh it to be; love, humanity, graciouſneſs, benevolence, forgivingneſs, all the amiable qualities which can adorn the female mind, are, in perfection, yours! Be your ſiſter-excellence happy! God grant it! and I ſhall be the happieſt man in the world. You, madam, who can pity your oppreſſor when in miſery, can allow of my grateful remembrance of that admirable woman.

Your tender remembrance of Lady Clementina, Sir, will ever be grateful to me.—God Almighty make her happy!—for your ſake! for the ſake of your dear Jeronymo, and for mine!

There ſpoke Miſs Byron and Clementina, both in one! Surely you two are informed by one mind! What is diſtance of countries! What obſtacles can there be to diſſever ſouls ſo paired?

But, Sir,——*Muſt* Clementina be compelled to marry? *Muſt* the woman who has loved Sir Charles

Grandiſon; who ſtill avows her love, and only prefers her God to him, be *obliged* to give her hand to another man?

Would to Heaven that her friends, tender, indulgent, as they have always been to her, would not drive too faſt! But how can I, of all men, remonſtrate to them in this caſe, when they think nothing is wanting to obtain her compliance, but the knowledge that ſhe never *can* be mine?

O Sir! you ſhall *ſtill* call her yours, if the dear lady changes her reſolution, and wiſhes to be ſo—*Ought* you not?

And *could* Miſs Byron—

She *could*, ſhe *would*, interrupted I—Yet dear, very dear, I am not aſhamed to own it, would now the reſignation coſt me!

Exalted lovelineſs!

I never, but by ſuch a tria', can be as great as Clementina.—Then could *I*, as *ſhe* does, take comfort in the brevity of human life. Never, never, would *I* be the wife of any other man. And ſhall the *nobler* Clementina be compelled?

Good God! lifting up his hands and eyes, with what noble minds haſt thou diſtinguiſhed theſe two women!—Is it for this, madam, that you wiſh to wait for the next letters from Italy? I have owned before, that I preſumed not to declare myſelf to you till I was ſure of Clementina's adherence to a reſolution ſo nobly taken. We will, however, expect the next letters. My ſituation has not been happy. Nothing but the conſciouſneſs of my own integrity (excuſe, madam, the ſeeming boaſt), and a firm truſt in Providence, could, at certain times, have ſupported me.

My mind, my Charlotte, ſeemed too high wrought. Seeing me much diſturbed, he reſumed the ſubject of Sir Hargrave's letter, as a ſomewhat leſs-affecting one. You ſee, my deareſt Miſs Byron, ſaid he, a kind of neceſſity for my haſtening up.

Another

Another melancholy occaſion offers: Poor Sir Harry Beauchamp deſires to ſee me before he dies. —What a chequered life is this!—I received Sir Hargrave's letter to Dr Bartlett, and this intimation from my Beauchamp, by a particular diſpatch, juſt before I came hither. I grudge the time I muſt loſe to-morrow: But we muſt make ſome ſacrifices to good neighbourhood and civility. Poor Greville had a view, by inviting all his neighbours and me, to let himſelf down gracefully in a certain caſe. He made a merit of his reſignation to me, before all the company; every one of which admired my dear Miſs Byron. Well received as I was by every gentleman then preſent, I could not avoid inviting them in my turn; but I will endeavour to recover the time. Have I your approbation, madam, for ſetting out on Saturday morning, early?—I am afraid I muſt borrow of the Sunday ſome hours on my journey. But viſiting the ſick is an act of mercy.

You will be ſo engaged to-morrow, Sir, ſaid I, with your numerous gueſts (and my uncle and couſin James will add to the number), that I ſuppoſe we ſhall hardly ſee you before you ſet out early (as you ſay that will be) on Saturday morning.

He ſaid, he had given orders already (and, for fear of miſtakes, ſhould inforce them to-night) for the entertainment of his gueſts; and he would do himſelf the pleaſure of breakfaſting with us in the morning.—Dear Lady Clementina, forgive me!—I ſhall not, I am afraid, know how to part with him, though but for a few weeks.—How could you let him depart from *you*; you knew not but it would be for ever?—But you are a wonder of a woman!—I am, at leaſt at this time, a poor creature, compared to you!

I aſked his leave to ſhew my grandmamma and aunt, and my Lucy, as well as his two ſiſters, Sir

Hargrave's letter. He wiſhed that they *only* ſhould ſee it.

The peruſal coſt the three dear friends juſt named ſome tears. My grandmamma, Lucy tells me (for I was writing to you when they read it), made ſome fine obſervations upon the different ſituations in which the two gentlemen find themſelves at this time. I myſelf could not but recollect the gay, fluttering figure that the poor Sir Hargrave made at Lady Betty Williams's, perpetually laughing; and compare it with the dark ſcene he draws in the letter before me: all brought about in ſo ſhort a ſpace!

There are, I am told, *worſe* men than this: Were thoſe who are but *as bad* to be apprized of the circumſtances of Sir Hargrave's ſtory, as fully as we know them, would they not reflect and tremble at his fate, even though that of Merceda (whoſe exit, I am told, was all horror and deſpair) and the unhappy Bagenhall were not taken into the ſhocking account?

This laſt wretch, it ſeems, his ſpirits and conſtitution both broken, is gone, nobody knows whither, having narrowly eſcaped in perſon from an execution that was out againſt him, body and goods; the latter all ſeized upon; his wife and an unhealthy child (and ſhe big with another) turned out of doors; a mortgage in poſſeſſion of his eſtate: The poor woman wiſhing but for means to tranſport herſelf and child to her mean friends at Abbeville; a collection ſet on foot in her neighbourhood, for that purpoſe, failing; for the poor man was neither beloved nor pitied.

Theſe particulars your brother's truſty Richard Saunders told my Sally; and, in confidence, that your brother, a little before he came down, being acquainted with her deſtitute condition, ſent her, by him, twenty guineas. Saunders ſaid, he never ſaw a deeper ſcene of diſtreſs.

The

The poor woman, on her knees, received the bounty; bleſſed the donor; owned herſelf reduced to the laſt ſhilling; and that ſhe thought of applying to the pariſh for aſſiſtance to carry her over.

Sir Charles ſtaid not to ſupper. My grandmamma, being deſirous to take leave of her favourite in the morning, has been prevailed upon to repoſe here to-night.

I muſt tell you, my Charlotte, all my fears, my feelings, my follies: You are *now*, you know, my Lucy. Something ariſes in my heart, that makes me uneaſy: I cannot account to myſelf for this great and ſudden change of behaviour in Greville. His extraordinary civilities, even to fondneſs, to your brother! Are they conſiſtent with his bluſtering character and conſtant threatenings of any man who was likely to ſucceed with me? A turn of behaviour ſo ſudden! Sir Charles and he in a manner ſtrangers, but by character—And did he not ſo far proſecute his menaces, as to try, wicked wretch! what bluſter and a drawn ſword would do, and ſmart for it? Muſt not that diſgrace incenſe him?—My uncle ſays, he cannot be a true ſpirit; witneſs his compromiſe with Fenwick, after a rencounter, which, being reported to be on my account, had like to have killed me at the time. And if not a true ſpirit, may he not be treacherous! God preſerve your brother from all ſecret, as well as open attacks! And do you, my dear ladies, forgive the tender folly of

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Friday Morn. Eight o'Clock, October 27.

THE apprehenſions with which I was ſo weak as to trouble you, in the concluſion of my laſt, laid ſo faſt hold of my mind, that going immediately from my pen to my reſt, I had it broken and diſturbed by dreadful, ſhocking, wandering, dreams. The terror they gave me ſeveral times awakened me! but ſtill as I cloſed my eyes, I fell into them again. Whence, my dear, proceed theſe ideal vagaries, which, for the time, realize pain or pleaſure to us, according to their hue or complexion, or rather according to our own?

But ſuch *contradictory* vagaries never did I know in my ſlumbers. Incoherencies of incoherence!—For example—I was married to the beſt of men: I was *not* married: I was rejected with ſcorn, as a preſumptuous creature: I ſought to hide myſelf in holes and corners: I was dragged out of a ſubterraneous cavern, which the ſea had made when it once broke bounds, and ſeemed the dwelling of howling and conflicting winds; and when I expected to be puniſhed for my audaciouſneſs, and for repining at my lot, I was turned into an angel of light; ſtars of diamonds, like a glory, encompaſſing my head: A dear little baby was put into my arms. Once it was Lucy's; another time it was Emily's; and at another time Lady Clementina's!—I was fond of it beyond expreſſion.

I again dreamed I was married: Sir Charles again was the man. He did not love me. My grandmamma and aunt, on their knees, and with tears, beſought him to love their child; and pleaded to him my love of him of long ſtanding, begun in gratitude; and that he was the only man I ever loved.

loved. O how I wept in my dream! My face and boſom were wet with my real tears.

My ſobs, and my diſtreſs and *theirs*, awakened me; but I dropt aſleep, and fell into the very ſame reverie. He upbraided me with being the cauſe that he had not Lady Clementina. He ſaid, and *ſo* ſternly! (I am ſure he cannot look ſo ſternly,) that he thought me a much better creature than I prov ed to be: Yet methought, in my own heart, I was not altered. I fell down at his feet. I called it my misfortune that he could not love me: I would not ſay it was his fault. It might, perhaps, be his misfortune too!—And then, I ſaid, love and hatred are not always in one's power. If you cannot love the poor creature who kneels before you, *that* ſhall be a cauſe ſufficient with me for a divorce: I deſire not to faſten myſelf on the man who cannot love me. Let me be divorced from you, Sir—You ſhall be at liberty to aſſign any cauſe for the ſeparation, but *crime*. I will bind myſelf never, never to marry again; but you ſhall be free—And God bleſs you, and her you can love better than your poor Harriet!—Fool! I weep as I write!—What a weak creature I am, ſince I have not been well!

In another part of my reverie he loved me dearly; but when he nearly approached me, or I him, he always became a ghoſt, and flitted from me. Scenes once changed from England to Italy, from Italy to England: Italy, I thought, was a dreary wild, covered with ſnow, and pinched with froſt: England, on the contrary, was a country glorious to the eye; gilded with a ſun not too fervid; the air perfumed with odours wafted by the moſt balmy zephyrs from orange-trees, citrons, myrtles, and jeſſamines. In Italy, at one time, Jeronymo's wounds were healed; at another, they were breaking out afreſh. Mr Lowther was obliged to fly the country: Why, did not appear. There was a fourth brother, I thought; and he taking part with

with the cruel Laurana, was killed by the general. Father Mareſcotti was at one time a martyr for his religion; at another, a cardinal; and talked of for Pope.

But ſtill, what was more ſhocking, and which ſo terrified me that I awoke in a horror which put an end to all my reveries (for I ſlept no more that night)—Sir Charles, I thought, was aſſaſſinated by Greville. Greville fled his country for it, and became a vagabond, a Cain, the accurſed, I thought, of God and man—I, your poor Harriet, a widow; left in the moſt calamitous circumſtances that a woman can be in—Good heaven!—But, avaunt, recollection!—Painful, *moſt* painful, recollection of ideas ſo terrible! none of your intruſions—

No more of theſe horrid, horrid incongruities will I trouble you with! How have they run away with me! I am hardly now recovered from the tremblings into which they threw me!

What, my dear, is the reaſon, that tho' we know theſe dreams, theſe fleeting ſhadows of the night, to be no more than *dreams*, illuſions of the working mind, fettered and debaſed as it is by the organs through which it conveys its confined powers to the groſſer matter, body, than ſleeping inactive, as in the ſhades of death; yet that we cannot help being ſtrongly impreſſed by them, and meditating interpretation of the flying vapours, when reaſon is broad awake, and tells us, that it is weakneſs to be diſturbed at them?—But ſuperſtition is, more or leſs, I believe, in every mind, a natural defect. Happily poiſed is that mind, which, on the one hand, is too ſtrong to be affected by the ſlaviſh fears it brings with it; and, on the other, runs not into the contrary extreme, Scepticiſm, the parent of infidelity!

You cannot imagine, my dear, the pleaſure I had the more for my various dream, when your brother, ſo amiably ſerene, love, condeſcenſion, affability, ſhining

ſhining in his manly countenance, alighted as I ſaw him through my window, at the ſame time I had the call to breakfaſt—Dear Sir! I could have ſaid, Have not *you* been diſturbed by cruel, perplexing, contradictory viſions? Souls may be near, when bodies are diſtant. But are we not one ſoul? Could yours be unaffected when mine was ſo much diſturbed?—But, thank God, you are come! Come late, unhurt, pleaſed with me! My fond arms, were the ceremony paſſed, ſhould welcome you to your Harriet. I would tell you all my diſturbances from the abſurd allusions of the paſt night, and my mind ſhould gather ſtrength from the confeſſion of its weakneſs.

He talked of ſetting out early to-morrow morning. His firſt viſit, he ſaid, ſhould be to Sir Harry Beauchamp; his next to Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. Poor Sir Harry! he ſaid, and ſighed for him.

Tender-hearted man! as Clementina often called your brother: He pitied Lady Beauchamp. His poor Beauchamp!—The loſs of a father, he ſaid, where a great eſtate was to deſcend to the ſon, was the teſt of a noble heart. He could anſwer for the ſincerity of his Beauchamp's grief, on this trying occaſion. Of what joy, ſaid he [ſitting between two of the beſt of women, equally fond of him, ſpeaking low], was I, was *my* father, deprived! He had allowed me to think of returning to the arms of his paternal love. I make no doubt, but on looking into his affairs (his ſon perhaps his ſteward) he would have done for his daughters what I have done for my ſiſters. We ſhould both of us have had a new life to begin, and purſue: A happy one, from my duty and his indulgence, it muſt have been. I had planned it out.—With all humility I would, by degrees, have laid it before him, firſt one part, then another, as his condeſcenſion would have countenanced me.

Vile,

Vile, vile reveries!—Muſt not this young man be the peculiar care of Heaven? How could my diſturbed imagination terrify me but in a dream, that the machinations of the darkeſt mind (as his muſt be [Greville is not ſo bad a man] who could meditate violence againſt virtue ſo ſacredly guarded) could be permitted to prevail againſt his life!

My grandmamma once, with tears in her eyes, as he talked of taking leave, laid her hand upon his, and inſtantly withdrew it, as if ſhe thought the action too free. He took her hand, and with both his lifted it to his lips——Venerable goodneſs! he called her. She looked *ſo* proud, and *ſo* comforted! every one *ſo* pleaſed!—It is a charming thing to ſee blooming youth fond of declining age!

They dropt away one by one, and I found myſelf left alone with him. Sweetly tender was his addreſs to me!—How ſhall I part with my Harriet? ſaid he. My eyes were ready to overflow. By a twinkling motion, I thought to diſperſe over the whole eye the ſelf-felt too ready tear: My upper-lip had the motion in it, throbbing, like the pulſation which we call the life-blood——I was afraid to ſpeak, for fear of burſting into a fit of tenderneſs; yet was conſcious that my very ſilence was more expreſſive of tenderneſs than ſpeech could have been. With what delight did his eager eye (as mine, now and then glancing upward, diſcovered) meditate my downcaſt face, and ſilent concern! Yet ſuch was his delicacy, that he took not that notice of it in words, which, if he had, would have added to my confuſion: It was enough for him that he ſaw it. As he was contented *ſilently* to enjoy it, I am not ſorry he *did* ſee it. He merited even open and unreſerved aſſurances of love. But I the ſooner recovered my ſpirits for his delicate non-obſervance. I could

not,

net, circumſtanced as we were, ſay I *wiſhed* for his ſpeedy return; yet, my dear, my pureſt wiſhes were, that he would not be long abſent. My grandmamma pleaſes herſelf with having the dear man for her inmate, on his return: There is therefore no need, for the ſake of the world's ſpeech, to abridge my mouth; yet *ought* we to be ſhy of giving conſequence to a man, who, through delicacy, is afraid to let us ſee that he aſſumes conſequence from our ſpeechleſs tenderneſs for him? —He reſtored me to ſpeech, by a change of ſubject——

Two melancholy offices ſhall I have to perform, ſaid he, before I have the honour to attend again my deareſt Miſs Byron: What muſt be the heart that melts not at another's woe!—As to Sir Hargrave, I don't apprehend that he is near his end; as is the caſe of poor Sir Harry. Sir Hargrave labours under bodily pains, from the attack made upon him in France, and from a conſtitution ruined perhaps by riot; and, having nothing of conſolation to give himſelf from reflections on his paſt life (as we ſee by his letter), his fears are too ſtrong for his hopes. But ſhall I tell him, if I find it will give him comfort, that *you* wiſh his recovery, and are ſorry for his indiſpoſition? Small crevices let in light ſometimes upon a benighted imagination. He muſt conſider his attempt upon your free-will (though not meant upon your honour) as one of the enormities of his paſt life.

I was overpowered with this inſtance of his generous goodneſs. Teach me, Sir, to be good, to be generous, to be forgiving—like you!—Bid me do what you think proper for me to do—Say to the poor man, whoſe inſults upon you in his challenge were then my terror (O how much my terror!) in my name ſay all that you think will tend to give him conſolation.

Sweet excellence! Did I ever hope to meet in woman with ſuch an enlargement of heart!—— Clementina only, of all the women I ever knew, can be ſet in compariſon with you: And had ſhe been granted to me, the union of minds between us from difference of religion, could not have been ſo perfect as yours and mine muſt be.

Greatly gratified as I was by the compliment, I was ſorry, methought, that it was made me at the expence of my ſex. His words, "Did I ever 'hope to meet in woman with ſuch an enlarge-'ment of heart!" piqued me a little. Are not women as capable as men, thought I, of enlarged ſentiments?

The leave he took of me was extremely tender. I endeavoured to check my ſenſibility. He departed with the bleſſings of the whole family, as well as mine. I was forced to go up to my cloſet: I came not down till near dinner time; I *could* not; and yet my uncle accompanied my couſin James to Northampton: So that I had no apprehenſions of his raillery. One wants trials ſometimes, I believe, to make one ſupport one's ſelf with ſome degree of *outward* fortitude at leaſt. Had my uncle been at home, I ſhould not have dared to have given ſo much way to my concern: But ſoothing and indulgence, ſometimes, I believe, add to our imbecility of mind, inſtead of ſtrengthening our reaſon.

My uncle made it near eleven at night before he returned with my couſin James. Not one of the company, at his quitting it, ſeemed inclinable to move. He praiſed the elegance of the entertainment, and the eaſe and chearfulneſs, even to vivacity, of Sir Charles. How *could* he be ſo lively!—How many ways have men to divert themſelves, when any thing arduous attacks them!—While we poor women!—But your town diverſions

verſions——Your Ranelaghs, Vauxhalls——bid fair to divert ſuch of us as can carry ourſelves out of ourſelves!—Yet are we likely to pay dear for the privilege; ſince we thereby render our ſex cheap in the eyes of men, harden our fronts, and are in danger of loſing that modeſty, at leaſt of *outward* behaviour, which is the characteriſtic of women!

Saturday Morning.

HE is gone: Gone indeed! Went early this morning. Every mouth was laſt night, it ſeems, full of his praiſes: The men admire him as much as the women. I am glad of it, methinks; ſince that is an indirect confeſſion, that there are few among them like him. Not ſo much ſuperiority over our ſex therefore, in the other, in general, with their *enlarged hearts*. Have not we a Clementina, a Mrs Shirley, and a long *&c?*—— I praiſe not *you*, my dear Lady L. and Lady G. to your faces; ſo I leave the *&c.* untranſlated.

We do *ſo* look upon one another here! Are *ſo* unſatisfied with ourſelves! We are not half ſo good company as we were *before* Sir Charles came among us. How can that be? But my grandmamma has left us too!—that's one thing. She is retired to Shirley-manor, to mortify, after ſo rich a regale: Thoſe were her words.

I hope your brother will write to us. Should I not have aſked him? To be ſure he will; except his next letters from Italy ſhould be—But, no doubt, he will write to us. Mr Greville vows to my uncle, he will not come near me. He can leſs and leſs, he ſays, bear to think of my marrying; though he does what he can to comfort himſelf with reflecting on the extraordinary merit of the man, who alone, he ſays, can deſerve me. He wiſhes the day was over; and the d—l's in him, he adds, if the irrevocableneſs of the event does

not cure him. Mr Fenwick had yeſterday his final anſwer from Lucy; and he is to ſet out on Monday for Carliſle. He declares, that he will not return without a wife: So, thank Heaven, his heart is whole, notwithſtanding his double diſappointment.

BUT my heart is ſet on hearing how the excellent Clementina takes the news of your brother's actual addreſs, and probability of ſucceeding. I ſhould not think it at all ſurpriſing, if, urged as ſhe is to marry a man indifferent to her (the lord of her heart unmarried), ſhe ſhould retract—O my Charlotte!—What a variety of ſtrange, ſtrange, what ſhall I call them? would reſult from ſuch a retraction and renewal of claim! I never thought myſelf ſuperſtitious; but the happineſs before me is ſo ſuch beyond my merit, that I can hardly flatter myſelf, at times, that it will take place.

WHAT think you, my dear, made me write ſo apprehenſively?—My aunt had juſt ſhewn me a letter ſhe had written to you—deſiring you—to exerciſe for us your fancy, your judgment. I have no affectation on this ſubject—I long ago gave affectation to the winds——But ſo haſty!—So undoubting!—Are there not many poſſibilities, and ſome probabilities, againſt us?—Something preſumptuous!—Lord bleſs me, my dear, ſhould any thing happen—Jewels bought, and already preſented—Apparel—How would all theſe preparations aggravate! My aunt ſays, he *ſhall* be obliged: Lucy, Nancy, Miſſes Holles join with her. They long to be exerciſing their fancies upon the patterns which they ſuppoſe your ladyſhip and Lady L. will ſend down. My uncle hurries my aunt. So as *ſomething* is going forward, he ſays, he ſhall be eaſy. There is no reſiſting ſo ſtrong a tide: So let them take their courſe. They are all in haſte,

haſte, my dear, to be conſidered as relations of your family, and to regard all yours as kindred of ours. Happy, happy the band that ſhall tie both families together!

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XV.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Miſs* BYRON.

London, Monday Night, Oct. 20.

YOUR humanity, my dear and ever dear Miſs Byron, was ſo much engaged by the melancholy letter of Sir Hargrave to Dr Bartlett, which I communicated to you, and by the diſtreſs of my Beauchamp, on the deſperate ſtate of his father's health, that I know you will be pleaſed to hear that I have been enabled to give ſome conſolation to both.

Sir Harry, who is in town, wanted to open his mind to me with regard to ſome affairs which made him extremely uneaſy; and which, he ſaid, he could not reveal to any body elſe. He ſhewed ſome reluctance to entruſt the ſecrets to *my* boſom. There ſhall they ever reſt. He has found himſelf eaſier ſince. He rejoiced to me on the good underſtanding ſubſiſting, and likely to ſubſiſt, between his lady and ſon. He deſired me to excuſe him for joining me with them, without aſking my leave, in the truſts created by his will: And on this occaſion, ſending for his lady, he put her hand in mine, and recommended her and her intereſts, as thoſe of the moſt obliging of wives, to my care.

I found Sir Hargrave at his houſe in Cavendiſh-ſquare. He is exceſſively low-ſpirited. Dr Bartlett viſited him at Windſor ſeveral times. The

Doctor prevailed on him to retain a worthy clergyman as his chaplain.

The poor man aſked after you, madam. He had heard, he ſaid, that I was ſoon likely to be the happieſt of men: Was it ſo? He wept at my anſwer; lamented the wretched hand, as he called it, that *he* had made of it, bleſſed as he was with ſuch proſperous circumſtances, in the prime of youth; and wiſhed he had his days to come over again, and his company to chuſe. Unhappy man! he was willing to remove from *himſelf* the load which lay upon him. No doubt but this was the recourſe of his companions, likewiſe, in extremity. He bleſſed my deareſt Miſs Byron, when I told him ſhe pitied him. He called himſelf by harſh, and even ſhocking names, for having been capable of offending ſo much goodneſs.

What ſubjects are theſe to entertain my angel with!—But though we ſhould not *ſeek*, yet we ought not perhaps to *ſhun* them, when they naturally, as I may ſay, offer themſelves to our knowledge.

But *another* ſubject calls for the attention of my deareſt, lovelieſt of women: A ſubject that will lay a ſtill ſtronger claim to it than either of the ſolemn ones I have touched upon. I incloſe the letter which contains it. You will be ſo good as to read it in Engliſh to ſuch of our friends as read not Italian.

This letter was left to Mrs Beaumont to diſpatch to me; whence its unwiſhed-for delay: For ſhe detained it, to ſend with it an equally obliging one of her own. The contents of this welcome letter, my deareſt Miſs Byron, will render it unneceſſary to wait for an anſwer to my laſt to Signor Jeronymo; in which I acquaint him with my actual addreſs, and the hopes I preſume to flatter myſelf with. I humbly hope you will think ſo.

I am

I am not afraid that one of the moſt generous of women will be affected with the paſſage in which Signor Jeronymo expreſſes his pity for her, becauſe of the affection, he ſays, I muſt ever retain for his noble ſiſter *. He ſays right. And it is my happineſs, that you, the ſiſter-excellence of the admirable Clementina, will allow me to glory in my *gratitude* to her. You will ſtill more readily allow me ſo to do, when you have peruſed this letter. Shall not the man who hopes to be qualified for the ſupreme love, of which the pureſt earthly is but a type, and who aims at an univerſal benevolence, be able to admire, in the mind of Clementina, the ſame great qualities which ſhine out with ſuch luſtre in that of Miſs Byron!

With what pride do I look forward to the viſit that ſeveral of this noble family intend to make us, becauſe of the *unqueſtionable* aſſurance that they will rejoice in my happineſs, and admire the angel who is allowed to take place in my affections of the angel who would not have ſcrupled to accept of my vows, had it not been, as ſhe expreſſes herſelf †, for the *intervention of invincible obſtacles*!

Mrs Beaumont, in her letter, gives me the particulars of the converſation between her and Clementina, almoſt in the ſame words with thoſe of Jeronymo, in the letter incloſed. She makes no doubt that Lady Clementina will, in time, yield to the intreaties of her friends in favour of a man againſt whom, if ſhe can be prevailed upon to forego her wiſhes to aſſume the veil, ſhe can have no one objection. You will ſee, madam, by the incloſed, what they hope for in Italy from us; what Clementina, what Jeronymo, what a whole excellent family hope for. You know how ardently my *own* family wiſh you to accelerate the happy day: Yours refer themſelves wholly to you——

Pardon

* *See* P. 160. † *See* P. 165.

Pardon me, my deareſt Miſs Byron, I will tell you what are my hopes—They are, that, when I am permitted to return to Northamptonſhire, the happy day ſhall not be poſtponed *three*.

And now, lovelieſt and deareſt of women! allow me to expect the honour of a line, to let me know how much of the tedious month, from laſt Thurſday, you will be ſo good as to abate. Permit me to ſay, that I can have nothing that needs to detain me from the beloved of my heart after Friday next.

If, madam, you inſiſt upon the *whole* month, I beg to know, out of what part of our nuptial-life, the LAST or the FIRST (happy, as I hope it will be), you would be willing to deduct the week, the fortnight, that will be carried into the blank ſpace of courtſhip, by the delay? I hope, my dear Miſs Byron, that I ſhall be able to tell *you*, years and years after we are ONE, that there is not an hour of thoſe paſt, or of thoſe to come, that I would abate, or wiſh to throw into that *blank*. Permit me ſo to call it. The days of courtſhip cannot be *our* happieſt. Who celebrates the day of their firſt acquaintance, though it may be remembered with pleaſure?—Do not the happy pair *date* their happineſs from the day of marriage? How juſtly then, when hearts are *aſſured*, when minds *cannot alter*, are thoſe which precede it, to be deemed a blank!

After all, your *chearful* compliance with my wiſhes is the great deſirable. Whatever ſhall be your pleaſure muſt determine me. My utmoſt gratitude will be engaged by the condeſcenſion, *whenever* you ſhall diſtinguiſh the day of the year, diſtinguiſhed as it will be to the end of my life, that ſhall give me the greateſt bleſſing of it, and confirm me

For ever Yours,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

Signor JERONYMO *della* PORRETTA, *To Sir* CHARLES GRANDISON.

[*Incloſed in the preceding.*]

Bologna, Oct. 18. N. S.

I GAVE you, my dear Grandiſon, in mine of the 5th, the copy of a paper written by my ſiſter, which filled us with hopes of her compliance with the wiſhes of all her family. She took time for deliberation; time was given her; but ſtill ſhe inſiſted on receiving your next letters before ſhe came to any reſolution. Mrs Beaumont herſelf was of opinion, that the dear creature only meditated delay: That alſo was ours. What, invincibly determined, as ſhe is, to adhere to the reſolution ſhe has ſo greatly taken, can ſhe hope for (ſaid we among ourſelves) from the expected letters? For ſhe had declared herſelf to be ſo determined to my brother Giacomo, who actually aſſured her of all our conſents to an alliance with you, if ſhe repented of that reſolution.

All this time we offered not to introduce, nor even to name, to her the Count of Belvedere. Awed by her former calamity, and by an excurſiveneſs of imagination, which at times ſhewed itſelf in her words and behaviour, we avoided ſaying or doing any thing that was likely to diſturb her. Giacomo himſelf, though he wanted to return to Naples, had patience with her pretty trifling, beyond our expectation. At laſt arrived yours of the 29th of September *; kindly incloſing a copy of yours to her, of the ſame date †. We queſtion not but your reply to mine of the 5th current, is on the road;

* *See Vol.* vi. *Let.* xxxiii. P. 227. † *Let.* xxxii. P. 224.

road; nor that the contents will be ſuch as we may hope for, from conſiderations of our happineſs and your own: But theſe, we thought without waiting for that, would anſwer the deſired end. I will tell you what was ſaid by every one, on the peruſal of both.

Is this the man, ſaid the general, whom I ſometimes ſo rudely treated? I rejoice that we were reconciled before he left us. I had formed a notion to his diſadvantage; that he was capable of art, and hoped to keep his hold in my ſiſter's affections, in view of ſome turn in his favour: But he is the moſt ſingle-hearted of men. Theſe two letters will ſtrengthen our arguments. Clementina, who has more than once declared that ſhe wiſhes him married to an Engliſhwoman, cannot now, that ſhe will ſee there is a woman with whom he thinks he can be happy, wiſh to ſtand in his way. Theſe will furniſh us with means to attack her in her ſtrongeſt hold; in her generoſity, her delicacy; and will bring to the teſt her veracity. The contents of theſe letters will confirm her before half-taken reſolution, as in her paper, to oblige us *. Let *Laurana*, as the Chevalier ſays, go into a nunnery: Clementina will marry, or ſhe is a falſe girl; and the Sforza women will be diſappointed.

My mother applauded you, and rejoiced to hear that there is a woman of your own nation who is capable of making you more happy than her daughter could.

What difficulties, ſaid the young Marchioneſs (ever your friend), muſt a ſituation ſo critical have laid him under! A man ſo humane! And what further difficulties muſt he have to ſurmount, in offering to a woman, whom even Olivia, as he ſays, admires, a hand that has been refuſed by another?

* *See* P. 4. *of this Volume*

other? May this admired woman be propitious to his ſuit!

She muſt, ſhe muſt, ſaid the biſhop. If ſhe has a heart diſengaged, ſhe cannot refuſe a man ſo accompliſhed. Jeronymo, haſten to be well. If ſhe favour him, we will all go over, and congratulate them both.

I, for my part, ſaid I, would give up years of life to ſee my friend as happy in marriage as he deſerves to be.

We muſt tell Clementina, ſaid my father, as our Giacomo has hinted, that it will not become her generoſity to ſtand in the way of the Chevalier's happineſs.

We ſent up your letter to our ſiſter, by Camilla. She was buſy (Mrs Beaumont ſitting by her at work) in correcting the proportion which once you found fault with, in a figure in her piece of Noah's ark, and the riſing deluge. A letter, madam, from the Chevalier to *me!* ſaid ſhe! and overturned the table on which her materials lay, in haſte to take it.

When we thought ſhe had had time to conſider of the contents, we ſent up to requeſt the favour of ſpeaking with Mrs Beaumont. We owned to her, that we had a copy of your letter to Clementina; and aſked, What the dear creature ſaid to the contents of it?

She read it, anſwered Mrs Beaumont, in her own cloſet. I thought ſhe was too long by herſelf. I went to her. She was in tears. O Mrs Beaumont, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, holding out the letter—See here!—The *Chevalier* is againſt me!—Cruel, I could *almoſt* ſay, cruel Grandiſon!—He turns my own words upon me. I have furniſhed him with arguments againſt myſelf—What ſhall I do?—I have for many days paſt repented that I gave under my hand reaſon to my friends to expect my compliance. I cannot, cannot confirm the hopes I gave!—What ſhall I do?

I took

I took it, read it, continued Mrs Beaumont, and told her, that the Chevalier's arguments were unanſwerable. I dwelt upon ſome of them. She wept, and was ſilent.

We then, my dear Grandiſon, ſhewed Mrs Beaumont your letter to me. She read it—How, ſaid ſhe, has this excellent young man been embarraſſed! I know, from ſome of my countrymen, the character of the lady whom he mentions: She is an excellent woman!—May I take up this letter, and read it to Lady Clementina?

By all means, anſwered the general; and ſupport, dear madam, the contents of both with your weight. It will be from perverſeneſs *now* if ſhe withſtand us. Bid her remember, that ſhe has had once at her feet a kneeling father! Bid her remember the written hopes ſhe has given us!

Mrs Beaumont went up with it. I will give you an account of what my ſiſter ſaid as ſhe read it. O Grandiſon, read it but curſorily: You will more and more admire and love the Clementina, who, before her malady, was always conſidered as one of the firſt of women; and the glory of our houſe!

She deſired to have it in her own hands: Mrs Beaumont, to whoſe pen we owe the account, looked over her, and followed her eye as ſhe read *.

"And did he ſtill, ſaid ſhe, *after* he had got to 'England, hope for a change in my reſolution?"—Heaven knows—She ſtopt; ſighed, and read on.

'He foreſaw that my friends would preſs me to 'marry!'—I foreſaw it too!—I have indeed been preſſed; vehemently preſſed!

'Rather than any other'—Ah, Chevalier!—Why, why, were the obſtacles religion and country! None leſs ſhould have—She ſtopt—Then, reading to herſelf, proceeded:

'It

* *See Vol.* VI. *Letter* xxxiii. p. 227.

'It was not preſumptuous to hope'—No, Grandiſon; preſumptuous it could not be.

'It was *juſtice* to Clementina to attend the event, 'and to wait for the promiſed letter.' Kind, conſiderate Grandiſon!—You are all patience, all goodneſs!—O that—

There ſhe ſtopt. Then proceeding:

'Fourth brother! not intereſted in the event.'—Indeed I did write ſo—

'Give up all his hopes!'—Dear Grandiſon!

'It could not be expected that he ſhould give 'the argument all its weight.'—He has given it too 'much!

'Duty to yield to the intreaties of all my friends.' Ah, Grandiſon!

'Difficult ſituations!'—Difficult indeed! And here am I, who have, more than any other in the world, enhanced his difficulties!—Unhappy Clementina!—Then reading on—

Good God! Mrs Beaumont! There is an Engliſh lady with whom he was *actually*—does he not hint in love?—Nay, then—Take it, take it, Mrs Beaumont!—I can read no further—*Compaſſion* only, I ſuppoſe, brought him over to me!—I cannot bear that!—Yet ſnatching it from her, and reading.

'Beauty her leaſt perfection'—[Happy Engliſh lady!] 'either in my eyes, or her own!'—Have I not wiſhed him *ſuch* a woman?—'Had I never *known* 'Clementina'—How could I be ſo captious!

'Loves her with a flame as pure as the heart of 'Clementina'—Think you, Chevalier! Indeed I have no impurity in my love—My God only have I preferred to you: And I bleſs God for enabling me to give ſo *due* a preference!—or, as her own 'heart can boaſt.'—Juſt ſuch a wife did I wiſh him; and ſhall I not rejoice, if *ſuch* a one will hold out her hand to make him happy?

She ſighed often, as ſhe read on; but ſpoke not, till ſhe came to the words, 'That ſhe was to you, 'what you might truly call, a firſt love;' a firſt love, repeated ſhe: He was indeed mine! Permit me to ſay, my dear friends, a firſt and *only* one.

'It became him, he ſays, in honour, in gratitude, 'tho' the difficulties in his way ſeemed inſuperable '[and ſo they *muſt* ſeem], to hold himſelf in ſuſ-'penſe, and not offer to make his addreſſes to any 'other woman.'—Generous, noble Grandiſon!—He *did* love me—Diſcouraged as he was; nay inſulted by ſome of us [Giacomo hears me not, looking round her]; *He*, the generous Grandiſon, *did* love me. She wiped her eyes.

Recovering herſelf, and reading on—See here, Mrs Beaumont—'He thought himſelf obliged, in honour to me, and to the perſons themſelves, to decline propoſals of advantage.' Surely he muſt think me an ungrateful creature.

But (reading on) *did* he 'balance in his mind be-'tween this lady and me?'—He did. But it was becauſe of his uncertainty with *me*.

Reading to herſelf, to the words 'Almoſt an '*equal* intereſt,' How is that, ſaid ſhe, repeating them?—O, it is explained—'But when his dear 'Clementina' [do I go too faſt for your eye, Mrs Beaumont?] 'began to ſhew ſigns of recovery,' [ſhe ſighed] 'and ſeemed to confirm the hopes I 'had given him of my *partiality* for him,' [modeſt, good man!] 'then did I content myſelf,' ſays he, [look, Mrs Beaumont] 'with wiſhing another huſ-'band to the Engliſh lady, more worthy of her 'than my unhappy ſituation could have made me.' —Excellent Engliſh lady! If it were in my power I would make you amends for having ſhared a heart with you (ſo it ſeems) that ought, *my* circumſtances and *your* merit conſidered, to have been all your own!

'What

'What a diſappointment was my rejection of him?'—See, theſe are his words.—And theſe too; that 'he admires me, however, for my *motives*.'

'Marriage, he ſays, is not in his power; for there 'is but one woman in the world, now *I* have re-'fuſed him, that he can think worthy of ſucceeding '*me*.'—What honour he does me! Thank God ſhe is an Engliſh woman! O that I had any influence over her! Sweet lady, amiable Engliſh woman, let not punctilio deprive you of ſuch a man as this!—Shew her this letter, my good Grandiſon! Let me tranſcribe from it, rather for your peruſal, happy Engliſh lady! certain paſſages in it, ſo delicate, ſo worthy of himſelf, and of you.

'Thouſands, of whom he is not worthy,' he ſays. How can he ſay ſo?

'She has for an admirer every one who knows 'her.'—She ſhall have me for an admirer, Mrs. Beaumont, if ſhe will accept of my fourth brother. She *will* accept of him, if ſhe deſerves the character he gives her: Let me tell you, lady, that your heart is narrower than that of Clementina, if you think it a diminution to your honour, that he has loved that Clementina. Why cannot you and I be ſiſters? My love ſhall be but a ſiſterly love. You may depend upon the honour of the Chevalier Grandiſon. He will do *his* duty in every relation of life. What can be your doubts?

'Even Olivia, he ſays, admires you!'—And will ſuch a woman ſtand upon punctilious obſervances, like women of ordinary conſequence having to deal with common men?—O that I knew this lady! I would convince her, that he 'can do juſtice to *her* 'greater, and to *my* leſſer merits, and yet not ap-'pear to be divided by a double love, although he 'ſhould own to all the world, as he ſays he will,' [See, ſee, Mrs Beaumont, theſe are his very words] 'his affection for Clementina, and glory in it!'

O Mrs Beaumont, how my ſoul, putting her

hand to her forehead, then to her heart, loves his ſoul! nor, but for *one* obſtacle, that would have ſhaken my faith, and endangered my ſalvation (had I got over it), ſhould his ſoul *only* have been the object of my love.

Let me but continue ſingle, my dear friends; indulge me in the wiſh that has been ſo long next my heart; and take not advantage of the hopes I have given you in writing; and I ſhall paſs happily thro' this ſhort life; a life that deſerves not the buſtle which we make about it. Aſk me not either to 'ſet or follow the example you propoſe to me:' I cannot do either. Unkind Chevalier, why would you ſtrengthen *their* hands, and weaken *mine?*—Yet, if it became your juſtice, what had I *but* juſtice to expect from a juſt man; who has ſo eminently performed all his own duties, and particularly the filial; which he here calls an article of religion?

When ſhe came to the concluding part of this letter, and your wiſhes for her perfect recovery, health and welfare, and for the happineſs of us all; May every bleſſing, ſaid ſhe, he wiſhes us, be his!

Then folding up the letter, and putting it in her boſom, This letter, and that which accompanied it (meaning yours to her), I muſt read over and over.

Shall I ſay, my Grandiſon, that I half pity the lovely Harriet Byron, though her name ſhould be changed to yours? You *muſt* love Clementina: Were a ſovereign Princeſs her rival, you *muſt*. Clementina! who ſo generouſly can give up a love as fervent as ever glowed in a virgin heart, on ſuperior motives; motives which regard eternity; and receive joy in the proſpect of your happineſs with another woman, on a perſuaſion that that woman can make you happier than ſhe herſelf could, becauſe of a difference in religion.

My ſiſter chuſing to retire to her cloſet, to re-

peruſe

peruſe the two letters, Mrs Beaumont knowing our curioſity, put down what had paſſed; intending, as ſhe ſaid, to write a copy of it for you.

How were we all, on peruſing it, charmed with our Clementina! I inſiſted, that nothing, at preſent, ſhould be ſaid to her of the Count of Belvedere, and of our wiſhes in his favour. My father gave into my opinion. He ſaid, he thought the propereſt time to mention the Count to her, was, when we had an anſwer to the letter I wrote to you on the 5th current, if that could give us aſſurances that you had made your addreſſes to the charming Byron, and were encouraged. The generrl was impatient; but he acquieſced, on finding every one come into my motion: but ſaid, that if all this lenity did not do, he muſt beg leave to have his own meaſures purſued.

SOME little particularity has appeared in the dear creature ſince I have written the above. She has been exceedingly earneſt with her mother, to uſe her intereſt with my father, and us, to be allowed to go to England: But deſires not the permiſſion till you are actually married. She pleads my health, becauſe of the ſalutary ſprings you mentioned to me.

Several other pleas ſhe offered; but, to ſay truth, they carried with them ſuch an air of flightineſs, that I am loth to mention them: Yet all of them were innocent, all of them were even laudable. But (ſhall I ſay?) that ſome of them appeared too romantic for a ſettled brain to be ſo earneſt, as ſhe is, for having them carried into execution.

We have no doubte but all her view is, to avoid marriage, by ſuch a ſtrange excurſion. Dear creature, ſaid the biſhop, ſpeaking of her juſt now, the veil denied her, ſhe muſt have *ſome* point to carry: I wiſh we ſaw leſs rapidity in her manner.

I, Grandiſon, for my part, remember how much

ſhe and we all ſuffered by denying her the farewel viſit from you, on your taking leave of Italy the time before the laſt.

But we think an expedient has offered, that will divert her from this *wildneſs*, as I muſt call it: Mrs Beaumont has requeſted, that ſhe may be allowed to take her with her to Florence for ſome weeks. Clementina is pleaſed with our readineſs to oblige them both; and they will ſoon go.

But all this time ſhe is uniform and ſteady in her wiſhes for your marriage. She delights to hear Mrs Beaumont talk of the perfections of the lady to whom we are all deſirous of hearing you are united. You had written, it ſeems, to Mrs Beaumont, a character given of this young lady by Olivia, upon a perſonal knowledge of her. Mrs Beaumont ſhewed it to Clementina.

How generouſly did the dear creature rejoice in it! Juſt ſuch a woman, ſaid ſhe, did I wiſh for the Chevalier. Olivia has ſhewn greatneſs of mind in this inſtance. Perhaps I thought too hardly of Olivia. Little did I think I ſhould ever have requeſted a copy of any-thing written by Olivia. Ill-will diſables us from ſeeing thoſe beauties in the perſon who is the object of it, which would otherwiſe ſtrike us to her advantage. You muſt oblige me, added ſhe, with a copy of this extract.

Oct. 20. N. S.

You will be pleaſed, I know, my Grandiſon, with every particular that ſhall tend to demonſtrate the pleaſure the dear Clementina takes in hoping you will be ſoon the happy man we all wiſh you to be.

This morning ſhe came down with her work into my chamber. I invite myſelf, Jeronymo, ſaid ſhe. I will ſit down by you, till you are diſpoſed to riſe. She then, of her own motion, began to talk of you; and I, putting it to her (as her mother did yeſterday), whether ſhe would be really

glad

glad to hear of your nuptials, received the ſame anſwer ſhe then made; *ſhe ſincerely ſhould:* She hoped the next letters would bring an account that it was ſo. But then, Jeronymo, continued ſhe, I ſhall be teazed, perſecuted. Let me not, my brother, be perſecuted. I don't know, whether downright compulſion is not more tolerable than over-earneſt entreaty. A child, in the firſt inſtance, may contract herſelf, as I may ſay, within her own compaſs; may be hardened: But the entreaty of ſuch friends as undoubtedly means one's good, dilates and diſarms one's heart, and makes one wiſh to oblige them; and ſo renders one miſerable, whether we do or do not comply. Believe me, Jeronymo, there is great cruelty in perſuaſion, and ſtill more to a ſoft and gentle temper than to ſtubborn one: Perſuaders know not what they make ſuch a perſon ſuffer.

My deareſt Clementina, ſaid I, you have ſhewn ſo glorious a magnanimity, that it would be injuring you to ſuppoſe you are not equal to every branch of *duty.* God forbid that you ſhould be called to ſuſtain an unreaſonable trial—In a reaſonable one, you muſt be victorious.

Ah Jeronymo! How little do I deſerve this fine compliment!—Magnanimity, my brother!—You know not what I yet, at times, ſuffer!—And have you not ſeen my reaſon vanquiſhed in the unequal conflict? She wept. But let the Chevalier be married, and to the angel that is talked of: and let me comfort myſelf, that he is not a ſufferer by my withholding my hand—And *then* let me be indulged in a ſingle life, in a place conſecrated to retirement from the vain world, and we ſhall *both* be happy.

Mrs Beaumont came to ſeek her. I prevailed on her to ſit down, and my ſiſter to ſtay a little longer. I extolled my ſiſter to her: She joined in the juſt praiſe. But one act of magnanimity, ſaid Mrs Beaumont, ſeems wanting to complete the

greatneſs

greatneſs of your character, my love, in this particular caſe of the expected marriage of the Chevalier Grandiſon.

What is that, Mrs Beaumont?—all attention.

You ſee his doubts, his apprehenſions of appearing worthy of the lady ſo highly ſpoken of, becauſe of that delicacy of ſituation (which, as you obſerve, Olivia alſo hints at) from what may be called a divided love: Miſs Byron may very well imagine, as his love of you commenced before he knew her, that ſhe may injure you if ſhe receive his addreſſes: You had the generoſity to wiſh, when you were reading thoſe his apprehenſions, that you *knew* the lady, and were able to influence her in his favour.

Well, Mrs Beaumont—

Can I doubt that Lady Clementina is *able* to ſet her name to the noble ſentiments, that ſo lately, in reading his letter, flowed from her lips?

What would Mrs Beaumont have me to do?

Let me lead you to your own cloſet. Pen, ink, and paper, are always before you there. Aſſume your whole noble ſelf, and we ſhall ſee what that aſſumption will produce.

All that is in my power, ſaid ſhe, to promote the happineſs of a man who has ſuffered ſo much through my means, it is my duty to do.

She gave her hand to Mrs Beaumont, who led her to her cloſet, and left her there. The following is the reſult. Generous, noble creature!—But does it not ſhew a raiſed imagination! eſpecially in he diſpoſition of the lines?

Beſt of Men!
Beſt of Women! } Be ye ONE!

CLEMENTINA wiſhes it!

GRANDISON, Lady, will make you happy.

Be it *your* ſtudy to make *Him* ſo!—

Happy as CLEMENTINA would have made him,

Had

Had not obſtacles invincible intervened.
This will leſſen her regrets:
For,
His Felicity, Temporal and Eternal,
Was ever the wiſh next her heart.
GOD be merciful to you both,
And lead you into his paths:
Then will everlaſting Happineſs be your portion.
Be it the portion of CLEMENTINA—
Pray for her,
That, after this tranſitory life is over,
She may partake of Heavenly bliſs:
And
(Not a Stranger to you, Lady, HERE)
Rejoice with you both HEREAFTER.
CLEMENTINA della PORRETTA.

The admirable creature gave this to Mrs Beaumont: Send this, madam, ſaid ſhe, if you think proper, to your friend and my friend, the Chevalier Grandiſon. Tell him, that I ſhall think myſelf very happy, if it may ſerve as a teſtimonial to the lady whoſe merits entitle her to his love, of my ſincere wiſhes for their mutual happineſs: Tell him, that at preſent I wiſh for nothing more ardently, than to hear of his nuptials being celebrated.

Dear Grandiſon! let your next give us an opportunity to felicitate you on this deſireable event. In this wiſh joins every one of a family to whom you are, and ever will be, dear. Witneſs, for them all,

The Marquis and Marchioneſs della PORRETTA.
I. T. R. Biſhop of Nocera.
JERONYMO della PORRETTA.
J. P. M. MARESCOTTI.
HORTENSIA BEAUMONT.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

Miſs BYRON, *To Sir* CHARLES GRANDISON.

Wedneſday, Nov. 1.

HOW, Sir, have the contents of your friend Jeronymo's letter affected me!—I am more and more convinced, that, however diſtinguiſhed my lot *may* be, Clementina only can deſerve you. What a vain creature muſt I be, if I did *not* think ſo! And what a diſingenuous one, ſo thinking, if I did not acknowledge it!

I cannot, Sir, miſconſtrue your delicate ſenſibilities. My own teach me to allow for yours.

'Beſt of men,' I can, I do, with Clementina, think you: But Harriet's ambition will be gratified, in being accounted ſecond to HER.

And *does* Clementina 'wiſh us ONE!'—Moſt noble, moſt generous of women!

'Grandiſon, you ſay, will make me happy.'

'But ah, my lovely pattern, *can* Harriet be happy, even with her Grandiſon, if *you* are not ſo?'

'Believe me, LADY! *your* happineſs will be eſſential to *hers*.

'God give you happineſs! *Harriet prays for it!* 'my next to Divine Monitreſs, it *ſhall* be my ſtudy 'to make him happy!

'But, moſt excellent of women! *have* you *re-* 'grets?' Regrets, which can only be leſſened by 'the joy you will have in his happineſs!—And 'with another!

'Superlative goodneſs!

'Why, why, when he would allow to you the 'exerciſe of your religion, and only inſiſts on the 'like liberty, are the obſtacles you hint at *invinci-* 'ble!'

O Sir! I can purſue this ſubject no farther. Thus far an irreſiſtible impulſe carried me.

How

How ſhould I be able to ſtand before this lady, were the viſit ſhe was ſo earneſt to be allowed to make to England to take place; yet, in ſuch a caſe, with what pleaſure ſhould I pay my reverence to her *mind* in her *perſon!*

And does SHE, do her *family*, do you, Sir, wiſh us *ſpeedily* ONE?—Are you not ſatisfied with the given month?—Is not a month, Sir, *your declaration ſo late made*, a ſhort term? (and let me aſk you, but within parentheſes, do you not, on an occaſion ſo *very* delicate, in your limited *three* days after your return to us, treat the not-inſenſible Harriet a little more—Help me, Sir, to a word—than might have been expected from a man ſo *very* polite?)—And can you ſo generouſly, yet ſo ſeriouſly, aſk me, from *which* parts of the nuptial life, the LAST (what a dreadful idea do you raiſe in that ſolemn word!) or the FIRST, I would deduct the week's or fortnight's ſuppoſed delay?—O Sir! what a way of putting it is this!—Thus I anſwer —'From *neither!*' *My* honour is *your* honour. Determine You, moſt generous of men, for

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XVIII.

Miſs JERVOIS, *To Sir* CHARLES GRANDISON.

Honoured Sir, *Tueſday, Oct.* 31.

YOU will think your ward very bold to addreſs you by letter; eſpeciaaly as ſhe is a very poor inditer, and as you are in town: But her heart is in trouble, and ſhe muſt write; and muſt beg the favour of you, the moſt indulgent guardian that ever poor Orphan had, to anſwer her by pen and ink. For whether you can forgive her or not, ſhe will be equally incapable of bearing your good-

neſs,

neſs, or your diſpleaſure. How weakly I expreſs myſelf! I find I ſhall write worſe to you, than to any body elſe: And why? Becauſe I wiſh to write beſt. But I have great awe, and no genius. I am a poor girl in *every* ſenſe; as you ſhall hear by and by. I hope you won't be *very* angry with me. If you are, I ſhall be worſe than poor—I ſhall be miſerable.

But to come before my guardian as a delinquent, when I have ambition enough to wiſh to ſhine in his eyes, if ſo it could have been!—If you were to acquit me, I ſhall have had great puiſhment in that thought.

But to open my troubled heart to you—Yet how ſhall I? I thought to tell it you yeſterday; but for my life I could not. Did you not obſerve me once, Sir, hanging upon the back of your chair, unable to ſtand in your ſight? O how I felt my face glow!—*Then* it *was* I thought to have ſpoken my mind; but you were ſo kind, ſo good to me, I could not, might I have had the world. You took my hand—I ſhall be very bold to repeat it; but am always ſo proud of your kind notice, that I can't help it: And you ſaid, drawing me gently to you, 'Why keeps my Emily behind me? What can I do 'for my Emily? Tell me, child: Is there any 'thing I can do for my ward?' Yet, though the occaſion was ſo fair, I could not tell you. But I ſhall tire you, before I come to the point (to the *fault*, I ſhould ſay) that has emboldened me to write.

This then is the truth of the matter:

My poor mother, Sir, is very good now, you know. You have taken from her all her cares about this world. She and her huſband live together happily and elegantly: They want for nothing; and are grown quite religious: So that they have leiſure to think of their ſouls' good. They make me cry for joy, whenever I go to them. They pray for you,

and heap bleſſings upon you; and cry to think they ever offended you.

But, Sir, I took it into my head, knowing it was a vaſt way for them to go from Soho to ſomewhere in Moorfields, to hear the preacher they admire ſo much, and coach-hire, and charities, and *contributions* of one kind or other (for their miniſter has no eſtabliſhment), and old debts paying off, that at preſent, though I believe they are frugal enough, they can't be much aforehand——So, thought I, ſhall I ride in my guardian's coach at one time, in Lady G.'s at another, in Lady L.'s at another, though ſo much better able to walk than my poor mother, while ſhe is growing into years, and when infirmities are coming on, and my guardian's example before me, *ſo* opening to one's heart?—I ventured, therefore, unknown to my mother and her huſband, unknown to any body, by way of ſurpriſe, to beſpeak a plain neat chariot, and agreed for a coachman and a pair of horſes; for I had about 130 guineas by me when I beſpoke it. Out of this, thought I (which is my own money, without account), I ſhall be able to ſpare enough for the firſt half-year's expences; after which they will be in circumſtances to keep it on: And as quarters come round, thought I, I will ſtint myſelf, and throw in ſomething towards it; and then my poor mother and her huſband can go to ſerve God, and take ſometimes an airing or ſo where they pleaſe, and make an appearance in the world as the mother of the girl who is intitled to ſo large a fortune. And I don't grudge Mr O'Hara; for he is vaſtly tender of my mother now: Which muſt be a great comfort to her, you know, Sir, now ſhe is come to be ſorry for paſt things, and apt to be very ſpiritleſs when ſhe looks back—Poor dear woman!

But here, Sir, was the thing: Believing it became me, as Lady L. Lady G. and Mrs Eleanor

Grandiſon, intended to ſhew their reſpect to you on a certain happy occaſion, by new cloaths, to ſhow mine the ſame way; I went to the mercer's, and was ſo tempted by two patterns, that, not knowing which to chuſe, I bought of both, not thinking at the time of the beſpoken chariot. To be ſure I ought to have conſulted Lady L. or Lady G.; but, fooliſh creature as I was, I muſt be for ſurpriſing them too with my fine fancy.

Then I laid out a good deal more than I intended in millinery matters; not but I had pennyworths for my penny: But the milliners are ſo very obliging, they ſhew one this pretty thing, and that faſhionable one, and are ſo apt to praiſe one's taſte, and one is ſo willing to believe them, and be thought mighty clever, that there is no reſiſting the vanity they raiſe. I own all my folly: I ever will, Sir, when I am guilty of any greater ſillineſs than ordinary; for I have no bad heart, I hope, though I am one of the flowers I once heard you compare ſome of us to, who are late before they blow into diſcretion.

But now, good Sir, came on my diſtreſs: For the beſpoken chariot was ready, ready ſooner by a fortnight than I expected. I thought my quarter would be nearer ended; and I had made a vaſt hole in my money. I pulled up a courage; I had need of it, and borrowed fifty guineas of Lady G.; but, from this fooliſh love of ſurpriſes, cared not to tell her for what. And having occaſion to pay two or three bills (I was a thoughtleſs creature to be ſure) which, unluckily, though I had aſked for them before, were brought in juſt then, I borrowed another ſum, but *yet* told not Lady G. for what; and the dear Lady, I believe, thought me an extravagant girl: I ſaw ſhe did by her looks.

But, however, I cauſed the new chariot to be brought privately to me. I went in it, and it carried

ied me to Soho; and there, on my knees, made my preſent to my mother.

But do you think, Sir, that ſhe and Mr O'Hara, when I confeſſed that I had not conſulted you upon it, and that neither Lady L. nor Lady G. nor yet Mrs Eleanor Grandiſon, knew a ſyllable of the matter, would accept of it? They would not: But yet they both cried over me for joy, and bleſſed me.

It is put up ſomewhere—And there it lies, till I have obtained your pardon firſt, and your direction afterwards. And what ſhall I do, if you are angry at your poor ward, who has done ſo inconſiderate a thing, and run herſelf into debt?

Chide me, honoured Sir, if you pleaſe. Indeed you never *yet* did chide me. But yours will be chidings of love, of *paternal* love, Sir.

But if you are angry with me more than a day, if you give me reaſon to believe you think meanly of me, though, alas! I may deſerve it; and that this raſhneſs is but a prelude to other raſh or conceited ſteps (for that is the fear which moſt terrifies me), and is therefore to be reſented with ſeverity; then will I fly to my dear Miſs Byron, that now is!—And if *ſhe* cannot ſoften your diſpleaſure, and reſtore me to your *good opinion*—(Mere pardon will not be enough for your truly penitent ward) then will I ſay, Burſt, heart! Ingrateful, inconſiderate Emily, thou haſt offended thy guardian! What is there left in this life that is worthy thy cares?

And now, Sir, I have laid my troubled heart open before you. I know you will not ſo much blame the thing, even ſhould you not approve of it, as the manner; doing it (after you had been ſo extremely generous and conſiderate to my mother) without conſulting either you or your ſiſters. O my vanity and conceit! They, they have miſled

me. They never ſhall again, whether you forgive me or not.

But, good, indulgent, honoured Sir, my guardian, my protector, let not my puniſhment be the reverſing of the gracious grant which my heart has been ſo long wiſhing to obtain, and which you had conſented to, of being allowed to live immediately in your own eye, and in the preſence of my dear Miſs Byron, that now is. This raſh action ſhould rather induce you to confirm than reverſe it. And I promiſe to be very good. I ever loved her. I ſhall add filial honour, as I may ſay, to my love of her. I never will do any thing without conſulting her; and but what you, the kindeſt guardian that ever poor Orphan had, would wiſh me to do.

And now, Sir, honour me with a few lines from your own hand; were it but to ſhew me that this impertinence has not ſo far tried you, as (ſhould you think it juſt to baniſh me from your preſence for *ſome time*) to make you diſcourage applications to you, by pen and ink, from, Sir,

Your truly ſorrowful ward,
And ever-obliged and grateful
EMILY JERVOIS.

LETTER XIX.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Miſs* JERVOIS.

Wedneſday, Nov. 1.

I WRITE to the dear child of my tendereſt cares, becauſe ſhe requeſts me to write; elſe I had haſtened to her in perſon, to comfort her doubting heart; and to aſſure her, that nothing but a fault premeditated and perſiſted in, that might have affected her preſent or future reputation, and conſequently

conſequently her happineſs, could make me, for half an hour, offended with her. Your good intentions, my dear child, will ever be your ſecurity with me. Men, as well as women, are often miſled by their love of ſurpriſes: But the greateſt ſurpriſe my Emily could give me would be, if ſhe could do any *one* thing that would ſhew a faulty heart.

Once more, my dear, pay your duty to your mother, in the chariot which has been the cauſeleſs occaſion of ſo much concern to you; and tell her, and Mr O'Hara, that they have greatly obliged me in declining the acceptance of the chariot, ſo dutifully preſented till they knew my mind: But that, not ſo much in the compliment paid to me as your *guardian*, as becauſe it has given me an opinion of their own generoſity and diſcretion. Tell them, that I greatly approve of this inſtance of your duty to your mother, and of your regard, for her ſake, to Mr O'Hara: Tell them, that I join with my ever-amiable ward in requeſting their acceptance of it; and do you, my dear, tell Miſs Jervois, that I greatly honour her for this new inſtance of the goodneſs of her heart.

I incloſe a note, and will, to make you eaſy, carry it to its proper account, that will enable you to pay the debt which you, with ſo dutiful an intention, have contracted.—Forgive you, my dear! I love, I admire you for it. I will not have you *ſtint* yourſelf, as you call it, in order to contribute to the future expence of the chariot. The preſent is but a handſome one reſpecting your fortune. Be therefore, for your mother's life, the whole expence yours; and it may poſſibly contribute not a little to the eaſe of mind of both (as they now live together not unhappily) if you have the goodneſs to aſſure Mr O'Hara, that you are ſo well ſatisfied with his kind treatment of your mother, that you will, on ſuppoſition of the continuance of it, be-

ſore you enter into engagements which may limit your own power, or make your will dependent on that of another perſon, ſecure a handſome proviſion for him, for his life, in caſe he ſurvive your mother.

I thank you, my deareſt ward, for the affection you expreſs for my beloved Miſs Byron. She loves you ſo tenderly, that it would have been a concern to me, had ſhe not engaged *your* love and confidence. You highly oblige me by promiſing to conſult her on all material occaſions. The benefit *you* will receive from her prudent advice and example, and the delight *ſhe* will receive from your company, will be a happineſs to all three. My Emily may depend upon every thing to make it completely ſo, that ſhall be in the power of

Her faithful friend and ſervant,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XX.

Miſs JERVOIS, *To Sir* CHARLES GRANDISON.

Thurſday, Nov. 2.

A FEW lines, Sir: a very few—Not to ſhew my vanity, my pride, in being allowed to write to my guardian; not to preſume to draw him into an intercourſe of letters. No, Sir; I write only to thank you, which I do a thouſand thouſand times, for the eaſe, the joy you have given to my heart. O how I dreaded to open your letter! But I could not have expected it to be ſo *very* indulgent to a faulty girl. Not *one* rebuke! Oh Sir! how *very* good you are! And to ſend me the money to clear my debts! To bid me make my preſent! In ſo gracious a manner to bid me! And to put me upon promiſing a proviſion for life for Mr O'Hara,

if

if he ſurvive my mother; which will prevent their thinking themſelves obliged to live more narrowly while they are together, in order to ſave in view of ſuch an unhappy event!—I flew to them with the good news—I read the whole letter to them. O how their hearts bleſſed you at their eyes, for they could not preſently ſpeak; and how my tears mingled with theirs! O Sir, you made us all infants!—I, for my part, am ſtill a baby!—Did I ever cry ſo much for grief, as you have made me cry for joy?—It is well ſomething now and then comes to check one's joy; there would be no bearing it elſe. But I ſhall encroach on your precious time. Thank you, thank you, Sir, a hundred thouſand times. My mother is happy! Mr O'Hara is happy! Miſs Byron will ſoon be the happieſt of all human beings, thank God!—You, my guardian, muſt be one of the happieſt of men! May every body elſe be happy that you wiſh to be ſo!: and then how happy will be, good Sir,

Your dutiful ward, and obliged ſervant,
ever to be commanded,
EMILY JERVOIS.

They ſay you ſet out for Northamptonſhire next *Monday* or *Tueſday* at furtheſt. Lord bleſs me! Lord bleſs you! I would ſay—And bleſs every body you love!—Amen!—for ever and ever.

LETTER XXI.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady* G.

Thurſday, Nov. 2.

I HAVE laid before you, my dear Lady G. the letters of your brother and Signor Jeronymo; as

as alſo my anſwer to that of your brother: My ſpirits never were ſo unequal. All joy at one time, apprehenſion at another, that ſomething will ſtill happen.—Greville is reported to be *ſo* gloomy, *ſo* ſilent! He hates me, he ſays.—And here, unexpectedly, is poor Mr Orme returned. Amended in his health a little, thoſe who have ſeen him ſay, and he thinks ſo—I am glad of it. And here are we ſitting in judgment, my aunt lady-preſident, on the patterns you have ſent: My uncle too will have his opinion to be taken—And Mr Deane, who threatened he would not come to Selby-houſe till the ſettlements were to be ſigned, or read—I cannot tell *what*—will be here on Saturday.

Mr Orme has deſired leave to viſit me to-morrow. My uncle *ſo* hurries my ſpirits, not with his raillery, as he uſed to do—but with his joy. He talks of nothing but the coming down of your brother, and the limited three days after, and numbers the days, nay, the hours as they fly: For he ſuppoſes Sir Charles will be here on Monday at furtheſt; and calls that a delay of particular grace and favour to me. For has he not told you, ſaid he, that nothing after Friday can, on his part, detain him from us?

But, Lady G. will he not write to my laſt before he comes? Say my uncle what he pleaſes, your brother can't be down before Saturday ſe'ennight at ſooneſt.

Your fancy and Lady L.'s determine us. My aunt has undertaken this province: She therefore will write to you what ſhe thinks fit. Is there not too much glare in the flowered ſilver, as you deſcribe it? Don't, my dear, let me be a bride in a maſquerade habit. Humility becomes perſons of ſome degree. We want not glare: We are *known* to be able to afford rich dreſſes. Something muſt be done, I grant, on our *appearance*; for an appearance

pearance we muſt not diſpenſe with here in the country, whatever you people of quality may do in town. But let me not, I beſeech you, or as little as poſſible, be marked out for a *luſtre;* and be ſo good as to throw in a hint to this purpoſe to the dear buſy girls here, as from yourſelves; for they are exerciſing their fancies, as if I were to be a Queen of the May. Your authorities will ſupport me, if they give me cauſe to differ in opinion from them.

MISS ORME has juſt been with me. She confirms her brother's amendment. She is ſorry that his impatience has brought him over, when the climate was ſo favourable to him. She ſays, I ſhall find him ſincerely diſpoſed to congratulate me on my happy proſpect, of which ſhe has given him ample particulars. He could not, ſhe ſays, but expreſs himſelf pleaſed, that neither Fenwick nor Greville, but that one of ſo ſuperior a character is to be the man.

What greater felicity can a young creature propoſe to herſelf, in the days of courtſhip, than to find every one in her family, and out of it, applauding her choice? Could I, a few weeks ago, have thought—But huſhed be vanity! Pride, withdraw! Meek-eyed humility ſtand forth!—Am I indeed to be the happieſt of women? Will nothing happen—O no, no! Heaven will protect your brother—Yet this Greville is a trouble to me. Not becauſe of my horrid dream; I am not ſo ſuperſtitious as to let them diſturb me: But from a hint he gave Miſs Orme.

She met him this morning at a neighbouring lady's. He thus accoſted her: I underſtand, madam, that your brother is returned. He is a happy man. Juſt in time to ſee Miſs Byron married. Fenwick, a dog! is gone to howl at Carliſle on the occaſion. Your brother, Miſs Orme, and I have nothing

nothing to do but howl in recitative to each other here.

My brother, Mr Greville, anſwered Miſs Orme, I am ſure will behave like a man on the occaſion: Nor can you have reaſon to howl as you call it. Sir Charles Grandiſon is *your* particular friend, you know.

True, Miſs Orme, affecting to laugh off this hit, I thought I could have braved it out; but now the matter comes near, it ſticks here, juſt here, pointing to his throat: I cannot get it through my gizzard. Plaguy hard of digeſtion! making faces in his light way.

But will your brother, proceeded he, be contented to ſtay within the noiſe of the bells, which will (in a few days perhaps) be ſet a-ringing for ten miles round! Sir Charles drives on at a d—nable rate, I hear. "But he muſt let me die 'decently, I can tell him: We will not part for 'ever with the flower of our country, without 'conditions." Shall *you* ſee the Syren, madam? If you do, tell her, that I have no chance for peace but in hating her heartily. But (whiſpering Miſs Orme) bid her NOT TO BE TOO SECURE.

I was ſtrangely ſtruck with theſe laſt words, for my ſpirits were not high before. I repeated them, I dwelt upon them, and wept.—Fool that I was! But I ſoon recollected myſelf, and deſired Miſs Orme not to take notice of my tender folly.

Friday.

I have had a viſit from Mr Orme. He has given *me* ſome pleaſure. I added not to *his* melancholy. He aſked me ſeveral intereſting queſtions, which I would not have anſwered any other man, as I told him. I ſhall always value Mr Orme. Your brother is the moſt generous of men: But were he not ſo very generous, he ought to allow for my *civility* to this worthy man, ſince I can applaud

plaud *him* with my whole heart for *loving* the noble Clementina. What a narrow-hearted creature muſt I be if I did not?—But as a woman's honour is of a more delicate nature, I believe, than a man's, with regard to *perſonal* love; ſo perhaps, if *this* be allowed me, a man may be as jealous of a woman's *civility* (in general caſes I mean) as a woman may be of a man's *love* to another object. This may ſound ſtrange at firſt hearing, Lady G. but I know what I mean.——No body elſe does, Harriet, perhaps you will ſay.—But they would, I reply, if I were to explain myſelf; which at preſent, if you apprehend me not, I have no inclination to do.

How did this worthy man praiſe Sir Charles Grandiſon! He muſt ſee that my pride, no, not pride, my gratitude, was raiſed by it, as well to the *praiſer* as the *praiſed*. He concluded with a bleſſing on us both, which he uttered in a different manner from what that Balaam-Greville uttered his: It was followed with tears, good man! and he left me almoſt unable to ſpeak. How grateful in our ears are the praiſes beſtowed on thoſe whom we fondly love!

Lucy thinks I had beſt go to my grandmamma's before he comes down, and that he ſhould viſit me there from Selby-houſe. Neither my aunt nor I am of this opinion; but that he ſhould himſelf go to Shirley-manor, and viſit us from thence. For is not Selby-houſe my uſual place of reſidence? My grandmamma will be delighted with his company and converſation. But as he cannot think of coming down before the latter end of next week at the ſooneſt, it is time enough to conſider of theſe things. Yet *can* a young creature, the awful ſolemnity ſo near, and with a man whom ſhe prefers to all others, find room in her head for any other topic!

I have

I have a letter from good Mrs Reeves. She and my couſin are ſo full of this agreeable ſubject, that they invite themſelves down to us, and hope we will excuſe them for their earneſtneſs on this occaſion. They are prodigiouſly earneſt. I wonder my couſin can think of leaving her little boy. My aunt ſays, there is no denying them. How ſo?—Surely one may excuſe one's ſelf to friends one ſo dearly loves. *Your* preſence, my Charlotte, I own, would be a high ſatisfaction to me: Yet you would be a little unmanageable I doubt. There can be no hope of Lady L.'s: But if there were, neither ſhe nor any body elſe could keep you orderly.—Poor dear Emily!—My aunt wiſhes that we *could* have had her with us: But, for her own ſake, it muſt not be. How often do I revolve that reflection of your brother's, that, in our happieſt proſpects, the ſighing heart will confeſs imperfection!—But I will not add another word, after I have aſſured you, my deareſt ladies, that I am, and ever will be,

Your grateful and moſt affectionate humble ſervant,
HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Miſs* BYRON.

Friday, Nov. 3.

RECEIVE, deareſt, lovelieſt of women, the thanks of a moſt grateful heart for your invaluable favour of Wedneſday laſt. Does my *Harriet* (already, methinks, I have ſunk the name of Byron into that of Grandiſon), do Mrs Shirley, Mrs Selby think, that I have treated one of the moſt delicate of female minds indelicately, in the *wiſh* (not the *preſcription*) I have preſumed to ſignify

nify to the beloved of my heart, that within three days after my *permitted* return to Northamptonſhire, I may be allowed to receive at the altar the greateſt bleſſing of my life? I would not be thought ungenerous. I ſignified my wiſhes; but I told you in the ſame letter, that your *chearful* compliance was to me the great deſireable. In every thing, from the date of the condeſcending letter before me, to the laſt of my life, ſhall your wiſhes determine mine. I will have your whole heart in the grant of every requeſt I make to you, or you ſhall have the chearful acquieſcence of mine with your will. Permit me to ſay, that the family punctilio was not out of my thoughts when I expreſſed my own ardent wiſhes to you. Does not the world about you expect, on the return of the happy man, a ſpeedy ſolemnization? I imagined, that whether he be permitted to make the place of his abode Selby-houſe or Shirley-manor, you would not that the happy day ſhould be long deferred, which ſhould give him rank as one of the dear family.

Our equipages, my deareſt life, are all in great forwardneſs. In tenderneſs to you, I have forborne to conſult you upon ſome parts of them, as my regard for your judgment would otherwiſe have obliged me to do. The ſettlements are all ready. Our good Mr Deane is ready to attend you with them. Allow me then to do myſelf the honour of preſenting myſelf before you at Selby-houſe, on Tueſday next. I will leave it to you to diſtinguiſh the happieſt day of my life, whether within the ſucceeding three, four, five, or even ſix of my return.

If I have not your commands to the contrary, Tueſday morning then, if not Monday night, ſhall preſent to you the moſt ardent and ſincere of men, pouring out on your hand his grateful vows for the invaluable favour of Wedneſday's date, which I

conſidered in the ſacred light of a plighted love; and, as ſuch, have given it a place next my heart.

My moſt reſpectful compliments to all whom we both ſo juſtly hold dear, conclude me, deareſt madam,

Your moſt grateful, obliged,
And ever-affectionate,
CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXIII.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady* G.

Monday Morning, Nov. 6.

I SEND you, my deareſt Lady G. a copy of your brother's letter of Friday laſt. Lucy has tranſcribed it for you. Lucy is very obliging. She deſires to be allowed to correſpond with you; and makes a merit of theſe tranſcriptions for an introduction; that is her view. I give you fair notice of it, that you may either check or encourage her, as you think fit.

Have I not cauſe to think your brother a little out of the way in his reſolution of ſo ſudden a return?—This night, perhaps, or to-morrow morning—I am vexed, my dear, becauſe he is ſuch an anticipater, that he leaves not to me the merit of obliging him *beyond* his expectation. However, I ſhall rejoice to ſee him. The moment he enters the room where I am, he can have no faults.

My aunt, who thinks he is full haſty, is gone to dine with my grandmamma, and intends to ſettle with that dear parent every thing for his reception at Shirley-manor. Nancy is gone with her. My uncle, at Mr Orme's invitation, is gone to dine with that worthy man.

Monday

Monday Afternoon.

O MY deareſt Lady G.! what ſhall we do? All quarrels are at an end! all petulance, all folly!—I may never, never be his at all!—I may, before the expected time of his arrival, be the moſt miſerable of women!—Your brother, beſt of men!—may be—Ah—my Charl——

TERRIFIED to death, my pen fell from my fingers—I fainted away—Nobody came near me. I know I was not long inſenſible—My terrors broke through even the fit I fell into—Nothing but death itſelf could make me long inſenſible, on ſuch an occaſion—O how I ſhall terrify you!—Deareſt Lady G.—But here, here comes my Lucy—Let her give the occaſion of my anguiſh.

The following written by Miſs Lucy Selby.

AT my couſin's requeſt, while ſhe is lain down, I proceed, my good Lady G. to account to you for her terrors, and for mine alſo—Dear creature!—But don't be too much terrified: God, we hope, God, we *pray*, will protect your brother! Mr Greville cannot be capable of the ſhocking miſchief, barbarity, villainy, which, it is apprehended, he has in view: God will protect your brother!

Here, a note was brought from an *anonymous* hand—I don't know what I write—from an *unknown* hand; ſignifying, that Mr Greville was heard to threaten the life of your brother; and we are told by more than one, that he is moody, and in a bad way as to his mind. And he left his houſe this morning; ſo the note ſays (and *that* he *certainly* did); and was ſeen to take the London road, with ſeveral ſervants, and others—And the dear Harriet has diſtracted herſelf and me with her apprehenſions. My aunt out, my uncle out, none but maid-ſervants at home. We, before ſhe came up to her cloſet, ran up and down, directing and undirecting; and ſhe promiſed to go up, and

try to compoſe herſelf, till my uncle came from *the Park*, where he is to dine with Mr Orme. He is ſent for—Thank God my uncle is come!—

By *Miſs* BYRON.

And what, my dear Lady G. can his coming ſignify? Lucy is gone down to ſhew him the anonymous writer's note. Dear, dear Sir! Lord of my wiſhes! forgive me all my petulance. Come ſafe—God grant it!—Come ſafe! And hand and heart I will be yours, if you require it, to-morrow morning!

HERE, Lady G. follows the copy of the alarming note. I broke the ſeal. It was thus directed:

To GEORGE SELBY, *Eſq; With ſpeed, ſpeed, ſpeed.*

Honoured Sir,

A VERY great reſpecter of one of the moſt generous and nobleſt of men (Sir Charles Grandiſon I mean) informs you, that his life is in great danger. He over-heard Mr Greville ſay, in a rageful manner, as by his voice, "I never will 'allow ſuch a prize to be carried from me. He 'ſhall die the death," and ſwore to it. He was a little in wine, it is true; and I ſhould have diſregarded it for that reaſon, had I not informed myſelf that he is ſet out with armed men this morning. Make what uſe you pleaſe of this: You never will know the writer. But love and reverence to the young baronet is all my motive. So help me God!

Two of my uncle's tenants, ſeverally, ſaw the ſhocking creature on the London road, with ſervants. What will become of me, before morning, if he arrive not this night in ſafety!

Monday

Monday Night, Eleven.

MY uncle diſpatched two ſervants to proceed on the London road as far as they could go for day-light. He himſelf rode to Mr Greville's. Mr Greville had been out all day, and well attended—Expected, however, to return at night.—To prepare for his eſcape (who knows?) after the blackeſt of villainies. My aunt is in tears; my uncle repreſents aggravating circumſtances. Our preparations, your brother's preparations; Mr Deane's expected arrival of to-morrow—Lucy weeps; Nancy wrings her hands—Your Harriet is in ſilent anguiſh—She can weep no more!—She can write no more!

Tueſday morning, 8 o'Clock, Nov. 7.

WHAT a dreadful night have I had! Not a wink of ſleep.

And nobody ſtirring Afraid to come down, I ſuppoſe, for fear of ſeeing each other. My eyes are ſwelled out of my head.—I wonder my uncle is not down. *He* might give orders about ſomething—I know not what. What dreadful viſions had I already, as it ſeemed, to continue my diſturbance, could I have cloſed my eyes to give ſeeming form to the flying ſhadows! *Waking* dreams: For I was broad awake: Sally ſat up with me. Such ſtartlings! ſuch abſences!—I never was ſo before. Such another night would I not have for the world! I can only write. Yet *what* do I write? To what purpoſe?—You muſt not ſee what I have written. Now on my knees, praying, vowing: Now—*O my Lucy!*

LUCY entered juſt here—Nancy followed her—Nancy tormented me with her reveries of the paſt night: My aunt is not well; ſhe has not ſlept: My uncle fell into a doſe, about his uſual riſing-time: He has had no reſt. My grandmamma muſt not know the occaſion of our grief, till it

cannot be kept from her—*If*—But no more—Dreadful *If*——

LETTER XXIV.

Miss BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Tuesday, 12 o'Clock, Nov. 7.

In a small hand, under the Subscription of the inner Cover.

My dearest Lady G. pray read the first page of this Letter before you open the other dreadful one, sealed with five seals, and stitched to the Cover (that it may not slide *officiously* into your hands). Lucy will have me send the whole of that shocking letter. Against my judgment, I comply.

WE met this morning, soul-less, and forlorn, all equally unable either to give or receive consolation. The officious note was taken up, laid down, taken up again: the hand endeavoured to be guessed at: And at last it was concluded, to dispatch a servant to Mr Greville's, to learn news of the supposed traitor.

But behold! before the servant could return, in a riding-dress, having alighted at the outward gate, entered the hall your noble brother. I was the first whom he saw; the first who saw him. I was just going out, intending (yet hardly knowing my intention) to walk in the elm-row fronting the house, in order to shorten the way of the returning servant with news.

He cast himself at my feet. Something he said, and more he intended to say; excusing his early return, and thanking me for my favour of the Wednesday before; when my joyful surprise overpowered both my speech and senses.—And what will

will you ſay to me, when I tell you, that, on my recovery, I found myſelf in his arms, mine claſped about his neck?

He was ſurpriſed at my emotion. Well he might—Every one, in a moment, crouded about him—My aunt alſo folded her arms around him. —Welcome, welcome, welcome, was all ſhe could at that inſtant ſay.

I, utterly abaſhed, trembling, and doubting my feet, motioned to quit the hall for the parlour—But nobody minded me; all were buſied in congratulating the joy of every heart; till Sally preſenting herſelf, I leaned upon her, and ſtaggering to the parlour, threw myſelf into an elbow-chair.

Your brother, attended by all my friends, followed me in. My heart again bid him welcome, though my eye could not, at that inſtant, bear his. He took my hand, as I ſat, between both his, and in the moſt reſpectful manner preſſing it with his lips, beſought me to compoſe myſelf.

They had hinted to him in the hall the cauſe of all our emotions—They had as much reaſon to bluſh as I had.—Nancy, it ſeems, even Nancy, ſnatched his hand, and kiſſed it, in raptures. How dear is he to us all! He ſees it now: There can be no reſerves to him after this. Punctilio! *Family-punctilio!* mentioned he in his letter!—We have now no pretenſions to it—

His eyes ſhone with grateful ſenſibility. Look down upon me, lovelieſt of women, ſaid he, with a bent knee: Look down upon me, and tell me you forgive me for my early return: But, tho' returned, I am entirely at your devotion.

Lucy ſays, ſhe never ſaw me more to my advantage. I looked down upon him, as he bid me, ſmiling through my tears. He ſtole gently my handkerchief from my half-hid face; with it he dried

dried my unaverted cheek, and put it, ſhe ſays, in his boſom. I have loſt it.

My uncle and aunt withdrew with him, and acquainted him with all particulars. To them he acknowledged, in words of eloquent love, my uncle ſaid, the honour done him by me, and by us all, in the demonſtration we had given of our tender regard for him.

I was, by the time of their return to us, pretty well recovered. Sir Charles approached me, without taking notice of the emotion I had been in. Mr and Mrs Selby tell me, ſaid he to me, that I am to be favoured with a reſidence at our venerable Mrs Shirley's. This, though a high honour, looks a little diſtant; ſo would the next door, if it were not under the ſame roof with my Miſs Byron: But, ſmiling tenderly upon me, I ſhall preſume to hope, that this very diſtance will turn to my account. Mrs Shirley's Harriet cannot decline paying her accuſtomed duty to the beſt of grandmothers.

Bowing, I ſhall not, Sir, ſaid I, be the more backward to pay my duty to my grandmamma, for your obliging her with your company.

Thus, reſumed he, ſnatching my hand, and ardently preſſing it with his lips, do I honour to myſelf for the honour done me. How poor is man, that he cannot expreſs his gratitude to the object of his vows, for obligations conferred, but by owing to her new obligation!

Then turning round to my aunt—It is incumbent upon me, madam, ſaid he, to pay my early devoirs to Mrs Shirley, the *hoſpitable* Mrs Shirley, repeated he, ſmiling; which looked as if he expected to be here. *There*, beſides, (looking pleaſantly upon my aunt) I may be aſked—*here* I am not—to break my faſt.

This ſet us all into motion. My uncle ran out to look after Sir Charles's ſervants, who, it ſeems, in

in our hurry, were diſregarded: Their horſes in the court-yard; three of them walking about, waiting their maſter's orders. My uncle was ready, in the true taſte of old Engliſh hoſpitality, to *pull* them in.

Chocolate was inſtantly brought for their maſter; and a diſh for each of us. We had made but a poor breakfaſt, any of us. I could get nothing down before. My aunt put a ſecond diſh into my hand: I took her kind meaning, and preſented it to Sir Charles. How gratefully did he receive it! Will it *always* be ſo, Lady G.? My love, heightened by my duty, ſhall not, when the obligation is doubled, make me leſs deſerving of his politeneſs, if I can help it.

But ſtill this dreadful note, and Greville's reported moodineſs, made us uneaſy: The ſervant we ſent returned, with information that Mr Greville came home late laſt night. He was not ſtirring, it ſeems, though eleven o'clock, when the ſervant reached his houſe. He is ſaid to be not well; and, as one ſervant of his told ours, ſo very fretful, and ill-tempered, that they none of them know how to ſpeak to him. God grant—But let me keep to myſelf ſuch of my apprehenſions as are founded on conjecture—Why ſhould I not hope the beſt? Is not your beloved brother at preſent ſafe? And is he not the care of Providence? —I humbly truſt he is.

Sir Charles took the note. I think I have ſeen the hand, ſaid he: If I have, I ſhall find out the writer. I dare ſay, it is written with a good intention.

My uncle and we all expreſſed, ſome in words, ſome by looks, our apprehenſions.

There cannot poſſibly be room for any, ſaid Sir Charles; always preſent to himſelf. Mr Greville loves Miſs Byron. It is no wonder, as his apprehenſions of loſing all hopes of her for ever grow

ſtronger,

ſtronger, that he ſhould be uneaſy. He would make but an ill compliment to her merit, and his own ſincerity, if he were not But ſuch a ſtake as he has in his country, he cannot have deſperate intentions. I remember to his advantage his laſt behaviour here. I will make him a viſit. I muſt engage Mr Greville to rank me in the number of his friends.

What he ſaid gave us comfort. No wonder if we women love courage in a man: We *ought*, if it be true courage, like that of your excellent brother. After all, my dear, I think we muſt allow a natural ſuperiority in the minds of men over women. Do we not want protection? And does not that want imply inferiority?—Yet if there be two ſorts of courage, an *acquired* and *natural*, why may not the former be obtained by women, as well as by men, were they to have the ſame education? NATURAL courage may belong to either. Had Miſs Barnevelt, for example, had a boy's education, ſhe would have probably challenged her man, on provocation given; and he might have come off but poorly.

But we have more ſilly antipathies than men, which help to keep us down: Whether thoſe may not ſometimes be owing to affectation, do you, Lady G. who, however, have as little affectation as ever woman had, determine. A frog, a toad, a ſpider, a beetle, an earwig, will give us mighty pretty tender terror; while the heroic men will trample the inſect under foot, and look the more brave for their barbarity, and for our *delicate* ſcreaming. But, for an *adventure*, if a lover get us into one, we frequently leave him a great way behind us. Don't you think ſo, Lady G.?—— Were not this Greville ſtill in my head, methinks I could be as pert as ever.

Sir Charles told us, that he ſhould have been with us laſt night, but for a viſit he was obliged to pay

pay to Sir Harry Beauchamp; to make up for which hindrance, he took horſe, and ordered his equipage to follow him.

He is gone to pay his duty, as he is pleaſed to call it, to my grandmamma, in my uncle's coach, my uncle with him. If they cannot prevail on my grandmamma to come hither to dinner, and if ſhe is deſirous Sir Charles ſhould dine with her, he will oblige her—*by my aunt's leave*, was his addreſs to her. But perhaps ſhe will have the goodneſs to add her company to his, as ſhe knows *that* will give us all double pleaſure: She loves to give pleaſure. Often does the dear lady ſay, "How 'can palſied age, which is but a terrifying ob-'ject to youth, expect the indulgence, the love of 'the young and gay, if it does not ſtudy to pro-'mote thoſe pleaſures which itſelf was fond of in 'youth? Enjoy innocently your ſeaſon, girls, 'once ſaid ſhe, ſetting half a ſcore of us into 'country dances. I watch for the failure of my 'memory; and ſhall never give it over for quite 'loſt, till I forget what were my own innocent 'wiſhes and delights in the days of my youth."

Tueſday, Five o'Clock.

My uncle and Sir Charles came back to dinner; my grandmamma with them. She was ſo good as to give them her company, at the firſt word. Sir Charles, as we ſat at dinner, and afterwards, ſaw me weak in mind, baſhful, and not quite recovered; and he ſeemed to watch my uncle's eyes, and ſo much diverted him and all of us, that my uncle had not opportunity to put forth, as uſual. How did this kind protection aſſure me! I thought myſelf quite well; and was ſo chearfully ſilent when Sir Charles talked, that my grandmamma and aunt, who had placed me between them, whiſpered me ſeverally—You look charmingly eaſy, love—

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You

You look like yourſelf, my dear. Yet ſtill this miſchievous Greville ran in my head.

My uncle took notice, that Sir Charles had ſaid he gueſſed at the writer of the note. He wiſhed he would give him an *item*, as he called it, whom he thought of.

You obſerve, Sir, anſwered Sir Charles, that the writer ſays, Mr Greville was in wine. He profeſſes to be an encourager of the people of the George in Northampton. He often appoints company to meet him there. I imagine the writer to be the head waiter of the houſe: The bills delivered me in ſeem to have been written in ſuch a hand as the note, as far as I can carry the hand-writing in my eye.

Ads-heart, ſaid my uncle, that's undoubtedly right: Your name's up, Sir, I can tell you among men, women, and children. This man, in his note, calls you (look, elſe!) the moſt generous and noble of men. He ſays, we *ſhall never know the writer!*—Ads-dines! the man muſt deal in art magic that conceals himſelf from you, if you have a mind to find him out.

Well, but, ſaid Lucy, if this *be* ſo, I am concerned at the reality of the information. Such threatnings as Mr Greville throws out are not to be ſlighted. Very true, ſaid my uncle. Mr Deane and I (Mr Deane will certainly be here by and bye) will go and diſcourſe with Greville himſelf to-morrow, pleaſe the Lord.

Sir Charles begged that this matter might be left to his management. Mr Greville and I, ſaid he, are upon ſuch a foot, as, whether he be ſo ſincerely my friend as I am his, or not, will warrant a viſit to him; and he cannot but take it as a civility, on my return into theſe parts.

Should he be affronting, Sir Charles? ſaid my uncle—

I can have patience, if he ſhould. He cannot be groſsly ſo.

I know not *that*, replied my uncle: Mr Greville is a *roiſter!*

Well, dear Mr Selby, leave this matter to me. *Were* there to be danger, the way to avoid it is not to appear to be afraid of it. One man's fear gives another courage. I have no manner of doubt of being able to bring Mr Greville with me to an amicable diſh of tea, or to dinner, which you pleaſe, to-morrow.

Ads-heart, Sir, I wiſh not to ſee at *either* the wretch who could threaten the life of a man ſo dear to us all.

Sir Charles bowed to my uncle for his ſincere compliment. I have nothing to do, ſaid he, but to invite myſelf either to breakfaſt, or dine with *him*. His former ſcheme of appearing to the world well with me, in order to ſave his ſpirit, will be reſumed, and all will be right.

My aunt expreſſed her fears, however, and looked at me, as I did at her, with a countenance, I ſuppoſe, far from being unapprehenſive: But Sir Charles ſaid, You muſt leave me, my dear friends, to my own methods, nor be anxious for my ſafety. I am not a raſh man: I can pity Mr Greville; and the man I pity cannot eaſily provoke me.

We were all the eaſier for what the charmingly-cool, becauſe truly-brave, man ſaid on a ſubject which has given us all ſo much terror.

But was he not very good, my dear, not to ſay one word all this day of the important errand on which he came down? And to *lead* the ſubjects of converſation with deſign, as my aunt and grandmamma both thought, as well as I, that my uncle ſhould *not?* and to give me time to recover my ſpirits? Yet when he did addreſs himſelf to me, never were tenderneſs and reſpect ſo engagingly mingled. This my uncle obſerved, as well as my aunt and Lucy. How the duce, ſaid he, does this Sir Charles manage it? He has a way no man but him ever found out—He can court without ſpeech: He can

take one's heart and ſay never a word. Hay, Harriet! looking archly.

Mr Deane is come—In charming health and ſpirits—Thank God! With what cordiality did Sir Charles and he embrace each other!

Sir Charles attended my grandmamma home: So we had not his company at ſupper. No convenience without its contrary. He is her own ſon: She is his own parent. Such an unaffected love on both ſides!—Such a ſweetly-eaſy, yet reſpectful, familiarity between them! What additional pleaſures muſt a young woman in my ſituation have, when ſhe can conſider herſelf as the bond of union between the family ſhe is of, and that ſhe is entering into! How dreadful, on the contrary, muſt be *her* caſe, who is the occaſion of propagating diſſention, irreconcileable hatred and abhorrence, between her own relations and thoſe of the man to whom ſhe for life engages herſelf!

My grandmother and Sir Charles were no ſooner gone, than my uncle began to talk with Mr Deane on the ſubject that is neareſt all our hearts. I was afraid the converſation would not be managed to my liking; and having too juſt an excuſe to aſk leave to withdraw, from bad, or rather no reſt laſt night, I made uſe of it; and here in my cloſet (preparing now, however for it) am I

Your ever-affectionate

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Wedneſday Morning, Nov. 8.

SIR Charles let my grandmother come hither by herſelf. He is gone to viſit that Greville. We are all in pain for him: But Mr Deane comforts us.

After breakfaſt, thus began my uncle upon me.

Here, Dame Selby, are we ſtill *at a fault?* Harriet knows not what ſhe would be at; and you uphold in her *nonſenſes*. Delicacy! Delicacy! The duce take me, if I have any notion of it!—What a *pize* are you about?

Dear Sir! why am I blamed? ſaid I. What would you have me do, that I have *not* done?

Do! why I would have you give him his day, and keep to it; *that* I would have you do: And not ſhilly-ſhally for ever—and ſubject the beſt of men to inſults. All your men will be eaſy and quiet, when the ceremony is over, and they know there is no remedy.

My good Mr Selby, ſaid my grandmamma, you now blame without reaſon. Sir Charles was full haſty. Harriet was a little more nice perhaps, her lover conſidered, than ſhe needed to be. Yet I don't know, but I, in her caſe, ſhould have done as ſhe did; and expected as much time as ſhe was willing to take. It was not a *very* long one, Mr Selby, from the declaration he made; and he is a man himſelf of great delicacy. Harriet very readily acknowledged to him the preference ſhe gave him to all men; and when ſhe found him very earneſt for a ſhort day, ſhe, by her laſt letter, threw herſelf generouſly into his power. He is full of acknowledgments upon it; and ſo he *ought* to be. To *me* he has ſaid all that a man ſhould ſay of his gratitude, upon the occaſion: and he declared to me

laſt night, that it was with difficulty he forbore taking advantage of her goodneſs to him: But that he checked himſelf, and led to other ſubjects, ſeeing how much the dear creature was diſordered, and being apprehenſive, that if he had begun upon one ſo intereſting, or even wiſhed to talk with her alone, he ſhould have increaſed her diſorder.

Oy, Oy! Sir Charles is conſiderate; and Harriet ſhould be grateful: But indeed my Dame Selby is as ſilly, to the full, as Harriet. She is for having Harriet keep *her* in countenance in the dance ſhe led me ſo many years ago—Lady G. for my money. She finds you all out in your maſonry.

Mr Selby, ſaid my aunt, I only refer myſelf to what our venerable parent juſt now ſaid.

And ſo don't think it worth while to hold an argument with me, I ſuppoſe?

I did not know, my dear, that you *wanted* to hold an argument.

Your ſervant, madam—with that ſly leer—*So* like Harriet! and Harriet *ſo* like you!

But, Mr Selby, ſaid my grandmamma, will you be pleaſed to tell the dear child, if you think her wrong, what is the next ſtep ſhe ſhould take?

Think her wrong!—Next ſtep!—Why the next ſtep is, as ſhe has promiſed to oblige him, and to be directed by him, to keep her word, and not *hum* nor *haw* about the matter.

Mr Deane, who had been ſhewn and told everything that had paſſed ſince we ſaw him laſt, ſaid, You don't *know*, Mr Selby, that my daughter Byron will make unneceſſary parade. Sir Charles, you find, in tenderneſs to her, aſked no queſtion yeſterday; made no claim—*She* could not begin the ſubject.

But, ſaid Lucy, I cannot but ſay that my couſin is in *ſome* fault.

Look you there now! ſaid my uncle.

We

We all ſtared at Lucy; for ſhe ſpoke and looked very ſeriouſly.

Might ſhe not have ſaid, proceeded ſhe, when Sir Charles ſurpriſed her at his firſt arrival (what tho' her heart was divided between paſt terror and preſent joy?) Here I am, Sir, at your ſervice: Are you prepared for to-morrow?—And then made him one of her beſt courteſies.

Sauce-box!—Well, well, I believe I have been a little haſty in my judgment (rapping under the table with his knuckles): But I am ſo afraid that ſomething will happen between the cup and the lip—Here, laſt night, I dreamt that Lady Clementina and he were going to be married—Give me your hand, my dear Harriet, and don't revoke the *kindneſs* in your laſt letter to him, but whatever be the day he propoſes, comply, and you will win my heart for ever.

As Sir Charles *leads*, Harriet muſt *follow*, reſumed my grandmamma. You men are ſad preſcribers in theſe delicate caſes, Mr Selby. You will be put to it, my dear love, taking my hand, before this day is over, now you ſeem ſo purely recovered. Sir Charles Grandiſon is not a dreaming lover. Prepare your mind, my child: You'll be put to it, I do aſſure you.

Why, oy; I can't but ſay, Sir Charles is a man—Don't you, my *lovely Love*, be too much a woman—too cloſe a copier of your aunt Selby here—and, as I ſaid, you will have my heart for ever—Oy, and Sir Charles too; for he is not one of your ſorry fellows that can't diſtinguiſh between a favour and a folly.

My uncle then went out with a flouriſh, and took Mr Deane with him; leaving only my grandmamma, my aunt, my Lucy, and your Harriet, together.

We had a good deal of talk upon the important ſubject. The concluſion was, that I would refer

Sir Charles to my grandmamma, if he were urgent for the day, and ſhe was veſted with a diſcretionary power to determine for her girl.

Such of my cloaths, then, as were near finiſhed, were ordered to be produced, with ſome of the ornaments. They were all to ſit in judgment upon them.

Surely, Lady G. theſe are ſolemn circumſtances, lightly as my uncle thinks of them. Muſt not every thoughtful young creature, on ſo great a change, and for life, have conflicts in her mind, be her proſpects ever ſo happy, as the day approaches? Of what materials muſt the hearts of runaways, and of fugitives, to men half-ſtrangers to them, be compounded?

My aunt has juſt left with me the following billet, from Sir Charles, directed to my uncle, from Mr Greville's:

Dear Mr Selby,

I REGRET every moment that I paſs out of Selby-houſe, or Shirley-manor: And as I have ſo few particular friends in theſe parts out of your family, I think I ought to account to you for the hours I do: Nor will I, now our friendſhip is ſo unalterably fixed and acknowledged, apologize for giving myſelf, by this means, the conſequence with your family, that every one of yours, for their ſingle ſakes, are of to me, ſuperadded to the tendereſt attachments to one dear perſon of it.

I found the gentleman in a leſs happy diſpoſition than I expected.

It is with inexpreſſible reluctance that he thinks, as my happy day draws near, of giving up all hopes of an object ſo dear to him. He ſeemed ſtrangely balancing on this ſubject, when I was introduced to him. He inſtantly propoſed to me, and with ſome fierceneſs, that I would ſuſpend all thoughts of marriage for *two* months to come, or

at

at leaſt for *one*. I received his requeſt with proper indignation. He pretended to give reaſons reſpecting himſelf: I allowed not of them.

After ſome canvaſſings, he ſwore, that he would be complied with in *ſomething*. His alternative was, my dining with him, and with ſome of his choſen friends, whom he had invited.

I have reaſon to think theſe friends are thoſe to whom he expreſſed himſelf with violence at the George, as over-heard, I ſuppoſe, by the waiter there.

He rode out, he owned, yeſterday morning, with intent to meet me; for he boaſts, that he knows all my motions, and thoſe of a certain beloved young lady. Let *him*, let *every body*, who thinks it their concern to watch our ſteps, be made acquainted with them: The honeſt heart aims not at ſecrets. I ſhould glory in receiving Miſs Byron's hand from yours, Sir, before ten thouſand witneſſes.

Mr Greville had rode out the night before; he did not *ſay* to meet me; but he knew I was expected at Selby-houſe, either on Monday night, or yeſterday morning: And on his return, not meeting me, he and his friends paſſed their night at the George, as mentioned, and rode out together in the morning—In hopes of meeting me, he ſaid; and to engage me to ſuſpend my happy day. Poor man! Had he been in his *right mind*, he could not have hoped (had he met me on the road) to have been *heard* on ſuch a ſubject.

An act of oblivion, and through reconciliation, he calls it, is to paſs, in preſence of his expected friends.

You will not take notice of what I have hinted at, out of the family, whatever was deſigned.

In the temper he would have found me in, had he met me, no harm could have happened; for he is really to be pitied.

We

We are now perfect friends. He is full of good wiſhes. He talks of a viſit to Lady Frampton, of a month. I write thus particularly, that I may not allow ſuch a ſubject as this to interfere with that delightful one which engroſſes my whole attention; and which I hope, in the evening, will be honoured with the attention of the beloved and admired of every heart, as well as that of

Your ever obliged and affectionate
CH. GRANDISON.

Poor wicked Greville!—May he go to Lady Frampton's, or where-ever elſe, ſo it be fifty miles diſtant from us. I ſhall be afraid of him, till I hear he has quitted, for a time, his ſeat in this neighbourhood.

What a glorious quality is courage, when it is diveſted of raſhneſs! When it is founded on integrity of heart, and innocence of life and manners! But, otherwiſe founded, is it not rather to be called *ſavageneſs*, and *brutality?*

How much trouble have I given your brother! What dangers have I involved him in! It cannot be poſſible for me ever to reward him.—But the proudeſt heart may deem it a glory to owe obligation to Sir Charles Grandiſon.

LETTER XXVI.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Wedneſday Night, Nov. 8.

SIR Charles broke away, and came hither by our tea-time. I was in my cloſet writing. They all crouded about him. He avoided particulars: Only ſaid, that all was friendſhip between Mr Greville and himſelf; and that Mr Greville came

came with him part of the way; full of his reſumed ſcheme of appearing to be on a good underſtanding with him, and a friend to the alliance between him and us.

Sir Charles looked about him, as if for ſomebody he ſaw not. My aunt came up to me: My dear, do you know who is come? She then gave me the above particulars. We had a ſummons to tea. We haſtened down. He met us both at the parlour-door. O madam, ſaid he, what precious hours have I loſt!—I have been patience itſelf!

I congratulated him on what my aunt had told me. I found he intended, as he ſays in his billet, that the particulars he gave in it ſhould anſwer our curioſity; and to have done with the ſubject. What a charming poſſeſſion of himſelf, that he could be in ſuch a brangle, as I may call it, and which might have had fatal conſequences; yet be ſo wholly, and ſo ſoon, diveſted of the ſubject; and ſo infinitely agreeable upon half a ſcore others, as they offered from one or other as we ſat at tea!

Tea was no ſooner over, but he ſingled me out—May I, madam, beg the favour of an half-hour's audience?

Sir, Sir! heſitated the ſimpleton, and was going to betray my expectation, by expreſſing ſome little reluctance; but, recollecting myſelf, I ſuffered him to lead me into the cedar-parlour. When there, ſeating me—Now, madam, let me again thank you, a thouſand and a thouſand times, for the honour of your laſt condeſcending letter.

He but juſt touched my hand, and appeared ſo *encouragingly* reſpectful—I muſt have loved him then, if I had not before.

You have, my deareſt Miſs Byron, a man before you, that never can be ungrateful. Believe me, my deareſt life, though I have urged you as I have, you are abſolutely your own miſtreſs of the day, and of *every day* of my life, as far as it ſhall be in my

my power to make you ſo. You part with power, my lovely Miſs Byron, but to find it with augmentation. Only let me beſeech you, now I have given it you back again, not to permit your heart to be ſwayed by *mere* motives of punctilio.

A charming glow had overſpread his cheek; and he looked as when I beheld him in his ſiſter's dreſſing-room, after he had reſcued me from the hands of the then cruel, now mortified, Sir Hargraxe Pollexfen.

Punctilio, *mere* punctilio, Sir, ſhall *not* weigh with me. What I wrote to you, I intended to comply with. My heart, Sir, is—*Yours!*—I would have ſaid—Why would not my tongue ſpeak it?—My, my, I ſtammered—Why did I ſtammer?—Had I not owned it *before* to be ſo?—My grandmamma, Sir, and aunt—I could not at that inſtant, for my life, ſay another word.

Sweet confuſion! I urge you no more on this topic juſt now: I joyfully take your reference. Then drawing a chair next me, he kiſſed his own hand, and held it out, as it were, courting mine. I yielded it to him, as by an involuntary motion—yet my heart was forwarder than my hand. He tenderly graſped it—retaining it—and inſtead of urging the approaching day, talked to me as if it were paſſed.

I have a requeſt to make to your grandmother, your uncle and aunt, your Lucy, and our Mr Deane; it is a very bold one: That when I have been bleſſed with your hand, they will be ſo good as to accompany their beloved Harriet, then no more Byron, but Grandiſon, to my family-ſeat, and ſee the beloved of every heart happily fixed, and in poſſeſſion of it. The houſe is venerable; I will not call it old, but large and convenient. Compaſſion for your neighbouring admirers will induce you to ſupport me in this requeſt. You cannot bear, I imagine, without a leſſening of your

own

own joy (if I prove the juſt, the grateful man to you, that, if I know myſelf, I ſhall be), either to ſee at church, or in your viſits, thoſe men who preferred you to all women; or, if they forbear the one or the other, to account with a gentle ſigh for their forbearance. Other women might triumph ſecretly on ſuch occaſions; but I, even I, the ſucceſsful, the diſtinguiſhed man, ſhall not forbear ſome inward pity for them. Now, madam, an excurſion of a month or two, if no more, made by thoſe dear friends, who otherwiſe will be loth, ſo ſoon as I wiſh, to part with you, will *wean*, as I may ſay, theſe unhappy men from you. Mr Orme, Mr Greville, will not then be obliged to quit their own houſes: All your *new* relations will attend you in turn, in the houſe that I always loved, and wiſhed to ſettle in; your own relations with you, and witneſſes of our mutual happineſs. Support me, generouſly ſupport me in this propoſal, when I ſhall be intitled, by your goodneſs, to make it.—Silent, my deareſt love!—If I have been too early in thus opening my heart to you, do me the juſtice to ſuppoſe that it is owing to my wiſhes to paſs over another intereſting ſubject which muſt take place before my propoſal can, and which, however, engages my whole heart.

I might well be ſilent: I could not find utterance for the emotions of my heart. I withdrew my hand to take my handkerchief [you have often told me, Lady G. that I was born in an April morning]; but putting it into my other hand, I gratefully (I hope not *too* fondly) laid it in his way to take again. He did, with an air that had both veneration and gratitude in it—My deareſt life, tenderly graſping it—how amiable this goodneſs!—You are not, I ſee, diſpleaſed.

Diſpleaſed—O Sir Charles!—But, alas! while I am too happy, the exalted lady abroad!—She! ſhe only—Your friend Jeronymo's laſt letter—

Thus

Thus brokenly did I expreſs (what my heart was full of) her worthineſs, my inferiority.

Exalted creature!—Angelic goodneſs! You are Clementina and Harriet both in one: One mind certainly informs you both.

Juſt then came in my aunt Selby. I have, madam, ſaid he to her, been making a requeſt to your beloved niece: I am exceedingly earneſt in it. She will be ſo good as to break it to you; and I hope—

O Sir! interrupted my too eager aunt, ſuppoſing it had been for the day, Mrs Shirley has the power——

My dear aunt Selby! ſaid I.

What have I ſaid, love?

He caught eagerly at it—Happy miſtake! ſaid he. My dear Mrs Selby, I thank you.

He bowed, kiſſed my hand, and left me, to go to my grandmamma, to inform himſelf of what he had to hope for, as to the day, from her.

I told my aunt what the requeſt was, and ſhe approved of his propoſal. It will be the pride of your uncle's heart and mine, ſaid ſhe, to ſee you ſettled in Grandiſon-hall.

In leſs than a quarter of an hour Sir Charles returned overjoyed, with an open billet in his hand, from the venerable parent. What ſhort work did my grandmamma make of it! This is it:

"TO me, my Harriet, you have referred the
'moſt important day of your life. May the
'Almighty ſhower down his bleſſings on it!
"Thurſday, next week, God willing, is the
'day which ſhall crown the happineſs of us all.
"Make no objections, my deareſt child.
"Haſten to me, and ſay, you acquieſce chear-
'fully in the determination of

'*Your ever-affectionate*
'HENRIETTA SHIRLEY."

Had

Had you ſeen, my dear Charlotte, with what tender reſpect your brother approached me, and with what an inimitable grace he offered me the open billet, how would you have been charmed with him! The excellent Mrs Shirley, ſaid he, would not permit me to bring this ineſtimable paper folded. I have contemplated the propitious lines all the way. On my knee let me thank you, my dear Miſs Byron, for your acquieſcence with her determination. He kiſſed my hand on one knee.

He ſaw me diſturbed [could I help it? There is ſomething awful in the fixing of the *very* day, Lady G.; but I tried to recover myſelf. I would fain avoid appearing guilty of affectation in his eyes.] I will not add a word more, my angel, ſaid he, on the joyful ſubject. Only tell me, ſhall we haſten to attend the condeſcending parent?

My duty to *her*, Sir, ſaid I, (but with more heſitation than I wiſhed) ſhall be an earneſt of that which I am ſo ſoon, ſo *very* ſoon to vow to *you*. And I gave him my hand.

There is no deſcribing to you, my dear Lady G. the looks, the manner with which it was received, by the moſt ardent, and yet moſt reſpectful of lovers.

I had ſcarce approached my grandmamma, and begun to utter ſomething of the *much* my heart was filled with, when my uncle and Mr Deane (by miſtake, I believe) were admitted.

Well, let us know every thing about it, ſaid my uncle——I hope Sir Charles is pleaſed. I hope——

The day was named to him.

Well, well, thank God! And he ſpoke in an accent that expreſſed his joy.

Your niece has pleaſed you *now*, I hope, Mr Selby, ſaid my grandmamma.

Pretty well! pretty well! God grant that we meet with no *put-offs!* I hardly longed ſo much for my own day with my dame Selby there, as I have done, and do, to ſee my Harriet Lady Grandiſon—God, God bleſs you, my deareſt love! and kiſſed my cheek—You have been very, *very* good in the main——And, but for dame Selby, would have been better, as far as I know.

You don't do me juſtice, my dear, replied my aunt.

Don't I!—Nor did I ever—taking kindly her hand. It was impoſſible, my dear Sir Charles Grandiſon, for ſuch a man as I to do juſtice to this excellent woman. *You* never, Sir, will be ſo *froppiſh* as I have been: It was in my nature: I could not help it: But I was always ſorry for it *afterwards*—But if Harriet make *you* no worſe a wife than my dame Selby has made *me*, you will not be unhappy—And yet I was led a tedious dance after her before I knew what ſhe would be at—I had like to have forgot that. But one thing I have to requeſt, proceeded my uncle——Mr Deane and I have been talking of it—God bleſs your dear ſouls, all of you, oblige me—It is, that we may have a joyful day of it, and that all our neighbours and tenants may rejoice with us. I muſt make the village ſmoak. No *hugger-mugger* doings—Let private weddings be for *doubtful* happineſs—

O my uncle! ſaid I——

And O my niece, too: I *muſt* have it ſo. Sir Charles, what ſay *you?* Are you for chamber-marriages? I *ſay*, that ſuch are neither *decent* nor *godly*. But you would not allow Lady G. to come off ſo—And in your *own* caſe—

Am for doing as in Lady G.'s. I muſt hope to pay my vows at the altar to this excellent lady. What ſays my Miſs Byron?

I, Sir, hope to return mine in the ſame ſacred place

place (my face, as I felt in a glow); but yet I ſhall wiſh to have it as private as poſſible.

Why, oy, to be ſure—When a woman is to do any thing ſhe is aſhamed of, I think ſhe is right to be private for *example*-ſake. Shall *you* be aſhamed, Sir Charles?

Sir Charles has given it under his hand this very day, ſaid Lucy (interrupting him as he was going to ſpeak), that he ſhall glory in receiving my couſin's hand before ten thouſand witneſſes.

Make but my deareſt Miſs Byron eaſy on this head, ſaid Sir Charles (that taſk, ladies, be yours); and, ſo the church be the place, I ſhall be happy in the manner.

The ceremony, ſaid my grandmamma, *cannot* be a private one with us: Every body's eyes are upon us. It would be an affectation in us that would rather raiſe than allay curioſity.

And I have as good as promiſed the two pretty Needhams, ſaid my uncle—and Miſs Watſon and her couſin are in expectation—

O my uncle!

Dear Harriet, forgive me! Theſe are your companions from childhood! You can treat them but once in your life in this way. They would be glad at heart to return the favour.

I withdrew: Lucy followed me—*You*, Lucy, I ſee, ſaid I, are for theſe public doings—But you would not if it were your own caſe.

Your caſe is *my* caſe, Harriet. I ſhould hardly bear being made a ſhow of with any other man: But with ſuch a man as yours, if I did not *hold up my head*, I ſhould give leer for ſtare, to ſee how envy ſat upon the women's faces. *You* may leer at the *men* for the ſame reaſon. It will be a wicked day, after all, Harriet; for a general envy will poſſeſs the hearts of all beholders.

Lucy, you know, my dear Lady G. is a whimſical girl.

So, my dear, the ſolemn day is fixed. If you could favour me with your ſupporting preſence—I know, if you come, you will be very good, now I have not, as I hope you think, been guilty of *much*, no not of *any* parade.—Lucy will write letters for me to Lady D. to my couſins Reeves, and will undertake all matters of ceremony for her Harriet. May I but have the happineſs to know that Lady Clementina—What *can* I wiſh for Lady Clementina?—But ſhould ſhe be unhappy—that would indeed be an abatement of my felicity!

There is no ſuch thing as thinking of the dear Emily. What a happineſs, could I have ſeen Lady L. here!—But that cannot be. May the day that will in its *anniverſary* be the happieſt of *my* life, give to *Lord* and *Lady L.* their moſt earneſt wiſhes!

Sir Charles diſpatches Frederick to-morrow to town with letters: He will bring you mine. I would not go to reſt till I had finiſhed it.

What have I more to ſay?—I ſeem to have a great deal. My head and my heart are full: Yet it is time to draw to a concluſion.

Let me, my deareſt Lady G. know, if I am to have any hopes of your preſence! Will you be ſo good as to manage with Emily.

My aunt bids me ſuppoſe to you, that ſince we are to have all the world of *our* acquaintance, you ſhould bring down your aunt Grandiſon with you—We have at both houſes a great deal of room.

Sir Charles juſt now aſked my grandmamma, Whether Dr Curtis would be ſatisfied with a handſome preſent, if every one's dear Dr Bartlett were to perform the ceremony! My grandmamma anſwered, that Dr Curtis was one of my admiring friends. He had for years, even from my girlhood, prided himſelf with the hopes of joining my hand in marriage, eſpecially if the office were performed in Northamptonſhire. She was afraid he would

would think himſelf ſlighted; and he was a very worthy man.

Sir Charles acquieſced. But, greatly as I reſpect Dr Curtis, I ſhould have preferred the venerable Dr Bartlett to any man in the world. A ſolemn, ſolemn ſubject, though a joyful one!

Adieu, adieu, my dear Lady G. Be ſure, continue to love me. I will, if poſſible, deſerve your love.

Witneſs HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXVII.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

Friday Morning, Nov. 10.

EXPECT a letter of hurry, in anſwer to one, two, three, four, five, ſix, I don't know how many of yours; ſome filled with tenderneſs, ſome with love, ſome with nicety, ſenſe, and nonſenſe. I ſhall reckon with you ſoon for one of them, in which you take intolerable liberties with me. O Harriet! tremble at my reſentment. You are downright ſcurrilous, my dear.

I imputed extravagance to Emily in my laſt. The girl's a good girl. I was too haſty. I will ſhew you two letters of hers, and one of my brother, which clears up the imputation. I love her more and more. Poor girl! love peeps out in twenty places of hers: In his he is the beſt of men —But that you knew before.

And ſo the honeſt man kiſſed you, kiſſed your lip! O lud! O lud! how could you bear him afterwards in your ſight?—Forgiving creature!—And ſo you were friends with him before you had time to ſhew your anger.—Nothing like doing impudent things in a hurry.—Sometimes reſpectful,

ſometimes free: Why this is the way of all the fellows, Harriet!—And ſo they go on till the reſpectfulneſs is drawn off, and nothing but the lees are left; and after two or three months are over, the once ſqueamiſh palate will be glad of *them*.

I like your uncle better than I like either your aunt or you—He likes me.

What a miſerable dog [take the word for ſhortneſs; I am in haſte] is Sir Hargrave!

Your plea againſt Clementina being *compelled*, or *over*-perſuaded (the ſame thing), I much like. You are a good girl.

Betwixt her excellencies and yours, how muſt my brother's ſoul be divided! I wonder he thinks of either of you.

Aſs and two bundles of hay, Harriet. But my brother is a nobler animal. He won't ſtarve. However, I think in my conſcience, that he ſhould have you both. There might be a law made, that the caſe ſhould not be brought into precedent, till two ſuch women ſhould be found, and ſuch a man, and all three in the like ſituation.

Bagenhall, a miſerable devil! Excellent warning-pieces!

Wicked Harriet! You infected me with your horrible inferences from Greville's temper, threatnings, and ſo forth. The concluſion of this letter left me a wretch!—If theſe megrims are the effect of love, thank Heaven I never knew what it was.

Deviliſh girl, to torment me with your dreams! If you ever tell me any more of them, except they are of a different ſort, woe be to you!

I like your parting ſcene, and all that. Your *realities*, thank Heaven, are more delightful than your *reveries*. I hope you'll always find them ſo.

And ſo you were full of apprehenſions on the favour your aunt did me in employing me about your *nuptial equipments*. Long ago "you gave affectation to the winds." Good! But the winds would

would not accept of your preſent. They puffed it you back again, and your ſervants never told it was brought home. I repeat, my dear, that my brother is much more clever, in theſe ſcenes of love and courtſhip, than his miſtreſs. You are a pretty cow, my love: You give good ſtore of milk, but you have a very careleſs heel. Yet when you *bethink* you, you are very good; but not always the ſame Harriet. Your nurſe in your infancy, *ſee-ſawed* you—*Margery-down*—and you can't put the pretty play out of your practice, though it is out of your memory. I can look back, and ſometimes by your forwardneſs, ſometimes by your crowing, know how it was with you eighteen years ago.

My brother's letter to you, after he has mentioned his viſits to the two ſick Baronets, is that of a man who ſhews you genteelly, and politely, that he is ſenſible he has a pretty trifler to deal with. I wiſh you would ſquare your conduct, by what you muſt imagine a man of his ſenſe would think of you. I ſhould be too proud a minx, in your caſe, to owe obligation to my man for bearing with me—Spare me, ſpare me, Harriet! I have hit myſelf a terrible box o' the ear. But we can find faults in others, which we will not allow to be ſuch in ourſelves—But here is the difference between your conduct *now*, and what mine *was*: I *knew* I was wrong, and reſolved one day to amend: You think yourſelf right, and, while you ſo think, will hardly ever mend, till your man ties you down to good behaviour.

Jeronymo's letter! O the next to divine Clementina! Indeed, Harriet, I think ſhe out-ſoars you. I adore her. But will ſhe be prevailed upon to marry?—She will!—If ſhe *does*—Then—But, dear ſoul!—Preſſed as ſhe is—Having refuſed (inſtead of being refuſed) the beloved of her heart, ſhe will ſtill be greater than any of her ſex, if

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if

if ſhe *does*; the man propoſed *ſo* unexceptionable; ſo tenderly loving her, in the height of her proſperity!—Gratitude to him, as well as duty to her parents; parents ſo indulgent as they have always been to her; will incline her to marry. May ſhe be happy!—I am pleaſed with your ſolicitude for her happineſs.

I like your anſwer to my brother: A good and well-deſerved reſignation. Let's ſee how you keep to it.

You do keep to it—*as I expected*—Ah! Harriet! you are quite a girl ſometimes; though at others more than woman! "Will he not aſk leave to come 'down?" Fine reſignation!—"Will he not write 'firſt!"—Yes, yes, *he* will do every thing he ought to do. Look to your own behaviour, child; don't fear but *his* will be all as it ſhould be.

As to your finery, how now, Harriet! Are *you* to direct every thing; yet pretend to aſk advice? Be contented that every thing is *done for you* of this ſort, and learn to be humble. Surely we that have paſſed the Rubicon, are not to be directed by you, who never came in ſight of the river. But you, maidens, are poor, proud, pragmatical mortals. You profeſs ignorance; but in *heart* imagine you are at the tip-top of your wiſdom.

But here you come with your horrid fears again. Would to the Lord the day were over; and you and my brother *were*—Upon my life—You are a—But I won't call you names.

Lucy thinks you ſhould go to Shirley-manor when my brother comes—Egregious folly! I did not think Lucy could have been ſo ſilly.

Concerning our couſin Reeves wanting to be preſent at your nuptials—your invitation to me—and what you ſay of Emily—more anon.

Well, and ſo my brother has ſent you the expected letter. Does it pleaſe you, Harriet? The duce is in you, if it don't.

But

But you are not pleaſed with it, it ſeems. He is too haſty for you. Where is the boaſted-of reſignation, Harriet? True *female* reſignation!

Tell Lucy, I am obliged to her for her tranſcriptions. I ſhall be very proud of her correſpondence.

"Your *aunt* thinks he is full haſty."—Your aunt's a ſimpleton, as well as you. My ſervice to her.

But is the d—l in the girl again? What would have become of Lady L. and me, had you not ſent both letters together that relate to Greville's ſuppoſed malignance? I tremble, nevertheleſs, at the thought of what might have been. But I will not forgive Lucy for adviſing you to ſend to us your horribly painted-terrors. What could poſſeſs *her* to adviſe you to do ſo, and *you* to follow her advice? I forgive not either of you. In revenge, I will remind you, that they were *good* women, to whom my brother owed all the embarraſſments of his paſt life.

But a caution, Harriet!—Never, never, let fooliſh dreams claim a moment of your attention—Imminent as ſeemed the danger, your ſuperſtition made it more dreadful to you than otherwiſe it would have been. You have a mind ſuperior to ſuch foibles: Act up to its native dignity, and let not the follies of your nurſes, in your infantile ſtate, be carried into your maturer age, to depreciate your womanly reaſon—Do you think I don't dream as well as you?

Well might we all rejoice in his ſafety. "Hang 'about his neck for joy!" So you ought if you thought it would do him honour. Huſh, huſh, proud girl! Don't ſcold me! I think, were a king your man, he would have been honoured by the charming freedom. "Caſt himſelf at your feet!" And you ought to have caſt yourſelf at his. "There 'can be no reſerve to him after this," you ſay. Nor ought there, had it not *been* for this: Did you

no

not ſignify to him, by letter, that you would reſign to his generoſity? Let me whiſper you, Harriet—Sure you proud maiden minxes *think*—But *I* did once—I often wonder in my heart—But men and women are cheats to one another. But we may, in a great meaſure, thank the poetical tribe for the faſcination. I hate them all. Are they not inflamers of the worſt paſſions? With regard to the *Epics*, would Alexander, madman as he was, have been ſo *much* a madman, had it not been for Homer? Of what violences, murders, depredations, have not the Epic poets been the occaſion, by propagating falſe honour, falſe glory, and falſe religion? Thoſe of the *amorous claſs* ought in all ages (could their future geniuſſes for tinkling ſound and meaſure have been known) to have been ſtrangled in their cradles: Abuſes of talents given them for better purpoſes (for all this time I put ſacred poeſy out of the queſtion); and *avowedly* claiming a right to be *licentious*, and to overleap the bounds of decency, truth, and nature!

What a rant! How came theſe fellows into my rambling head? O, I remember—My whiſper to you led me into all this ſtuff.

Well, and you at laſt recollect the trouble you have given my brother about you. Good girl! Had I remembered *that*, I would have ſpared you my reflections upon the poets and poetaſters of all ages, the *truly*-inſpired ones excepted: And yet I think the others ſhould have been baniſhed *our* commonwealth, as well as Plato's.

Well, but to ſhorten *my* nonſenſe, now *you* have ſhortened yours—The day is at laſt fixed—Joy, joy, joy, to you, my lovely Harriet, and to my brother! —And it muſt be a public affair!—Why—that's right, ſince it would be impoſſible to make it a private one.

My honeſt man is mad for joy. He fell down on his knees, to beg of me to accept of *your* invitation,

tion, and of *his* company. I made a merit of obliging him, though I would have been as humble to *him*, rather than not be with you; and yet, by one ſaucy line, I imagine you had rather be without me.

Your couſins Reeves are ready to ſet out.

God bleſs you, invite aunt Nell in *form:* She thinks herſelf neglected. A nephew whom ſhe ſo dearly loves! Very hard! ſhe ſays.—And ſhe never was but at one wedding, and has forgot how it was; and may never be at another—Pink and yellow, all is ready provided, go down or not—O but, if you chuſe not her company, I will tell you how to come off—Give her your word and honour that ſhe ſhall be a perſon of prime account at your firſt chriſtening. Yet ſhe would be glad to be preſent on both occaſions.

But ah, the poor Emily! She has alſo been on her knees to me, to take *her* down with me—What ſhall I do?—Dear ſoul, ſhe embarraſſes me! I have put her upon writing to her guardian, for his leave. I believe ſhe has written. If ſhe knew her own caſe, I think ſhe would not deſire it.

Poor Lady L.!—She is robbed, ſhe ſays, of one of the greateſt pleaſures of her life. Ah, Charlotte! ſaid ſhe to me, wringing my hand, theſe huſbands owe us a great deal. This is an humbling circumſtance. Were not *my* lord and *yours* the beſt of huſbands—

The beſt of huſbands! Wretches! ſaid I. You may forgive yours, Caroline—You are a good creature; but not I mine. And ſomething elſe I ſaid, that made her laugh in the midſt of her *lacrymals*. But ſhe begs and prays of me not to go down to you, unleſs all ſhould be over with her. I can do her no good; and only increaſe my own apprehenſions, if I am with her. A bleſſed way two poor ſouls of ſiſters of us are in. Sorry fellows!

And

And yet, Harriet, with ſuch proſpects as theſe before them, ſome girls leap windows, ſwim rivers, climb walls—Duce take their folly: Their choice is their puniſhment. Who can pity ſuch raſh ſouls as thoſe? Thanks be praiſed, you, Harriet, are going on to keep in countenance the two anxious ſiſters,

Who, having ſhot the gulph, delight to ſee
Succeeding ſouls plunge in with like uncertainty;

Says a good man, on a ſtill *more* ſerious occaſion.

Good news! joyful news!—I ſhall, I ſhall, go down to you. Nothing to hinder me! Lord L. proud as a peacock, is this moment come for me: I am hurrying away with him. A fine boy!—Siſter ſafe!—Harriet, Lucy, Nancy, for your own future encouragement! Huzza, girls!—I am gone.

LETTER XXVIII.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady* G.

Thurſday, Nov. 9.

MY aunt is ſo much afraid, that every thing will not be ready, that ſhe puts me upon writing to you, to haſten what remains. I am more than half a fool—But that I always was. My ſpirits ſink at the thoughts of ſo public a day. The mind, my grandmamma ſays, *can* but be full; and it would have been filled by the circumſtance, had not the publicneſs of the day given me ſomething more of grievance.

I am afraid, ſometimes, that I ſhall not ſupport my ſpirits; that I ſhall be ill——Then I think ſomething will happen—Can it be, that I ſhall be

the wife of Sir Charles Grandiſon? I can hardly believe it.

Sir Charles is tenderly concerned for me. It would be impoſſible, he ſays, that the day could be private, unleſs I were to go to London; and the very propoſing of *that* would put my uncle out of all patience; who prides himſelf in the thought of having his Harriet married from his own houſe: Nor could I expect my grandmamma's preſence. He does all he can to aſſure my heart, and divert me: A thouſand agreeable lively things he ſays: So tender, ſo conſiderate, in his joy!—Surely I ſhall be too happy. But will you come? Can you? And if you do, will you be good? Will you make my caſe your own?

My uncle, at times, is prodigiouſly head-ſtrong. Every hour he does or ſays ſomething wrong; yet we dare not chide him. Thurſday next will be one of the greateſt days of his life, he ſays; and it ſhall be all his own. He either ſings, hums, or whiſtles, in every motion. He reſolves, he ſays, to get his beſt dancing legs in readineſs. He ſtarted up from table after dinner this day, and caught hold of Lucy's hand, and whiſked her round the room. *Dear toad*, he called her; a common addreſs of his to Lucy (I ſay, becauſe ſhe has a jewel in her head); and flouriſhing about with her in a very humorous manner, put her quite out, on purpoſe to laugh at her; for ſhe would have been in, if he would have let her, for the humour-ſake. He was a fine dancer in his youth.

Miſs Orme breakfaſted with us this morning. She, no doubt, threw herſelf in our way on purpoſe to hear the news of the appointed day confirmed. My uncle officiouſly told her, it would be one day next week. She named the very day, and turned pale, on his owning ſhe was not miſtaken. But recollecting herſelf; Now, then, ſaid ſhe, is the time to remind my brother of a promiſe he made before

he went abroad, to carry me to London, on a viſit to ſome relations there. I will prevail on him, if I can, to ſet out on Monday or Tueſday.

God bleſs you! my dear Miſs Byron, ſaid ſhe, at parting; may your buſtle be happily over! I ſhall pity you. You will pay for being ſo univerſally admired. But your penance will be but for two days; the *very* day, and that of your *appearance*; and in both your man will bear you out: His merit, his perſon, his addreſs.—Happy Miſs Byron! The univerſal approbation is yours. But I muſt have you contrive ſome how, that my brother may ſee him before he is yours: His heart will be eaſier afterwards.

—Sent for down by my grandmamma.——Dear Lucy, make up the letter for me. I know you will be glad of the opportunity.

Continued by Lucy.] "Will Lady G. admit me, in 'this abrupt manner, into her *Imperial preſence?* I 'know ſhe will, on this joyful occaſion, accept of 'any intelligence. The poor Harriet! my uncle 'Selby would invite all the country, if they came in 'his way. Four of my couſin's old play-fellows 'have already been to claim his promiſe. He wiſh-'ed, he ſaid, he had room for all the world; it 'ſhould be welcome.

"He will have the Great Barn, as it is called, 'cleared out; a tight large building, which is to 'be illuminated at night with a profuſion of lights; 'and there are all his tenants, and thoſe of 'Shirley-manor, to be treated, with their wives, 'and ſuch of their ſons and daughters as are more 'than twelve years old. The treat is to be a cold 'one. Hawkins, his ſteward, who is well reſpect-'ed by them all, is to have the direction of it. My 'uncle's October is not to be ſpared. It will coſt 'two days at leaſt, to roaſt, boil, and bake for them. 'The carpenters are already ſent for. Half a do-'zen bonfires are to be lighted up round the Great 'Barn;

'Barn; and the ſtacks of wood are not to be ſpa-
'red, to turn winter into ſummer, as my uncle ex-
'preſſes himſelf.

"Neither the poor nor the populace are to be
'admitted, that the confuſion almoſt unavoidable
'from a promiſcuous multitude may be avoided.
'But notice will be given, that two houſes in the
'neighbouring village, held by tenants of the fa-
'mily, and one near Shirley-manor, will be open-
'ed at twelve on Thurſday, and be kept open for
'the reſt of the day, till ten at night, for the ſake
'of all who chuſe to go together. The church-
'wardens are preparing a liſt of the poor people;
'who, on Friday morning, *were* to receive *Five*
'ſhillings a-piece, which Sir Charles has deſired to
'make *Ten*; on condition that they ſhall not be
'troubleſome on the day.

"Poor Sir Hargrave, to whom all this joyful
'buſtle is primarily owing!—I tell Harriet, that
'ſhe has not, with all her punctilio, been half
'punctilious enough. She ſhould have had him,
'after all, on the motive of Prince Prettyman in the
'*Rehearſal*.

"Dear madam, can your ladyſhip allow of this
'idle rattle? But I have no time to make up for it
'by a ceremonious concluſion; tho' I am, with the
'trueſt reſpect, Lady G.'s

Moſt obedient humble ſervant,

LUCY SELBY."

LETTER XXIX.

Lady G. *to Miſs* BYRON.

Saturday, Nov. 11.

I WRITE a few lines, if, writing to you, I can write a few, by the ſpecial meſſenger that carries down

all the remaining apparatus which was committed to my care. We women are ſad creatures for delaying things to the laſt moment. We hurry the men: We hurry our workmen, milleners, mantua-makers, friends, allies, confederates, and ourſelves. When once we have given the day, night *and* day, we neither take reſt nor give it: When, if we had the *rare* felicity of knowing our minds ſooner, all might go on fair and ſoftly. But then the *gentle* paſſion, I doubt, would glide into inſipidity. Well, and I have heard my brother ſay, "That things "in general are beſt as they are." Why I believe ſo; for all theſe honeſt ſouls, as mantua-makers, attire-women, work-women, *enjoy* a hurry that is occaſioned by a wedding, and are half as well pleaſed with it, as if it were their own. They ſimper, ſmirk, goſſip over bridal finery; ſpread this on their arms or ſhoulders; admire that—Look you here—Look ye there!—And is not this?—Is not that?—And did you ever?—No, never in my *born* days!—And is the bride, do you ſay, ſuch a lovely creature?—And is the bridegroom as handſome a man as ſhe is a woman?—O lud, O dear!—Would to heaven Northamptonſhire were nearer, that one might ſee how charming, how graceful, how becoming! and ſo forth.

And why ſhould not we women, after all, contrive to make hurry-ſkurries [you ſee how I correct myſelf as I go along], and make the world think our affairs a great part of the buſineſs of it, and that nothing can be done without us! Since, after a few months are over, new novelties take place, and we get into corners, ſigh, groan, look ſilly and meagre, and at laſt are thrown into *ſtraw*, as it is called; poor Caroline's caſe; who repines, that ſhe can't be preſent on this new buſtle in the family. But I am to acquaint her of every thing by pen and ink—Look to your behaviour, Harriet, on the great occaſion.

But

But a word about Caroline—Were it not for her being deprived of this pleaſure, the good creature would be very happy. Lord L. and ſhe are as fond as apes. She has quite forgot all her ſufferings for him. He thanks her for his boy. She follows with her eye the little ſtranger, and is delighted with all that is done *with* him, *to* him, *for* him—Is pleaſed with every-body, even with the very ſervants who croud in, by permiſſion, to ſee his little Lordſhip, and already claim an intereſt in him. Upon my word ſhe makes a very pretty fond mother. And aunt Nell, who by the way was at the crying-out, and was then *ſo* frighted! *ſo* thankful to God! and *ſo* happy in her own ſituation. [No, not for the world, would ſhe be other than ſhe was!] now grudges the nurſes half their cares.

What good creatures are we women!

Well, but I don't know what to do about Emily. The firſt vice of the firſt woman was curioſity, and it runs thro' all her daughters. She has written to her guardian, and nothing but an abſolute prohibition will hinder her from making one in your train. Did the dear girl know the ſtate of her own heart, ſhe would chuſe to be a thouſand miles off, rather than go. I have ſet her woman and mine to diſcourage her. I have reaſoned with her myſelf; but there is no ſuch thing as giving her one's *true* reaſons; nor *would* I, willingly: Becauſe ſhe herſelf, having not found out her love to be love, I hope the fire may be ſmothered in her own heart, by the aid of time and diſcretion, before diſcovery; whereas, if the doors of it were to be opened, and the air let in, it might ſet the whole tenement in a blaze. Her guardian's denial or aſſent will come perhaps in time; yet *hardly*, neither; for we ſhall ſet out on Monday. Aunt Nell is ſo pleaſed with her nurſery of the *little Peer*, as ſhe primly calls him, that you are rid of even her *wiſhes* to be with you. Being *ſure of this*, I told her, that your aunt

had hinted to me her deſign to invite her in form; but that I had let you know, that Lady L. would not be able to live without her company, all the world, and the world's wife, attentive and engroſſed by your affair. She, good creature! was pleaſed—So as ſhe could but be thought of importance by ſome-body, I knew ſhe would be happy. I told her that *you* invited nobody, but left all to your friends—Ay, poor dear ſoul, ſaid ſhe; ſhe has enough to think of, well as ſhe loves your brother—And ſighed for *you*—Worthy ancient! The ſigh a little deeper, perhaps, for ſome of her own recollections.

Mr and Mrs Reeves would not ſtay for us. What will you do with us all?——Croud you, I fear. But diſpoſe of *us* at Shirley-manor, or Selby-houſe, as you pleaſe. Yours, and aunt Selby's and grandmamma Shirley's concern for us, is all we are ſolicitous about. But ſervants' rooms, nay cock-lofts, haylofts, will do. We like to be put to our ſhifts now-and-then—Something to talk of—

But I can tell you, if you don't know it already, Lord W. and his lady are reſolved to do you honour on this occaſion; but they will be but little trouble to you. My lord's ſteward has a half-brother, a gentleman farmer, in your neighbourhood.—Sheldon—They will be there: But perhaps you know of this a better way. They will make a ſplendid part of your train. Gratitude is their inducement.

Lord L. has juſt now told me, that my ſiſter, in tenderneſs to him, and in honour to you, has beſought him to be preſent. O Harriet! what will you do with yourſelf?—Aunt Nell and I have the heartburn for you. But Lord L. *muſt* be welcome: He is one of thoſe who ſo faithfully kept your ſecret.

So, in our equipages, will be Lord L. my honeſt man, Emily, and your Charlotte: Lord L's equi-

pages

pages will be at the ſervice of any of your gueſts; as will our ſpare one—I wiſh our Beauchamp could permit himſelf to be preſent (I hope he will) on the nuptials of the friend ſo dear to him, with a lady he ſo greatly admires.

My woman and Emily's will be all our female attendants: One nook will ſerve them both.

My poor man will be mad, before the day comes. He *does* love you, Harriet. My brother, he ſays, will be the happieſt man in the world—*himſelf excepted*—A hypocrite! He juſt popt this in to ſave himſelf—Why doſt make this exception, friend? ſaid I—Thou knoweſt it to be a mere compliment—Indeed, indeed (*two* indeeds, which implied that *one* might have been doubted) I am *now* (a ſarcaſm in his word *now*) as happy as mortal man can be—Ah, flatterer! and ſhook my head—A recognition of my ſovereignty, however, in his being afraid to ſpeak his conſcience. A little of the old leaven, Harriet!—I can't help it. It is got out of my heart, half out of my head; but, when I take the pen, it will tingle now and then at my finger's end.

Adieu, my love!—God bleſs you!—I can enter into your joy. A love ſo pure, and ſo fervent. The man Sir Charles Grandiſon. And into your *pain* alſo, in a view of a ſolemnity ſo near, and to you ſo awful. With all my roguery, I ſympathize with you. I have not either a wicked or unfeeling heart. Such as yours, however, are the true ſpirits; ſuch as mine are only bully and flaſh.

Lucy, you are a good girl. I like the whim of your concluding for Harriet. I alſo like your tenants' dining-room, and other managements, as the affair muſt unavoidably be a public one.

Neither of you ſay a word of good Mr Deane. I hope he is with you. He cannot be a cypher wherever he comes, except on the right-ſide of the figure, to increaſe its conſequence. Don't be

afraid

afraid of your uncle: I, I, I will manage him, never fear.

There are other paſſages, Harriet, in your laſt letter, which I ought to have anſwered to—But forgive me, my dear! I had laid it by (tho' pleaſed with it in the main); and, having anſwered the moſt material part, by diſpatching your things, forgot it as much as if I had not received it, till the moment I came to conclude. Once more, Adieu, my deareſt Harriet.

CH. G.

LETTER XXX.

Miſs JERVOIS, *To Sir* CHARLES GRANDISON.

Friday, Nov. 10.

NO ſooner, dear and honoured Sir, is one boon granted me, but I have another to beg; yet I bluſh as I write, for my troubleſomeneſs. I told you, Sir, I had furniſhed myſelf with new cloaths, on a very joyful occaſion—Indeed it is on a *very* joyful occaſion. You would lay me under a new obligation to your goodneſs, if you would be pleaſed to allow me to attend Lady G. in her journey down. I ſhall know by this freſh favour, that you have *quite* forgiven your dutiful ward. I preſume not to add another word—But I dare ſay, dear Miſs Byron, that now is, will not be againſt it, if you are not.—God bleſs you, my honoured good Sir—But God, I hope, I am ſure, *will* bleſs you; and ſo ſhall I, as ſurely I ought, whether you grant this favour, or not, to

Your ever obliged, and grateful

EMILY JERVOIS.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Miſs* JERVOIS.

Sunday, Nov. 12.

IT would give me great pain to deny to my good Miſs Jervois the grant of any requeſt ſhe ſhall think fit to make to me. You ſhall know, you ſay, by the grant of this favour, that I have quite forgiven my ward—Was ſuch a teſt wanted, my dear? I aſſure you, that what you have lately done for your mother, though I was not conſulted in it, has heightened my opinion of the worthineſs of your heart.

As to your requeſt, I have pleaſure in leaving every-thing relating to the happy event to my beloved Miſs Byron and her friends. I will entreat her to under-write her mind on this ſubject. She grieves that the ſolemnity cannot be private; which, beloved as ſhe is in this neighbourhood, would be vain to attempt.

If her aunt has no objection from want of room, there cannot, my dear Emily, be any from

Your affectionate and true friend

CHARLES GRANDISON.

Underwritten.

MY deareſt Miſs Jervois will excuſe me, that I gave her not a formal invitation, when I intimated my wiſhes for Lady G.'s preſence on the approaching ſolemn occaſion, though at ſo many miles diſtance. It is a *very* ſolemn one. One's heart, my dear, cannot be ſo much diſengaged, as to attend to invitations for the *very* day, as it might on its *anniverſary*. We ſhall have too great a number of friends. O my dear! can you bear to make one in ſo large a company? I ſhall not be

able

able to attend to any of my friends on the day: No, not to you, my love. Can you bear with my inattention to every-body, to every ſubject, but one? Can you deſire to ſee your Harriet (joyful as the occaſion is, and the choſen wiſh of her heart) look and behave like a fooliſh creature? If you can, and Lady G. will take charge of my lovely young friend, all mine will rejoice in being able to contribute to your pleaſure, as well as

Your ever-affectionate

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXII.

Lady G. *To Lady* L.

Selby-houſe, Tueſday, Nov. 14.

WELL, my ſiſter, my friend, my dear Lady L. how do you? *As well as can be expected*, I hope: The anſwer of a thouſand years old, to every enquirer, careful or ceremonious. And how does my dear little boy? As well *as can be expected*, too—I am glad of it.

Here we are!—Every body well, and happy.

I was afraid my brother would have looked more *polite* upon us than *familiar*, as he invited us not: But no!—He was all himſelf, as Harriet ſays. He met us at the coach-door. He handed out his ward. She could not ſpeak. Tears were in her eyes. I could have beat her with my fan. He kiſſed her cheek. My dear child, I thank you moſt ſincerely for your goodneſs to your mother.

I was afraid that her joy would then have been too much for her. She expanded, ſhe collected her plumes. Her ſpread arms (ſoon, however, cloſed) ſhewed me, that ſhe with difficulty reſtrained herſelf from falling at his feet. He turned from her to me.

me. My beſt Charlotte, how do you? The journey, I hope, has not incommoded you. He led me out, and, taking each of the honeſt men by the hand, My dear lords, you do me honour. He then congratulated Lord L. on the preſent you had made him and the family.

At the inner gate met us our ſweet Harriet, with joy upon one brow, half the cares of this mortal life on the other. She led us into the cedar-parlour (my brother returning to welcome in the two honeſt men), and threw her arms about my neck—My deareſt Lady G. how much does your preſence rejoice me!—I hope (and looked at me) your journey—Be quiet, Harriet. You muſt not think ſo much of theſe matters, my love. She was a little abaſhed. Don't be afraid of me; I will be very good, ſaid I. Then will I be very thankful, replied ſhe.

My lovely Emily, turning to her: How does my ſweet friend? Welcome, once more, to Selby-houſe.

The girl's heart was full. She (thanking her only by a deep courteſy) abruptly withdrew to the window; and, trying for a third hem, in hopes to ſtifle her emotion, it broke into a half-ſob, and tears followed.

Harriet and I looked; *ſhe* compaſſionately, *I* vexedly, I believe; and both ſhook our heads at each other.

Take no notice, ſaid I, ſeeing Harriet move towards the window to her—It will go off of itſelf. Her joy to ſee her Harriet, that's all.

But I *muſt* take notice (for ſhe found that Emily heard her)—My dear Emily, my lovely young friend—why—

I will tell you, madam, interrupted ſhe, and threw her arms about Harriet's neck, as Harriet (ſitting in the window) claſped hers about her waiſt; and I will tell you truth, and nothing but the truth—You wrote ſo cool to me about my coming

ing—And yet I to come! But I could not help it —And I thought you now looked a little ſeverely upon me—But love, and I will ſay, duty to you, my deareſt Miſs Byron, AND NOTHING ELSE, made me ſo earneſt to come. Say you forgive me.

Forgive you, my deareſt Emily!—I had only your ſake, my dear, in view. If I wrote with leſs warmth than you expected, forgive *me*. Conſider my ſituation, my love. You are, and ever will be, welcome to me. Your griefs, your joys are mine—Give me which you pleaſe.

The girl burſt into freſh tears—I, I, I am now as unable, ſobbed ſhe, to bear your goodneſs, as before I was your diſpleaſure—But hide, hide me! Here comes my guardian!—What now, when he ſees me thus, will become of me?

She heard his voice at the door, leading in the two lords; and they followed by Mr Selby, Mrs Selby, Lucy, Nancy.

Sir Charles went to the two young ladies. Harriet kept her ſeat, her arms folded about Emily.

Sweet emotion! ſaid he: My Emily in tears of joy!

—What a charming picture!—O my Miſs Byron, how does your tenderneſs to this amiable child oblige me! I ſever you not; claſping his generous arms about them both.

I have afflicted my dear Emily, Sir, without intending it. I wrote coldly, my precious young friend thinks; and her love for me makes her ſweetly ſenſible of my ſuppoſed ingratitude. But believe me, my dear, I love you with a true ſiſterly tenderneſs.

I took the dear girl aſide, and gently expoſtulated with her upon the childiſhneſs of her behaviour, and the uneaſineſs ſhe would give to Miſs Byron, as well as to herſelf, by repetitions of the like weakneſs of mind.

She

She promiſed fair; but, Lady L. I wiſh there were more of the child, and leſs of the woman, in this affair. Poor thing! ſhe was very thankful for my advice; and expreſſed how wrong ſhe was, *becauſe* it might diſcourage her guardian and Miſs Byron, that *now was*, from letting her live with them: But for my life, ſaid ſhe, whatever was the matter with me, I could not help my fooliſhneſs.

Miſs Nancy Selby took Emily up with her; and uncle Selby and I had a little lively hit at each other, in the old ſtile. We drew my brother in. I had not tried his ſtrength a good while: But, as Harriet ſaid in one of the ſaucieſt letters ſhe ever wrote, I ſoon found he was the wrong perſon to meddle with. Yet he is ſuch a charming rallier, that I wonder he can reſt his talent. *No* wonder, Harriet would ſay; becauſe he has talents ſo ſuperior to that which, ſhe ſays, runs away with his poor ſiſter.

Emily came down to us very compoſed, and behaved prettily enough: But had my brother as much manniſh vanity as ſome of the ſorry fellows have, who have no pretence for it, he would diſcern the poor Emily's foible to have ſome little ſuſceptibility in it. I am glad he does not; for it would grieve him. I have already told him of the ſufferings of poor Lady Anne S. on her hearing he is near marriage; and he expreſſed great concern upon it for that really worthy woman.

Mr Reeves, his wife, and Mr Deane, were abroad when we arrived. They came in to tea. Our mutual congratulations on the expected happy event, cheared our own hearts, and would have delighted yours. Charming, charming is the behaviour of my brother to his bride-elect. You can have no notion of it; becauſe at Colnebrook we always ſaw him acting under a reſtraint; owing, as

ſince we have found, to honour, conſcience, and a prior love.

He diverts and turns the courſe of ſubjects that he thinks would be affecting to her, yet in ſuch a manner as it is hardly perceiveable to be his intention to do ſo: For he makes ſomething of the begun ones contribute to the new ones; ſo that, before uncle Selby is aware of it, he finds himſelf in one that he had not in his head when he ſet out. —And then he comes with his "What a pize was 'I going to ſay? But this is not what I had in my 'head." And then, as my brother knows he miſſes his ſcent, only becauſe it has not afforded the merry mortal ſomething to laugh at, he furniſhes him with ſome lively and innocent occaſion which produces that effect, and then Mr Selby is ſatisfied. Mrs Selby and Lucy ſee how my brother manages him, and are pleaſed with it; for it is ſo delicately done, that ſomething ariſes from it that keeps the honeſt man in credit with himſelf and with every body elſe, for his good humour, good heart, and thoſe other qualities which make him in his worſt ſubjects tolerable, and in his beſt valuable.

Venerable Mrs Shirley is to be here all to-morrow and next day. Mr Deane has choſen Shirley-manor for his abode for the time he ſtays; ſo has James Selby, in order to make more room at Selby-houſe for us women. There too Mr and Mrs Reeves take up, of choice, their lodgings, though here all day.

Poor Harriet! She told *me* once, that fear makes cowards loving. She is ſo fond of me and Lucy, and her aunt at times, it would be a ſin not to pity her. Yet Lucy once toſſed up her head upon my ſaying ſo—*Pity her!* why, yes, I think I do, now you have put me in the head of it: But I don't know whether ſhe is not more to be *envied*. Lucy is a polite girl. She loves her Harriet. But

ſhe

ſhe knew I ſhould be pleaſed with the compliment to my brother.

Harriet has juſt now looked in upon me—Writing, Lady G. and of me?—To Lady L. I ſuppoſe?

She claſped her arms about me: Ah, madam! Thurſday! Thurſday!

What of Thurſday?

Is the day after to-morrow!

Every child can tell that, Harriet.

Ah but I, with ſuch happineſs before me, am ſillier *than* a child!

Well, but I can tell you ſomething, Harriet.

What is that?

That the next day to Thurſday is Friday—The next day to that is Saturday—The next—

Piſh! I ſhall ſtay no longer with you; giving me a gentle tap—I would not have anſwered you ſo.

Away ſhe tript, deſiring her affectionate compliments to dear Lady L.

Let me ſee! Have I any more to write? I think not. But a call for ſupper makes me leave my paper unſubſcribed.

EMILY behaved very prettily at ſupper; but it would have been as well, if ſhe had not thought ſo herſelf: For ſhe boaſted of her behaviour afterwards to me. That made it look like an *extraordinary* in her own account.

Mr Selby ſung us a ſong, with a good fox-hunter air. There is ſomething very agreeable in his facetiouſneſs; but it would become nobody elſe. I think you and I agreed at Dunſtable, that he is a fine, jolly, hearty, handſom-*iſh* man—He looks ſhrewd, arch, open, a true country-gentleman aſpect: what he ſays is *ſo ſo*—what he means is better.—He is very fond of your lord—But I think rather fonder of mine—A criterion, Lady L.!

As for Lord G. he is in the ſituation of Harriet's Singleton—He is prepared to laugh the moment Mr Selby opens his mouth, eſpecially when he twiſts his neck about, turns a glaſs upſide down, and looks under his bent brows, at the company round, yet the table always in his eye: For then we know, that ſomething is collected, and ready to burſt forth.

Well, good night! good night! good night!—Has my godſon elect done crying yet? What a duce has *he* to cry at? Unſwaddled, unpinioned, unſwathed legs and arms at full liberty: But they ſay crying does good to the brats——opens their pipes—and ſo forth—But tell him, that if he does not learn to laugh as well as to cry, he ſhall not be related to

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXXIII.

Lady G. *In Continuation.*

Wedneſday, Nov 15.

WEDNESDAY is come, and, as Harriet ſays, to-morrow is Thurſday. Ah, Harriet! rich as content! poor as patience!

I have been talking to her: Half-comforting her, half-laughing at her. She ſays I am but half-good.

All the world is come.—Lord W. and his ever-agreeable lady. Beauchamp, as I am alive, with them! I wiſh I could ſee this rogue Emily in love with him. He is certainly in love with her.

"I know it—I know it!—Do you go down 'about your buſineſs."

Only Lord G. come to tell me what I knew before.

Harriet's

Harriet's gone down to be complimented. She has hardly ſpirits to compliment.

"Well, well, I'll only tell Lady L. who is come. 'Does not the poor ſoul keep her bed? And are 'we not to be as complaiſant to our ill friends as 'our well!—I am coming, child."

Emily, with her pretty impertinence. Neither Lord G. nor Emily can be any thing when ſtrangers come, and I ſtand not by them to ſhew their ſignification.

Duce! a third meſſenger—O! Mrs Selby herſelf. I'll tell you more by and by, Lady L. "Your 'ſervant, Mrs Selby. I attend you."

THE two Miſs Nedhams, Miſs Watſon, Miſs Barclay, the two Miſſes Holles, Mr Deane—"So, 'ſo, ſo, Harriet, ſaid I, what is the meaning of 'this?"—My uncle's doings! I have no ſpirits. Sir Charles ſhould not have been ſo paſſive: He, and nobody elſe, could have prevailed upon my uncle. My aunt has held him in till her arms aked. O the dear reſtive man! She has now let go; and you ſee how he prances over the whole meadow, the reins upon his neck.

Dear girl! ſaid I, I am glad you are ſo fanciful.

I would fain be lively if I could, ſaid ſhe. Never any creature had more reaſon, Lady G.—My heart is all gratitude, and, I will ſay, love.

Good girl, hold up your head, my dear, and all will be as it ſhould be.

Sir Charles ſtaid to attend hither the moſt venerable of women. Mr and Mrs Reeves are to come with them.

You muſt, as you expect me to be minute, be content with bits and ſcraps, written by ſnatches of time. I pity you for your ſtill life, my dear Lady L. and think your requeſt, that I will *ſo*

write as to make you ſuppoſe yourſelf on the ſpot, a reaſonable one.

Here is come the man of men!

WITH what reſpect (all his reſpect has love in it) did he attend Mrs Shirley to her ſeat! And then haſtening to Lord and Lady W. he ſaluted them both, and acknowledged the honour done him by their preſence; an honour, he ſaid, that he could not have expected, nor therefore had the thought, the diſtance ſo great, of aſking it.

He then paid his compliments, in the moſt affectionate manner, to his amiable friend Beauchamp; who, on his thanking him for his uninvited preſence, ſaid, he could not deny himſelf being preſent at a ſolemnity that was to complete the happineſs of the beſt of men, and beſt of friends.

Sir Charles addreſſed himſelf to the young ladies who were moſt ſtrangers to him; apologizing to them, as they were engaged with Mr Selby, Mr Deane, and Lord G. that he did not at firſt. He ſat a few minutes with them: What he ſaid I heard not; but they ſmiled, bluſhed, and looked delighted upon each other. Every body followed him in his motions with their eye. So much preſence of mind never met with ſo much modeſty of behaviour, and ſo charming a vivacity.

The young ladies came only *intendedly* to breakfaſt, and that at Mr Selby's odd invitation. They had the good ſenſe to apologize for their coming this day, as they were to make part of the cavalcade, as I may call it, to-morrow. But the odd ſoul had met the four at a neighbouring lady's where he made a goſſiping viſit, and would make them come with him.

I obſerved, that nobody cared to find fault with him; ſo I began to rate him; and a very whimſical

ſical dialogue paſſed between us at one end of the room.

I made the honeſt man aſhamed of himſelf, and every body in our circle was pleaſed with us. This miſled me to go on; and ſo, by attending to his nonſenſe, and purſuing my own, I loſt the opportunity of hearing a converſation, which, I dare ſay, would have been worth repeating to you by pen and ink. Harriet ſhall write, and give it you.

Mr Orme and his ſiſter, we are told, ſet out yeſterday for London. Mrs Selby and Harriet are yet afraid of Greville.

The gentlemen and ſome of the ladies, myſelf (but not Harriet) among them, have been to look at the preparations made in the leſſer park, for the reception of the tenants. Mr Selby prided himſelf not a little on his contrivances there. When we returned, we found Harriet at one end of the great parlour, ſitting with Emily; her grandmother, Mrs Selby, Lucy, in converſation at the other; the good girl's hand in hers, Emily bluſhing, looking down, but delighted, as it ſeemed; Harriet, with ſweetneſs, love, and compaſſion, intermingled in her aſpect, talking to her, and bending over her her fine neck. I thought I never ſaw her look ſo lovely. Elder ſiſter like, and younger, one inſtructing in love, the other liſtening with pleaſure.

They took every body's attention, as the room filled with the company, who all crowded about Mrs Shirley, affecting not to heed the two friends. What would I give, ſaid Lady W. to Sir Charles and her lord, for a picture of thoſe two young ladies [Emily juſt then kiſſed the hand of her lovely friend with emotion, and Harriet lifted up Emily's to her lips], if love, dignity, and ſuch expreſſion, could be drawn in the face of one lady; and that reverence, gratitude, and modeſt attention in the other? I congratulate you, Sir Charles, with

with all my heart. I have obſerved with rapture, from every look, every word, and from the whole behaviour of Miſs Byron, that your goodneſs to hundreds will be *greatly* recompenſed. O my good Lord W. turning to him, Miſs Byron will pay all our debts.

Every attitude, every look of Miſs Byron's, ſaid my lord, would furniſh out a fine picture. Whereever ſhe is, I cannot keep my eye from following her.

My brother bowed delighted.

How pleaſed was Mrs Shirley, Mrs Selby—— Every body! But what a different man is lord W. to what he once was! lifted up from low keeping, to a wife, who, by her behaviour, good ſenſe, politeneſs, gives him conſequence. Once I thought him one of the loweſt of men. I denied him, in my heart, a relation to my mother, and thought him a ſavage.

The two young ladies, finding themſelves obſerved, ſtood up in a parting poſture; but Emily, ſeeming eager to detain her dear friend's attention, Harriet took a hand of Emily's in each of hers.

I had ſidled that way——Yes, my dear, ſaid the lovely Harriet, a friendſhip unalterable, as you ſay, by time of fate. Deareſt Emily, command me ever.

Emily looked about her——O madam, I want to *kneel* to you. I will ever, ever—My good Lady G. ſaid Harriet, approaching me, one of Emily's hands in hers, we have promiſed a friendſhip that is to continue to the end of our lives. We are to tell each the other all her faults. How cauſeleſly has my Emily been accuſing herſelf—The moſt ingenuous of human hearts is hers.

She left Emily's hand in mine, and bent towards Mrs Shirley, and the whole circle of friends ſurrounding her chair.

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O my dear Lady G.! ſaid Emily, whiſperingly, as we followed the meek-eyed goddeſs of wiſdom (ſuch her air, her manner, her amiableneſs, ſeemed in my thought, at that time, to make her), never, never, was ſuch graciouſneſs! I cannot bear her goodneſs. What a happy creature ſhall I be, if I follow her example, and obſerve her precepts!—You cannot, my dear, ſaid I, have a better guide: But, love, you muſt not be capricious, as you were at firſt coming. She profeſſed ſhe would not. I have been excuſing myſelf to her, madam, ſaid the dear girl, and am forgiven.

My brother met the lovely creature. He took her hand, and, leading her towards her grandmother, we have been attentive, my deareſt life, to you and Emily. You love *her*: She adores *you*. My Beauchamp, you know not the hundredth part of the excellencies of this admirable woman.

You were born for each other. God preſerve you both, for an example to a world that wants it.

Harriet courteſied to Beauchamp. Her face was overſpread with a fine crimſon; but ſhe attempted not to ſpeak. She ſqueezed herſelf, as it were, between the chairs of her grandmamma and aunt; then turned about, and looked *ſo* charmingly! Miſs Jervois, Sir, ſaid ſhe, to my brother, has the beſt of hearts. She *deſerves* your kind care. How happy is ſhe in ſuch protection!

And how much happier will ſhe be in yours, madam! replied he. Of what a care, my Emily, turning to her, has this admirable lady already relieved my heart! The care the greater, as you deſerve it all. In every thing take her direction: It will be the direction of love and prudence. What an amiable companion will you make her! and how

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how happy will your love of each other make me!

Emily got behind me, as it were. Speak for me to my guardian; promiſe for me, madam—— You never, never ſhall break your word through my fault.

Beauchamp was affected. Graciouſneſs, ſaid he, looking at Harriet, and goodneſs, looking at Emily, how are they here united! What a happy man will he be, who can intitle himſelf to a lady formed upon ſuch an example!

A ſun-beam from my brother's eye ſeemed to play upon his face, and dazzle his eyes. The fine youth withdrew behind Lady W.'s chair. Mr Selby, who had been ſo good as to give us his ſilent attention, then ſpoke, with a twang through his noſe. Adad, adad, ſaid he, I do not know what to make of myſelf—But go on, go on; I love to hear you.

Your good lord, my dear, enjoyed the pleaſure we all had: Mine toſſed up his head, and ſeemed to ſnuff the wind: And yet, my dear Lady L. there was nothing ſo very extraordinary ſaid; but the *manner* was the thing, which ſhewed a meaning that left language behind it.

My brother is abſolutely paſſive as to the œconomy of the approaching ſolemnity. Mrs Shirley, Mrs Selby, Lady W. your Charlotte, and Lucy, are the council appointed; but uncle Selby will put in, to marſhal this happy proceeding. *What a pize*, he ſays, is not Harriet *his* daughter? Will it not be his day?

Mrs Selby tries to ſmile off his oddity; but now and then we ſee her good-naturedly redden at it, as if for his ſake. Lucy looks at her uncle as if ſhe could hardly excuſe his particularities; but Mrs Shirley has always ſomething to ſay for him. She enters into his character: She knows the honeſty, as well as generoſity, of his heart: That it all

all proceeds from joy and love; and always allows for him—as I would have my friends allow for me: And, to ſay truth, I, for my own part, like him the better for wanting allowances; becauſe his caſe, in that reſpect, is mine. Ah, my dear! it is the thoughtful, half-aſleep, half-awake, blinking cat, that catches the mouſe. Such as your Charlotte, with their kitteniſh tricks, do but fright away the prey; and, if they could catch it, had rather play with it than kill it.

Harriet is with her virgins: Her dreſs is left to her own choice. I ſtept in juſt now—She met me at her dreſſing-room door, and looked *ſo* lovely! *ſo* ſilly! and *ſo* full of unmeaning meaningneſs [Do you underſtand me, Lady L.?] She ſighed—What would my Harriet ſay to me? ſaid I, taking her hand—I don't know; again ſighed—But love me, Lady G.

Can I help it? ſaid I; and, putting my arms about her, kiſſed her cheek.

Uncle Selby has provided ſeven gentlemen of the neighbourhood, to match the number of their ladies; for there will be ſixteen of us: Mr *Godfrey*, Mr *Steele*, Mr *Falconbridge*, three agreeable young men, ſons of gentlemen in the neighbourhood, Mr Selby's choſen friends and companions in his field-ſports; his couſin *Holles*, brother to the Miſſes Holles, an admirer of Miſs Nedham; young Mr *Roberts*, an admirer of Miſs Barclay; Mr *Alleſtree*, a nephew of Sir John, a young man of fine qualities, engaged to Miſs Dolly Nedham; and Lord *Rereſby* of Ireland (related to Mr Selby's favourite, Sir Thomas Falconbridge), a young nobleman of ſhining parts, great modeſty, good-nature, and, what is worth them all, Mr Shirley ſays, a man of virtue.

Lord W. was very deſirous of giving ſo rich a jewel as Harriet to his nephew, in return, as he ſaid, for *as* rich a jewel which he had preſented

to

to him; but Mr Selby would not admit of that. I told him, on his appeal to me, that he was right, once in his life.

Mr Selby talks much of the muſic he has provided for to-morrow. He ſpeaks of it as a *band*, I aſſure you.

We have had a moſt agreeable evening. My brother was the ſoul of the company. His addreſs to his Harriet was reſpectfully affectionate, yet, for her ſake, not very peculiar. Every body, in turn, had his kindeſt notice, and was very happy in it. To-morrow's ſolemnity was often hinted at by Mr Selby, and even by my flippant lord—But Sir Charles always inſenſibly led to more general ſubjects; and this ſupported the ſpirits of the too-thoughtful Harriet, and ſhe behaved, on the whole, very prettily. His joy viſibly was joy; but it ſeemed to be of ſo familiar and eaſy a nature, as if it would laſt.

He once occaſionally told the happy commencement of his acquaintance with Miſs Byron; on purpoſe, I ſaw, to remind her, that he ought not to be thought of as a ſtranger to her, and to engage her in eaſy familiarity. But there was a delicacy obſerved by him in his remembrance. He began not from the time that he reſcued her from Sir Hargrave; but from the firſt viſit ſhe made me in St James's-ſquare; though ſhe, with great gratitude, carried it back to its real date.

Mrs Shirley retired ſoon, as is her cuſtom, her Harriet attending her. The old lady is lame, and infirm; but, as ſhe ſits, is a very fine woman; and every body ſees that ſhe was once a beauty. I thought I never ſaw beauty in full bloom ſo beautiful as when it ſupported beauty in ruins, on the old lady's retiring, with a face *ſo* happy, leaning one arm on her lovely grandchild, a neat crutch-

ſtick

ſtick in the other, lightening her weight to the delicately formed ſupporter of her old age. It was ſo ſtriking a picture, that every ſoul, all ſtanding up, from reverence, on her retreating, obſerved it; nor took off their eyes till the door ſhut out the graceful figures.

The old lady's lameneſs is owing, it ſeems, to a ſtrained ſinew, got in leading up a dance, not many years ago, propoſed by herſelf, in order to crown the reconciliation which ſhe had brought about, between a couple that had, till then, been unhappy; and which her good-nature and joy made her not ſenſible of till ſhe ſat down. Pity that any thing ſhould have hurt ſo benign, ſo chearful, ſo benevolent a woman! Why did not Harriet tell us this circumſtance? It would have heightened our value for her: And the more, if ſhe had told us, as is the truth, that ſhe never conſiders it as a hurt (ſo honourably come by) but when ſhe thinks ſhe is troubleſome to thoſe about her.

Harriet returned to the company more chearful than when ſhe left it, enriched with her grandmother's bleſſings, and prayers for her and my brother (as ſhe whiſpered me), and in having been allowed to ſupport the tottering parent.

Harriet, ſaid I, aloud, you were a very naughty girl to accuſe me, as once you did, of reflecting upon age. You never, in my eyes, looked more lovely than you did half an hour ago, ſupporting the beſt of old ladies.

We are all of your ladyſhip's mind, ſaid lady W. A new grace, believe me, my dear, ſhone out in every graceful feature.

Your kind notice, ladies, bowing to me and Lady W. does me honour; but more to your own hearts.

Moſt gracefully does the girl receive and return a compliment; but this, Lady L. I need not now

ſay to you: We have both admired her on theſe occaſions. How happy will ſhe make a man, who can be ſo *ſenſible* of his happineſs! And how happy will *he* make *her! He*, who has the moſt grateful and enlarged of human hearts!

Soon after tea [I tell you things out of courſe, Lady L. as they come into my head] we moſt of us withdrew, to hear read the marriage articles: When they were ready to ſign, Harriet was ſent for in. She would not come before. She begged, ſhe prayed ſhe might not. The firſt line of each clauſe, and the laſt, for form-ſake, were run over, by Mr Deane, as faſt as he could read. How the dear creature trembled when ſhe came in, and all the time of the ſhortened reading! But when the pen was given her to write her name, ſhe dropt it on the parchment, out of her trembling hand. Sir Charles ſaw her emotion with concern; and held her up, as ſhe ſtood. My deareſt life, ſaid he, take time—Be compoſed—putting the pen with reverence in her fingers.

She tried to write; but her pen would not touch the parchment, ſo as to mark it. She ſoon, however, made another effort, his arm round her waiſt—She then ſigned them; but Sir Charles held her hand, and the parchments in them, when ſhe delivered them ——'As your act and deed, 'my deareſt love?' ſaid Sir Charles.——'Yes, in-'deed,' replied ſhe, and made him a courtſey; hardly knowing what ſhe did.

She muſt hear of this, when ſhe can bear it. You charged me to be very minute on the behaviour of our Harriet: You was ſure it would be a pattern. But, no; you ſee ſhe is too timid.

She accompanied me to my chamber when we retired for the night. She ſighed. I took notice of it.——O my Charlotte, ſaid ſhe, to-morrow! to-morrow!——

Will

Will be the beginning of your happineſs, my Harriet!—What virgin heart, ſaid I, but muſt have had joy, on her contemplating the man of ſenſe and politeneſs, had his behaviour of this night *only* been the teſt of her judgment of him?

True; and I *have* joy: But the circumſtance before me is a ſolemn one: And does not the obligation lie all on his ſide?

Does he behave to you, my love, as if he thought *any* of it did?

O no, no! But the fact is otherwiſe; and as *I* know it, the obligation is heightened by his polite goodneſs to me.

Dearly does he love his Harriet (to-morrow will you be *his* Harriet for life). Are you not convinced that he loves you?

I am, I am! But——

But what, my dear?

I never can deſerve him. Hapleſs, hapleſs Clementina! ſhe *only* could! Let a fortnight after to-morrow be over, and ſhe be not *un*-happy, and what a thrice happy creature ſhall I be!

I kiſſed her glowing cheek—Support yourſelf like a heroine to-morrow, my dear. You will have a taſk, becauſe of the crowds which will attend you; but it is the tax you pay for being ſo excellent, and ſo much beloved.

Is it not ſtrange, Lady G. that my grandmamma ſhould join to ſupport my uncle in his vehemence for a public day? Had it been only his command, I would have rebelled!

The pride they take in the alliance with my brother, not for his ſituation in life, but for his tranſcendent merit, is their motive; your grandmother's particularly. She conſiders the day as one of the happieſt of her life: She has begged of me to ſupport you in undergoing it. She ſays, if there ſhould be a thouſand ſpectators, ſhe knows it will give pleaſure to as many hearts; and to hers

the more, for that reaſon. And you will be, continued I, ſo lovely a pair, when joined, that every beholder, man and woman, will give him to you, you to him.

You are very good, my dear Lady G. to encourage me thus: But I told my grandmother this night, that ſhe knew not the hardſhip ſhe had impoſed on me, by inſiſting on a public day; but I would not begin ſo great a change, whatever it coſt me, by an act of oppoſition and diſobedience to the will of ſo dear a parent. But your *brother*, my dear Lady G. continued ſhe, who would have thought *he* would have given into it?

As your friends mean a compliment to my brother, replied I, ſo he, by his acquieſcence, means one to you, and to them. He is not a confident man: He looks upon marriage in as awful a light as you do; but he is not ſhy of making a public declaration of his love to the woman he has choſen. He has told me, talking of this very ſubject, that public ceremony is not what, for your delicacy-ſake, he would have propoſed: But *being* propoſed, he would not, by any means, decline it. He had no concern but for you; and he took your acquieſcence as a noble inſtance of your duty and obligingneſs to one of the moſt affectionate and worthy of parents.

O my dear Lady G. how good was you to come down! Support me in the arduous taſk of to-morrow!——You will not want my ſupport, my love; you will have Sir Charles Grandiſon bound, both by duty and love, to ſupport you.

She threw her arms about me: I will endeavour to behave as I ought, in a circumſtance that ſhall intitle me to ſuch protection, and to ſuch a Siſter.

My fidgetting lord thruſt in (unſent for) his ſharp face; and I chiding him for his intruſion, ſhe ſlipt away, or I had deſigned to attend her to her chamber; and there, perhaps, ſhould we have

ſtaid

ſtaid together moſt part of the night. If I had, I don't ſuppoſe that I ſhould deprived *her* of any reſt. What makes my fooliſh heart throb for her? ſo happy as ſhe is likely to be!—But ſincerely do I love her.

I ſhould have told you, that Emily behaved very prettily. Mr Beauchamp had a rich opportunity to engage her, while the ſettlements were executing.

On our return to them, the poor girl was wiping her eyes. How now, Emily? ſaid I ſoftly. O madam, Mr Beauchamp has been telling me how ill Sir Harry is! His own eyes ſet mine the example. How I pity him! And how good he is! No wonder my guardian loves him.

Beauchamp may poſſibly catch her in a weeping fit. The heart, ſoftened by grief, will turn to a comforter. Our own grief produces pity for another: Pity, love. They are next neighbours, and will call in to aſk kindly how a ſufferer does: And what a heart muſt that be, that will not adminiſter comfort when it makes its neighbourly call, if comfort be in its power?

'Lord G. you are very impertinent.' I am in the ſcribbling vein, my Caroline. And here this man—'Say another word, Lord G. and I'll ſit 'up all night—Well, well, now you return not 'ſaucineſs for threatening, I will have done.'

Good night—Good morrow rather, Lady L.—O Lady L.! *Good morrow* may it be!

CH. G.

LETTER XXXIV.

Lady G.
Miſs SELBY, } *To Lady* L.

Thurſday Morning, Nov. 16.

YOU ſhall find me, my dear ſiſter, as minute as you wiſh. Lucy is a charming girl. For the humour's ſake, as well as to forward each other, on the joyful occaſion, we ſhall write by turns.

It would look as if we had determined upon a public day, in the very face of it, were we to appear in full dreſſes: The contrary, therefore, was agreed upon yeſterday. But every one, however, intends to be dreſſed as elegantly as morning-dreſſes can make them. Harriet, as you ſhall hear, is the leaſt ſhewy. All in virgin white. She looks, ſhe moves an angel. I muſt go to the dear girl.—'Lucy, where are you?'

'Here, madam—But how can one write when 'one's thoughts——'

'Write as I bid you. Have I not given you 'your cue?'

Lucy, taking up the pen.] Dear Lady L. I am in a vaſt hurry. Lord W. Lady W. and Mr Beauchamp are come. Sir Charles, Mr Deane, Mr and Mrs Reeves, have been here this *half-hour*. Has Lady G. dated?—No, I proteſt! We women are above ſuch little exactneſſes. Dear Lady L.! the gentlemen and ladies are all come. They ſay the church-yard is crouded with more of the living than of the dead, and there is hardly room for a ſpade. What an image, on ſuch a day! We are

are all out of our wits between joy and hurry. My couſin is not well; her heart miſgives her! Fooliſh girl!—She is with her grandmamma and my grandmamma Selby. One gives her hartſhorn, another ſalts. "Lady G. Lady G. I muſt 'attend my dear Miſs Byron: In an hour's time 'that will be her name no longer."

Lady G.] Here, here, child—Our Harriet's better, Lady L. and aſhamed of herſelf. Sir Charles was ſent for up, by her grandmother and aunt, to ſoothe her. Charming man! Tenderneſs and love are indeed tenderneſs and love in the brave and manly heart. Emily will not be married, on any conſideration. There is terror, and not joy, ſhe ſays, in the attending circumſtances. Good Emily, continue to harden thy heart againſt love, and thoughts of wedlock, for two years to come, and then change thy mind, for Beauchamp's ſake!

"Dear Lucy, a line or two more. Your uncle; 'I hear his voice, ſummoning—The man's mad; 'mad indeed, Lady L.—In *ſuch* a hurry!"—Lucy, they are not yet all ready.

"Nor I, ſays the raptured ſaucy-face, to take 'up the pen—not a line more can I, will I write, 'till the knot is tied."

Nor I, my dear Lady L. till I can give you joy upon it.

I fib: For this hurrying ſoul himſelf, in driving every body elſe, has forgot to be quite ready.—But we are in very good time. Lucy has brought me up the order of proceſſion, as Earl-marſhal Selby has directed it.

Here I pin it on.

First Coach (Mr *Selby*'s).

THE BRIDE, - Mr SELBY.
Mrs SHIRLEY, - - THE BRIDEGROOM.

Bride Men and Maids.

Second Coach (Mrs *Shirley*'s).

Miſs EMILY JERVOIS, LORD RERESBY.
Miſs NEDHAM, - - Mr BEAUCHAMP.

Third Coach (Sir *Charles*'s).

Miſs BARCLAY, - - Mr FALCONBRIDGE.
Miſs WATSON, - - - Mr ALLESTREE.

Fourth Coach (Lord *W.*'s).

Mrs SELBY, - - Lord W.
Lady W. - - - Lord L.

Fifth Coach (old Mrs *Selby*'s).

Old Mrs SELBY, - Lord G.
Lady G. - - - Mr DEANE.

Sixth Coach (Mr *Reeves*'s).

Mrs REEVES, - - Mr JAMES SELBY.
Miſs LUCY SELBY, Mr REEVES.

Seventh Coach (Sir *John Holles*'s).

Miſs NANCY SELBY, Mr HOLLES.
Miſs KITTY HOLLES, Mr STEELE.

Eighth Coach (Lord *G.*'s).

Miſs PATTY HOLLES, Mr GODFREY.
Miſs DOLLY NEDHAM, Mr ROBERTS.

Each

Each coach four horſes. Sir Charles's ſtate-coach to be reſerved for the day of public appearance.

[From Selby-houſe to the church, half a mile, in coaches; foot-way not ſo much.]

Emily was very earneſt to be bride-maid, tho' adviſed to the contrary.

Mr Beauchamp was a bride-man, at his own requeſt alſo.

I will go back to the early part of the morning.

We were each of us ſerenaded, as I may ſay, by direction of this joyful man uncle Selby (*awakened*, as he called it, to muſic), by James Selby, playing at each perſon's door an air or two, the words from an epithalamium (whoſe, I know not);

The day is come, you wiſh'd ſo long:
Love pick'd it out amidſt the throng:
He deſtines to himſelf this ſun,
And takes the reins, and drives it on.

It is indeed a fine day. The ſun ſeemed to reproach ſome of us; but Harriet ſlept not a wink. No wonder.

I haſtened up to ſalute her. She was ready dreſſed. Charming readineſs, my love, ſaid I!

I took the opportunity while I was able, anſwered ſhe.

Lucy, Nancy, were with her, both dreſſed, as ſhe, for the day; that they might have nothing to do but to attend her. What joy in their faces! What ſweet careſulneſs in the lovely Harriet's!—And *will* this day, ſaid ſhe once, in a low voice, to me, give me to the lord of my heart?—Let not *grief* come near it; *joy* can be enough painful!

Lucy.] My couſin, her ſpirits over hurried, was ready to faint in her grandmother's arms; but,

but, revived by the ſoothings, the bleſſings, of her venerable parent, ſoon recovered. Let nobody be frighted, ſaid her grandmother: Affright not, by your hurryings, my lovely child! A little fatigued; her ſpirits are hurried: Her joy is too much for them.

What a charming preſence of mind has Mrs Shirley! Lady G. bids me write any thing to your ladyſhip, ſo I *will* but write; and forbids me apologizing either for manner or words.

Sir Charles was admitted. She ſtood up the moment ſhe ſaw him, love and reverence in her ſweet aſpect. With a kind impatience he haſtened to her, and threw himſelf at her feet, taking her hand, and preſſing it with his lips—Reſume your magnanimity, my deareſt life: By God's bleſſing, with the man before you, you will have *more* than a chance for happineſs.

Forgive me, Sir, ſaid ſhe, ſitting down (She could hardly ſtand:) I can have no doubt of your goodneſs: But it is a great day! The ſolemnity is an awful one!

It is a great, a ſolemn day to me, my deareſt creature! But encourage my joy by your ſmiles. It can ſuffer abatement only by giving you pain.

Generous goodneſs! But——

But what, my love? In compliment to the beſt of parents, to the kindeſt of uncles, reſume your uſual preſence of mind. I, elſe, who ſhall glory before a thouſand witneſſes in receiving the honour of your hand, ſhall be ready to regret that I acquieſced ſo chearfully with the wiſhes of thoſe parental friends for a public celebration.

I have not been of late well, Sir: My mind is weakened. But it would be ungrateful, if I did not own to you, that my joy is as ſtrong as my fear: It overcame me. I hope I ſhall behave better. You ſhould not have been called to be a witneſs of my weakneſs——

This

This day, my deareſt love, we call upon the world to be a witneſs to our mutual vows. Let us ſhew that world, that our hearts are one; and that the ceremony, ſacred as it is, cannot make them more ſo. The engagement is a holy one: Let us ſhew the multitude, as well as our ſurrounding friends, that we think it a laudable one. Once more I call upon you, my deareſt life, to juſtify my joy by your *apparent* approbation. The world around you, lovelieſt of women, has been accuſtomed to ſee your *lovers*; ſhew them now the huſband of your choice.

O Sir! you have given me a motive! I will think of it throughout the whole ſacred tranſaction. She looked around her, as if to ſee if everybody were ready that moment to attend her to church.

Lady G.] The ceremony is happily over; and I am retired to oblige my Caroline. You have the form of the proceſſion. When every thing was ready, Mr Selby thought fit to call us down in order into the Great Hall, marſhalling his fours; and great pride and pleaſure did he take in his office. At his firſt ſummons, down came the angel, and the four young ladies, and each of the four had her partner aſſigned her.

Emily ſeemed, between the novelty and the parade, to be wholly engaged.

Harriet, the moment ſhe came down, flew to her grandmamma, and kneeled to her, Sir Charles ſupporting her as ſhe kneeled, and as ſhe aroſe. A tender and ſweet ſight!

The old lady threw her arms about her, and twice or thrice kiſſed her forehead; her voice faltring——God bleſs, bleſs, ſuſtain my child!—Her aunt kiſſing her cheek: Now, now, my deareſt love, whiſpered ſhe, I call upon you for fortitude.

She

She viſibly ſtruggled for reſolution; but ſeemed, in all her motions, to be in a hurry, as if afraid ſhe ſhould not hold it. She paſſed me with ſuch a ſweet confuſion! Charming girl! ſaid I, taking her hand, as ſhe paſſed, and giving way to her quick motions, for fear reſtraint ſhould diſconcert her.

When her uncle gave the word for moving, and approached to take her hand, ſhe in her hurry, forgetting her cue, put it into Sir Charles's. Hold, hold, ſaid her uncle, ſweeping his boſom with his chin, in his arch way, that muſt not yet be. My brother, kiſſing her hand, preſented it, in a very gallant manner, to her uncle. I yield it to you, Sir, ſaid he, as a precious truſt; in an hour's time to be confirmed mine by divine, as well as human ſanctions.

Mr Selby led the lovely creature to the coach, but ſtopt at the door with her, for Mrs Shirley's going in firſt: The ſervants at a diſtance all admiring, and bleſſing, and praying, for their beloved young lady.

Sir Charles took the good Mrs Shirley's hand in one of his, and put the other arm round her waiſt, to ſupport her. What honour you do me, Sir! ſaid ſhe. I think I may throw away *this* (meaning her ebony crutch-ſtick): Do I ail any thing? Her feet, however, ſeconded not her ſpirits. My brother lifted her into the coach. It was ſo natural to him to be polite, that he offered his hand to his beloved Harriet; but was checked by her uncle (in his uſual pleaſant manner): Stay your time, too ready, Sir, ſaid he. Thank God it will not be long before *both* hands will be yours.

We all followed, very exactly, the order that had been with ſo much proud parade preſcribed by Earl-marſhal Selby.

The coach-way was lined with ſpectators. Mr Selby, it ſeems, bowed all the way, in return to the ſalutes of his acquaintance. Have you never, lady

L. called for the attention of your company in your coach, to ſomething that has paſſed in the ſtreets, or on the road, and at the ſame time thruſt your head through the window, ſo that nobody could ſee but yourſelf? So it was with Mr Selby, I doubt not. He wanted every one to look in at the happy pair; but took care that hardly any body but himſelf ſhould be ſeen. I aſked him afterwards, If it were not ſo? He knew not, he ſaid, but it might. I told him, he had a very jolly comely face to ſhew, but no head. He does not ſpare me: But true jeſts are not always the moſt welcome. Tell a lady of forty, that ſhe is ſixty or ſeventy, and ſhe will not be ſo angry as if ſhe were gueſſed to be eight or nine and thirty. The one nobody will believe; the other every-body. My Lord G. I can tell you, fares well in Mr Selby's company.

"Lucy, my dear girl, take the pen—You don't 'know, you ſay, what I wrote laſt——Read it, my 'girl—You have it——Take the pen; I want to be 'among them."

Lucy.] Lady G. muſt have her jeſt, whether in the right place, or not. Excuſe me, both ſiſters. How *could* ſhe, however, in a part ſo intereſting? She ſays, I muſt give an account of the proceſſion, and ſhe will conduct them into the church; I out of it. I cannot, ſhe ſays, after ſo many wiſhes, ſo many ſuſpenſes, ſo much expectation, before it came to this, be too minute. Every woman's heart leaps, ſhe ſays, when a wedding is deſcribed; and wiſhes to know all, *how and about it.* Your ladyſhip will know, that theſe words are lady G.'s own: But what can I ſay of the proceſſion?

The poor Harriet—Fie upon me—The *rich* Harriet, was not ſorry, I believe, that her uncle's head, now on this ſide, now on the other, in a manner filled the coach: But when it ſtopt at the churchyard, an incloſed one, whoſe walls keep off coaches

near a ſtone's throw from the church-porch, then was my lovely couſin put to it; eſpecially as her grandmother walked ſo ſlow. We were all out of our coaches before the father and the bride entered the porch. I ſhould tell your ladyſhip, that the paſſage from the entrance of the church-yard to the church is railed in. Every Sunday the crowd (gathered to ſee the gentry go in and come out) are accuſtomed to be bounded by theſe rails; and were the more contentedly ſo now: The whole church-yard ſeemed one maſs (but for that ſeparating paſſage) of living matter, diſtinguiſhed only by ſeparate heads; not a hat on the men's; pulled off, perhaps, by general conſent, for the convenience of ſeeing, more than from deſigned regard in *that* particular. But, in the main, never was there ſuch ſilent reſpect ſhewn, on the like occaſion, by mortal mob. We all of us, Lady L. have the happineſs to be beloved by high and low.

But one pretty ſpectacle it is impoſſible to paſs by. Four girls, tenants' daughters, the eldeſt not above thirteen, appeared with neat wicker-baſkets in their hands, filled with flowers of the ſeaſon. Chearful way was made for them. As ſoon as the bride, and father, and Sir Charles, and Mrs Shirley alighted, theſe pretty little Flora's, all dreſſed in white, chaplets of flowers for head dreſſes, large noſegays in their boſoms, white ribbands adorning their ſtays and their baſkets, ſome ſtreaming down, others tied round the handles in true lover's knots, attended the company; two going before; the two others here and there, and every-where; all ſtrewing flowers: A pretty thought of the tenants among themſelves. Sir Charles ſeemed much pleaſed with them: Pretty dears he called them, to one of them.

God bleſs you, and *God* bleſs you, was echoed from many mouths. Your brother's attention was chiefly employed on Mrs Shirley, becauſe of her age and

and lameneſs. Here my good Lady G. perhaps would ſtop to remark upon the worthy nature of the Engliſh populace, when good characters attract their admiration; for even the populace took notice, how right a thing it was for the fineſt young gentleman their eyes ever beheld to take ſuch care of ſo good an old lady. He *deſerved* to live to be old himſelf, one ſaid: They would warrant, others ſaid, that he was a ſweet-tempered man; and others, that he had a good heart. In the proceſſion one of us picked up one praiſe, another another. Tho' Lady G. Lady W. and the four bride-maids, as well as the lords, might have claimed high notice; yet not any of them received more than commendation: We were all conſidered but as Satellites to the planets that paſſed before us. What indeed were we more? But let me ſay, that Mrs Shirley had her ſhare in reverence, as the lovely couple had their's in admiration. But O how my dear couſin was affected, when ſhe alighted from her uncle's coach!

The churchwardens themſelves were ſo complaiſant as to ſtand at the church-door, and opened it, on the approach of the bride, and her nuptial father. But all the pews near the altar were, however, filled (one or two excepted, which ſeemed to be left for the company) with ladies and well-dreſſed women of the neighbourhood: And though they ſeemed to intend to ſhut the doors after we had all got in, the church was full of people. Mr Selby was diſpleaſed, for his niece's ſake; who, trembling, could hardly walk up to the altar. Sir Charles *ſeated* his venerable charge on a covered bench on the left ſide of the altar; and by her, and on another covered bench on the rightſide, without the rails, we all, but the bride-maids and their partners, took our ſeats. They ſtood, the men on the bridegroom's ſide; the maids on Harriet's—Never—

Lady G.] 'Are you within the church, Lucy?—'You are, I proteſt. Let me read what you have 'done. Come, pretty well, pretty well—You were 'going to praiſe my brother: Leave that to me. 'I have an excellent knack at it.'

Never was man ſo much and ſo deſervedly admired. He ſaw his Harriet wanted ſupport and encouragement. The miniſter ſtood ſuſpended a few moments, as doubting whether ſhe would not faint. My deareſt love, whiſpered Sir Charles, remember you are doing honour to the happy, thrice happy man of your choice: Shew he is your choice, in the face of this congregation. Pardon me, Sir, I will endeavour to be all you wiſh me.

Sir Charles bowed to the miniſter to begin the ſacred office. Mr Selby, with all his bravery, trembled, and, overcome by the ſolemnity of the preparation, looked now pale, now red. The whole congregation were huſhed and ſilent, as if nobody were in the church but perſons immediately concerned to be there. Emily changed colour frequently. She had her handkerchief in her hand, and (pretty enough!) her ſiſter bride-maids, little thinking that Emily had a reaſon for her emotion, which none of them had, pulled out *their* handkerchiefs too, and *permitted* a gentle tear or two to ſteal down their glowing cheeks. I fixed my eye on Emily, ſitting outward, to keep her in order. The doctor began—"*Dearly beloved*"—Ah, Harriet! thought I, thou art much quieter now than once thou wert at theſe words *.

No *impediments* were confeſſed by either of the parties when they were referred to by the miniſter, on this head. I ſuppoſe this reference would have been omitted by Sir Hargrave's ſnuffling parſon. To the queſtion to my brother, "*Wilt thou have*," &c.

* *When Sir Hargrave Pollexfen would have compelled her to be his, Vol.* I. *P.* 222.

&c. he chearfully anſwered, *I will.* Harriet did not ſay, *I will not.* "*Who giveth this woman,*" &c. I, I, I, ſaid uncle Selby; and he owns, that he had much ado to refrain ſaying—"With all my heart and ſoul!" Sir Charles ſeemed to have the office *by* heart; Harriet *in* her heart: For before the miniſter could take the right-hand of the good girl to put it into that of my brother, his hand knew its office, nor did her trembling hand decline the favour. Then followed the words of acceptance, "*I Charles take thee, Harriet,*" &c. on *his* part, which he audibly, and with apparent joy and reverence in his countenance, repeated after the miniſter: But not quite ſo alert was Harriet in *her* turn; her hand was rather taken than offered. Her lips, however, moved after the miniſter; nor ſeemed to heſitate at the little piddling word *obey*, which, I remember, gave a qualm to my poor heart on the like occaſion. The ring was preſented. The doctor gave it to Sir Charles, who, with his uſual grace, put it on the finger of the moſt charming woman in England, repeating after the miniſter audibly, "*With this ring I thee wed,*" &c. She brightened up; when the miniſter, joining their right hands, read, "*Thoſe whom God hath joined together, let no man put aſunder.*" And the miniſter's addreſs to the company, declaring the marriage, and pronouncing them man and wife, in name of the Holy Trinity, and his bleſſing them, ſwelled, ſhe owns, her grateful heart, ready to burſting. In the reſponſes, I could not but obſerve, that the congregation generally joined, as if they were intereſted in the celebration.

Sir Charles, with a joy that lighted up a more charming flush than uſual on his face, his lively ſoul looking out at his fine eyes, yet with an air as modeſt as reſpectful, did credit to our ſex before the applauding multitude, by bending his knee to his ſweet bride, on taking her hand, and ſaluting

her, on the concluſion of the ceremony——May God, my deareſt life, ſaid he audibly, be gracious to *your* Grandiſon, as he will be good to *his* Harriet, now no more Byron!—She courteſied low, and with ſo modeſt a grace, that every ſoul bleſſed her, and pronounced her the lovelieſt of women, and him the moſt graceful and polite of men.

He invited Dr Curtis to the wedding-dinner, and led his bride into the veſtry.

She was followed by her virgin-train; they by their partners.

She threw herſelf, the moment ſhe beheld her grandmother, at her feet. Bleſs, madam, your happy, happy child.

God for ever bleſs the darling of my heart!

Sir Charles bent his knee to the venerable lady with ſuch a *condeſcending* dignity, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, Receive and bleſs alſo your ſon, my Harriet's reverend parent, and mine.

The dear lady was affected. She ſlid off her ſeat on her knees, and with uplifted hands and eyes, tears trickling on her cheeks, Thou, Almighty, bleſs the dear ſon of my wiſhes!

He raiſed her with pious tenderneſs, and ſaluted her. Excellent lady!——He would have ſaid more, but was affected—Every body was—And having ſeated the old lady, he turned to Mrs Selby——Words are poor, ſaid he; my actions, my behaviour, ſhall ſpeak the grateful ſenſe I have of your goodneſs, ſaluting her; of yours, madam, to Mrs Shirley; and of yours, my deareſt life, addreſſing himſelf to his lovely bride, who ſeemed hardly able to ſuſtain her joy on ſo reſpectful a recognition of relation to perſons ſo dear to her. Let me once more, added he, bleſs the hand that has bleſſed me!

She chearfully offered it: I give you, Sir, my Hand, ſaid ſhe, and with it a poor Heart——A

poor

poor Heart indeed! But it is a grateful one! It is all your own!

He bowed upon her hand. He ſpoke not. He ſeemed as if he could not ſpeak.

Joy, Joy, Joy, was wiſhed the happy pair, from every mouth. "See, my dear young ladies," ſaid the happy and inſtructing Mrs Shirley, addreſſing herſelf to them, "the reward of duty, virtue, and 'obedience! How unhappy muſt thoſe parents 'and relations be, whoſe daughters, unlike our 'Harriet, have diſgraced themſelves and their fa-'milies, by a ſhameful choice—As my Harriet's 'is, ſuch, looking around her be *your* lot, my 'amiable daughters!"

They every one beſought her hand, and kiſſed it; and ſome by ſpeech, all by looks and courteſies, promiſed to cheriſh the memory of this happy tranſaction for their benefit.

Emily, when ſhe approached the venerable lady, ſobbing, ſaid, Bleſs me, me alſo bleſs, my dear grandmamma Shirley!—Let me be your own grand-daughter.—She embraced and bleſſed the dear girl—Ah, my love, ſaid ſhe, But *will* you ſupply the place of my Harriet to me? *Will* you be my Harriet? *Will* you live with me and Mrs Selby—as Harriet did?—Emily ſtarted: Ah, madam, you are all goodneſs! Let me try to make myſelf, in ſome little way, agreeable to my dear Miſs Byron that was, and live a little while in the ſun-ſhine of my guardian's eye; and then how proud ſhall I be to be thought, in any the leaſt degree, like your Harriet!

This I thought a good hint of Mrs Shirley. Our Harriet (my dear Caroline) ſhall not be made unhappy by the chit; nor ſhall the dear girl neither, if I can help it, be made ſo by her own foible. We will watch over both, for the good of both, and for the tranquillity of the beſt of men.

Beauchamp's

Beauchamp's joy ſhone through a cloud, becauſe of his father's illneſs; but it *did* ſhine.

Mr Selby and my lord were vaſtly alive. Lord L. was fervent in his joy and congratulations; but he was wiſer than both put together. Nothing was wanting to ſhew that he was exceſſively pleaſed; but I was afraid the other two would not have conſidered the veſtry as part of the church; and would have ſtruck up a tune without muſic.

How ſincerely joyful, alſo, were Lord and Lady W.! My lord's eyes burſt into tears more than once: Nephew, and dear nephew at every word, whether ſpeaking of or to my brother, as if he thought the relation he ſtood in to him a greater glory than his peerage, or ought elſe that he valued himſelf upon, his excellent lady excepted.

Upon my honour, Caroline, I think, as I have often ſaid, that people may be *very* happy, if not *moſt* happy, who ſet out with a moderate ſtock of love, and ſupply what they want in that with prudence. I really think, that my brother and Harriet cannot be happier than are now this worthy couple; times of life conſidered on both ſides, and my lord's inferior capacity allowed for. For certainly, men of ſenſe are moſt capable of joyful ſenſations, and have their balances; ſince it is *as* certain, that they are alſo moſt ſuſceptible of painful ones. What then, is the ſtuff, the nonſenſe, that romantic girls, their romancing part of life not wholly elapſed, prate about, and din one's ears with, of *firſt* love, *firſt* flame, but *firſt* folly? Do not moſt of ſuch give indication of gun-powder conſtitutions, that want but the match to be applied to ſet them into a blaze? Souls of tinder, diſcretions of flimſy gauze, that conceal not their folly—One day they think as I do; and perhaps before they have daughters who will *convince* them of the truth of my aſſertion.

But

But here comes Lucy.—" My dear girl take ' the pen—I am too *ſentimental.* The French on- ' ly are proud of ſentiments at this day; the ' Engliſh cannot bear them: Story, ſtory, ſtory, ' is what they hunt after, whether ſenſe or non- ' ſenſe, probable or improbable."

Lucy.] " Bleſs me, Lady G.! you have writ- ' ten a great deal in a little time. What am I ' to do?"

Lady G.] " You brought the happy pair into ' the church. I have told Lady L. what was ' done there: You are to carry them out."

Lucy.] " And ſo I will."—My deareſt love, ſaid her charming man to my couſin, who had a little panic on the thoughts of going back through ſo great a croud, imagine, as you walk, that you ſee nobody but the happy man whom you have honoured with your hand: Every body will praiſe and admire the lovelieſt of women. Nobody, I hope, will blame your choice. Remember at whoſe requeſt it was, that you are put upon this difficulty: Your grandmamma's and uncle's. She, one of the beſt of women, was married to one of the beſt of men. I was but acquieſcent in it. Shew, my deareſt life, all your numerous admirers and well-wiſhers, that you are not aſhamed of your choice.

O Sir! how charmingly do you ſtrengthen my mind! I will ſhew the world that my choice is my glory.

Every body being ready, ſhe gave her hand to the beloved of her heart.

The bells were ſet a-ringing the moment the ſolemnity was concluded; and Sir Charles Grandiſon, the ſon of our venerable Mrs Shirley, the nephew of my uncle and aunt Selby, huſband of my dear and ever dear Harriet, and the eſteemed of every heart, led his graceful bride through a lane of applauding and decent behaving ſpecta-

tors,

tors, down through the church——and ſtill more thronging multitudes in the church-yard; the four little Flora's again ſtrewing flowers at their feet, as they paſſed. My ſweet girls, ſaid he, to two of them, I charge you, complete the honour you have done us, by your preſence at Selby-houſe: You will bring your companions with you, my loves.

My uncle looked around him as he led Mrs Shirley: *So* proud! and *ſo* ſtately? By ſome undeſigned change, Mr Beauchamp led Miſs Jervois. She ſeemed pleaſed, and happy; for he whiſpered to her all the way praiſes of her guardian. *My* guardian, twice or thrice, occaſionally, repeated ſhe aloud, as if ſhe boaſted of ſtanding in ſome relation to him.

The bride and bridegroom ſtopt for Mrs Shirley a little while at the coach-ſide: A very grateful accident to the ſpectators: He led them both in, with a politeneſs that attends him in all he does. The coach wheeled off, to give way to the next; and we came back in the order we went.

"Now, my dear Lady G. you, who never 'were from the ſide of your dear new ſiſter for 'the reſt of the day, reſume the pen."

Lady G.] "I will, my dear; but in a new 'letter. This fourth ſheet is written down to the 'very edge. Caroline will be impatient: I will 'ſend away this."

Joy to my ſiſter! Joy to my aunt! Joy to the earl! To Lady Gertrude! To our dear Dr Bartlett! To every one, on an event ſo happy; and ſo long wiſhed for by us all!

"Sign, Lucy, ſign."

"After your ladyſhip."

There then, CHARLOTTE G.

And, There then, LUCY SELBY.

LETTER

LETTER XXXV.

Lady G. *To Lady* L. *In Continuation.*

THIS happy event has been ſo long wiſhed for by us all; we are ſo much delighted with the bride, as well as the bridegroom; ſo many uncertainties, ſo many ſuſpenſes, have fallen in; ſo little likelihood once that it ever would have been; and you are ſo miſerably tied by the leg, poor Caroline! and ſo little to divert you, beſides the once ſmiling to the ten times ſqualling of your little ſtranger; that compaſſion, love, both incite me to be minute; that ſo you may be as much with us in idea, as we all wiſhed you could have been in perſon.

Crouds of people lined the way, in our return from church, as well as in our way to it; and bleſſings were pronounced upon the happy pair, by hundreds, at their alighting at Selby-houſe.

When we were all aſſembled in the great hall, mutual congratulation flowed from every mouth: Then did every man ſalute the happy bride: Then did the equally happy bridegroom ſalute every lady—There was among us the height of joy; joy becoming the awful ſolemnity; and every one was full of the decent behaviour, and the delight expreſſed by the crouds of ſpectators of all ranks, and both ſexes; a delight and decency worthy of the characters of the admirable pair: And Miſs Nedham declared, and all the young ladies joined with her, that if ſhe could be ſecure of the like good behaviour and encouragement, ſhe would never think of a private wedding for herſelf. Mr Selby himſelf was overjoyed, too much even to utter a jeſt; Now, now, he ſaid, he had attained the height of his ambition.

The

The dear Harriet *could* look up: She *could* ſmile around her. I led her, with Lucy, into the cedar-parlour—Now, my dear love, ſaid I, the moment we entered it, throwing my arms about her, juſt as her lips were joyfully opening to ſpeak to me, do I ſalute my real ſiſter, my ſiſter Grandiſon, in my dear Lady L.'s name, as well as in my own: God Almighty confirm and eſtabliſh your happineſs!

My deareſt, deareſt Lady G. how grateful, how encouraging, to my heart, is your kind ſalutation! Your continued love, and that of my dear Lady L. will be eſſential to my happineſs.

May our hearts be ever united! replied I. But they muſt: For were not our minds kindred minds before?

But you muſt love my Lucy, ſaid ſhe, preſenting her to me——You muſt love my grand—mamma, ſaid I, catching the word from her, your aunt, your uncle, your couſins, and your couſins' couſins, to the twentieth generation——And ſo I will: Ours yours; yours ours! We are all of one family, and will be for ever.

What a happy creature am I! replied ſhe——How many people can *one* good man make ſo!—But where is my Emily, ſweet girl! Bring to me, Lucy, bring to me my Emily!

Lucy went out, and led in the dear girl. With hands and eyes uplifted, My dear Miſs Byron, that was, now Lady Grandiſon, ſaid ſhe, love me; love your Emily. I am now *your* Emily, *your* ward; love me as well as you did when Miſs Byron.

Harriet threw her arms about her neck; I do, I will, I muſt: You ſhall be my ſiſter, my friend; *my* Emily now, indeed! Love me, as I will love you; and you ſhall find *your* happineſs in *mine*.

Sir

Sir Charles entered; his Beauchamp in his hand. Quitting his and taking hers, he kiſſed it. Once more, ſaid he, do I thank my deareſt life for the honour ſhe has done me: Then reſuming, with his other hand, his Beauchamp's, he preſented each to the other, as brother and ſiſter.

Beauchamp, in a graceful manner, bowed on her hand: She courteſied to him with an air of dignity and eſteem.

He then turning to Emily, Acknowledge, my dear, ſaid he, your eldeſt ſiſter: My Harriet will love her Emily. Receive, my deareſt life, your ward. Yet (to Emily) I acquit not myſelf of the power, any more than of the will, of obliging you at firſt hand.

O Sir! ſaid the ſobbing girl, you are all goodneſs! But I will make no requeſt to you, but through my deareſt Lady Grandiſon's mediation. If ſhe approve of it firſt, I ſhall not doubt of its fitneſs to be complied with.

Was not that pretty in Emily? O how Beauchamp's eyes loved her!

But why, ladies, ſaid Sir Charles, do you ſequeſter yourſelves from the company? Are we not all of a family to-day? The four little Flora's, with their baſkets in their hands, were entering the gate, as I came in: Receive them, my love, with your uſual graciouſneſs. We will join the company, and call them in. My Beauchamp, you are a brideman; reſtore my bride to her friends and admirers within.

He took Emily's hand. She looked *ſo* proud!—Harriet gave hers to Beauchamp. We followed them into the great hall: Mr Selby had archneſs in his look, and ſeemed ready to blame us for withdrawing.—Sir Charles was aware of him. My dear Mr Selby, ſaid he, will you not allow us to ſee the pretty Flora's? By all means, ſaid Mr Selby; and hurried out, and introduced them.

Sweet pretty girls! We had more leiſure to conſider the elegant ruſticity of their dreſſes and appearance. They had their baſkets in their hands, and a courteſy and bluſh ready for every one in company. Sir Charles ſeemed to expect that his bride would take notice of them firſt; but obſerving that ſhe wanted preſence of mind, he ſtept to them; took each by the hand, the youngeſt firſt; called them pretty loves; I wiſh, ſaid he, I could preſent you with as pretty flowers as you threw away in honour *to this company;* putting into each baſket, wrapped up in paper, five guineas: Then preſented them, two in each hand, to his bride; who, by that time, was better prepared to receive them with that ſweet eaſe and familiarity which give grace to all ſhe ſays and does.

The children afterwards deſiring to go to their parents, the polite Beauchamp himſelf, accompanied by Lucy, led them to them, and returned, with a requeſt from all the tenants, that they might have the honour, ſome time in the day, to ſee the bride and bridegroom among them, were it but for two minutes. What ſays my love? ſaid Sir Charles. O, Sir, I cannot, cannot—Well, then, I will attend them, to make your excuſe, as well as I can. She bowed her thanks.

The time before dinner was devoted to converſation. Sir Charles was nobody's, no, not very particularly his bride's: He put every one upon ſpeaking in turn. For about half an hour he ſat between the joyful Mrs Shirley and Mrs Selby; but even then, in talking to them, talked to the whole company: Yet, in his air and manner to both, ſhewed ſo much reſpect, as needed not the aid of a particular addreſs to them in words.

This was obſerved to me by good Lord L. For Harriet (uneaſy, every eye continually upon her, thoughtful, baſhful) withdrawing, a little before dinner, with a caſt of her eye to me, I follow-

ed

ed her to her dreſſing-room. There, with ſo much expreſſiveneſs of meaning, though not of language; ſo much tenderneſs of love; ſo much pious gratitude; ſo much true virgin ſenſibility; did ſhe open her heart to me, that I ſhall ever revolve what paſſed in that converſation, as the true criterion of virgin delicacy unmingled with affectation. Nor was I diſpleaſed, that in the height of her grateful ſelf-congratulation, ſhe more than once acknowledged a ſigh for the admirable Clementina. We juſt began to expreſs our pleaſure and our hopes in the good behaviour of our Emily, when we were called to dinner.

It was a ſumptuous one.

Mr Selby was very orderly, upon the whole: But he remembered, he ſaid, that when *he* was married (and he called upon his dame to confirm it) he was obliged to wait on his bride, and the company; and he inſiſted upon it, that Sir Charles ſhould.

No, no, no, every one ſaid; and the bride looked a little ſerious upon it: But Sir Charles, with an air of gaiety that infinitely became him, took a napkin from the butler; and, putting it under his arm, I have only one requeſt to make you, my dear Mr Selby—When I am more aukward than I ought to be, do you correct me; and I ſhall have both pride and pleaſure in the taſk.

Adad! ſaid Mr Selby, looking at him with pleaſure——You may *be* any thing, *do* any thing; you cannot conceal the gentleman. Ads-heart, you muſt always be the firſt man in company—Pardon me, my lords.

Sir Charles was the modeſteſt ſervitor that ever waited at table, while his napkin was under his arm: But he laid it down while he addreſſed himſelf to the company, finding ſomething to ſay to each, in his pithy, agreeable manner, as he went round the table. He made every one happy.

With what delight did the elder ladies look upon him, when he addreſſed himſelf to each of them! He ſtopt at the bride's chair, and made her a compliment with an air of tenderneſs. I heard not what it was, ſitting at a diſtance; but ſhe looked grateful, pleaſed; ſmiled, and bluſhed. He paſſed from her to the bride-maids, and again complimented each of them. They alſo ſeemed delighted with what he ſaid. Then going to Mr Selby, Why don't you bid me reſume the napkin, Sir?—No, no; we ſee what you can do: Your conformity is enough for me. You may now ſit down when you pleaſe. You make the waiters look awkward.

He took his ſeat, thanked Mr Selby for having reminded him of his duty, as he called it, and was all himſelf, the moſt graceful and obliging of men.

You know, my dear Lady L. how much I love to praiſe my brother. Neither I, nor the young ladies, not even thoſe who had humble ſervants preſent, regarded any body but him. *My* poor lord!— I am glad, however, that he has a tolerable good ſet of teeth—they were always viſible. A good honeſt ſort of man though, Lady L. whatever you may think of him.

After dinner, at Mr Selby's reminding motion, Sir Charles and the men went to the tenants. They all wiſhed him joy; and, as they would not ſit down while he ſtood, Sir Charles took a ſeat among them, and all the reſt followed his example.

One of the honeſt men, it ſeems, remembered the nuptials of Mr and Mrs Byron, and praiſed them as the beſt and happieſt of the human race: Others confirmed *his* character of both: Another knew the late Mr Shirley, and extolled him as much: Another remembered the birth, another the chriſtening, of the bride; and others talked of what

what an excellent creature ſhe was from infancy. Let me tell you, Sir, ſaid one grey-headed man, you will have much ado to deſerve her; and yet you are ſaid to be as good as you are handſome. The women took up the cauſe: They were ſure, by what they had heard, if any man in the world could deſerve the bride, it was Sir Charles Grandiſon; and they would ſwear for him by his looks. One of the honeſt men ſaid, they ſhould all have taken it as a *hugeous* favour, were they allowed to wiſh the bride joy, though at ever ſo great a *diſtance*.

Sir Charles ſaid, he was ſure the women would excuſe her this day; and then the men would, in complaiſance to them. We will hope, ſaid he, looking all round him, before we leave Northamptonſhire, for one happy dinner together.

They all got up to bow and courteſy, and looked upon each other; and the men, who are moſt of them freeholders, wiſhed to the lord for a new election, and that he would come among them. They had no great matter of fault to find, they ſaid, with their preſent repreſentatives; but any body who would oppoſe Sir Charles Grandiſon would ſtand no chance. The women joined in the declaration, as if they thought highly, as Sir Charles pleaſantly obſerved, of their own influence over their huſbands. They all wondered that he was not in parliament, till they heard how little a while he had been in England.

He took leave of the good people (who, by their behaviour and appearance, did as much credit to their landlords as to themſelves) with his uſual affability and politeneſs; repeating his promiſe of a day of jubilee, as ſome of them called it.

The ball, at the requeſt of the whole company, was opened by the bride and bridegroom. She was very uneaſy at the general call. Sir Charles ſaw ſhe was, and would have taken out Miſs Ned-

ham; but it was not permitted. The dear creature, I believe, did her beſt at the time; but I have ſeen her perform better: Yet ſhe did exceedingly well. But ſuch a figure herſelf, and ſuch a partner! how could ſhe do amiſs?

Emily was taken out by Beauchamp. He did his beſt, I am ſure; and almoſt as much excelled his pretty partner, as his beloved friend did his.

Emily, ſitting down by me, aſked if ſhe did not perform very ill. Not *very* ill, my dear, ſaid I; but not ſo well as I have ſeen you dance. I don't know, ſaid ſhe, what ails me: My heart is very heavy, madam. What can be the meaning of it? But don't tell Lady Grandiſon ſo.—High-ho!—Lady Grandiſon! What a ſound is that? A charming ſound! But how ſhall I bring my lips to be familiarized to it?

You are glad ſhe is married, my love, I dare ſay?

Glad! To be ſure I am! It is an event that I have long, long wiſhed for: But new names, and new titles, one knows not how to frame one's mouth to preſently. It was ſome time before I could call you Lady G. But don't you pity poor Lady Clementina a little, madam?

A great deal, I do. But as ſhe refuſed my brother—

Ah! dear! that's the thing! I wonder ſhe could—when he would have let her have the free exerciſe of her religion.

Had you rather your guardian had had Lady Clementina, Emily?

O no! How can you aſk me ſuch a queſtion, madam? Of all the women in the world, I wiſhed him to have Miſs Byron. But ſhe is too happy for pity, you know, madam!——Bleſs me! What does ſhe look ſo thoughtful for? Why does ſhe ſigh ſo? Surely ſhe cannot be ſorry!

Sorry!

Sorry! No, my love! But a change of condition for life! New attachments! A new courſe of life! Her name ſunk and loſt! The property, perſon and will, of another, excellent as the man is; obliged to go to a new houſe; to be ingrafted into a new family; to leave her own, who ſo dearly love her; an *irrevocable* deſtiny!—Do you think, Emily, new in her preſent circumſtances, every eye upon her, it is not enough to make a conſiderate mind, as hers is, thoughtful?

All theſe are mighty hardſhips, madam! putting up her lip—But, Lady G., can you ſuppoſe ſhe thinks them ſo? If ſhe *does*—But ſhe is a dear good lady!—I ſhall ever love her. She is an ornament of our ſex! See, how lovely ſhe looks! Did your ladyſhip ever ſee ſo ſweet a creature? I never did.

Not for beauty, dignity, eaſe, figure, modeſty, good ſenſe, did I ever!

She is my *guardianeſs*, may I ſay? Is there ſuch a word?—I ſhall be as proud of her, as I am of my guardian. Yet there is no cauſe of ſighing, I think.—See my guardian! her huſband! Unfaſhionable as the word is, it is a pretty word. The *houſe-band*, that ties all together. Is not *that* the meaning?—Look round! How does he ſurpaſs all men!—*His* eaſe, talk of eaſe! *His* dignity, talk of dignity! As handſome a man as ſhe is a woman! See how every young lady eyes him; every young gentleman endeavours to imitate him. I wiſh *he* would take me out; I would do better.

This was the ſubſtance of the whiſpering dialogue that paſſed between Emily and me—Poor girl!

Mr Selby danced with Lucy, and got great applauſe. He was reſolved, he ſaid, to have one dance with the bride. She beſought him not to think of it. Her grandmamma, her aunt, entreated for her. She deſired Sir Charles to interpoſe—If, my deareſt life,

life, you *could* oblige your uncle—I cannot, cannot think of it, ſaid ſhe.

Lady G. ſaid Sir Charles, be ſo good as to challenge Mr Selby. I ſtood forth and offered my hand to him. He could not refuſe it. He did not perform ſo well as he did with Lucy. Go, ſaid I, when we had done, ſit down by your dame, and be quiet: You have loſt all your credit. *You* dance with a bride!—Some people know not how to bear applauſe; nor to leave off when they are well. Lord L. took out Mrs Selby. She dances very gracefully. Your Lord, you know, is above praiſe. The young Lord Rereſby and Miſs Nedham diſtinguiſhed themſelves. *My* odd creature was in his element. He and Miſs Barclay, and another time he and Emily, did very handſomely, and the girl got up her reputation. Lord W. did hobble, and not ungracefully, with old Mrs Selby; who had not danced, ſhe ſaid, for twenty years before; but, on ſo joyful an occaſion, would not refuſe Lord W.'s challenge: And both were applauded; the time of life of the lady, the limpingneſs of my lord, conſidered.

There was a very plentiful ſideboard of rich wines, ſweetmeats, &c.

We all diſclaimed formal ſupper.

We went afterwards into country dances.

Mrs Shirley retired about ten. Harriet took the opportunity of attending her. I had an intimation to follow.

I found her juſt dropt on her knees to her grandmamma, who, with her arms about her neck, was folding to her fond heart the darling of it.

I was called upon to give my opinion, whether ſhe ſhould return to the company, or not: I gave it, that ſhe ſhould; and that ſhe ſhould retire, for the night, about eleven. As to the bridemaids, I ſaid, I would manage, that they ſhould only attend her to her chamber, and leave her there, with her aunt,

aunt, Lucy, and me. Lord L. undertook to make the gentlemen give up form; which, he ſaid, they would the more eaſily do, as they were ſet into dancing.

After all, Lady L. we women dreſſed out in ribbands, and gaudy trappings, and in virgin-white, on our wedding-days, ſeem but like milk-white heifers led to ſacrifice. We ought to be indulged if we are not ſhameleſs things, and very wrong indeed, in our choice of the man we *can* love.

Mr Selby broke from his partner, Miſs Barclay, to whiſk into the figure of the bride.

Sir Charles joined the deſerted lady, who ſeemed much better pleaſed with her new partner than with her old one.

Lord W. who was ſitting down, took Mrs Selby, and led her into the dance.

I drew Miſs Nedham to the ſideboard, and gave her her cue: She gave theirs to the three other bridemaids.

About eleven, Mrs Selby, unobſerved, withdrew with the bride. The bride-maids, one by one, waited on her to her chamber; ſaluted her, and returned to company.

The dear creature wanted preſence of mind. She fell into my reflection above. O my dear Lady G.! ſhe ſaid, was I not right when I declared, that I never would marry, were it not to the man I loved above all the men in the world?

She complimented me twenty times with being very good. She prayed for me; but her prayers were meant for herſelf.

You remember, that ſhe told me on my apprehenſiveneſs on the like occaſion, that fear made me loving to her. On her bleſſing me, Ah, Harriet, ſaid I, you now find, that apprehenſion will make one *pious*, as well as *loving*.

My ſiſter, my friend, my own, my Caroline's, my brother's, *dear* Lady Grandiſon! ſaid I, when I left her,

her, near undreſſed, God bleſs you! And God be praiſed, that I can call you by theſe tender names! my brother is the happieſt of men; you of women. May we never love each other leſs than we do now. Look forward to the ſerene happineſs of your future lot. If you are the joy of our brother, you muſt be our joy, and the jewel of our family.

She anſwered me only by a fervent embrace, her eyes lifted up, ſurcharged, as I may ſay, with tears of joy, as in thankfulneſs.

I then ruſhed down ſtairs, and into the company.

My brother inſtantly addreſſed me—My Harriet, whiſpered he, with impatience, returns not this night.

You will ſee Mrs Selby, I preſume, by-and-by, returned I.

He took his ſeat by old Mrs Selby, and fell into talk with her, to avoid joining in the dances. His eye was continually turned to the door. Mrs Selby at laſt came in. Her eyes ſhewed the tender leave ſhe had taken of her Harriet.

My brother approached her. She went out: He followed her.

In a quarter of an hour ſhe returned.

We ſaw my brother no more that night.

We continued our dancings till between three and four.

I have often obſerved, that we women, whether weakly or robuſt, are hardly ever tired with dancing. It was ſo with us. The men, poor ſouls! looked ſilly and ſleepy by two, all but my ape: He has a good many *femalities*, as uncle Selby calls them. But he was brought up to be idle and uſeleſs, as women generally are.

I *muſt* conclude my letters whimſically, my dear: If I did not, you would not know them to be written by *Your* CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

Lady G. *In Continuation.*

EMILY, Lucy, and I, went to pay our morning-congratulations as ſoon as we aroſe, which was not very early, to my brother, being told that he was in the cedar-parlour writing. He received us like himſelf. I am writing, ſaid he, a few very ſhort letters. They are to demand the felicitations, one of our beloved Caroline, one of our aunt Grandiſon, one of the Earl of G. and one of our dear Dr Bartlett. There is another; you may read it, Charlotte.

That alſo was a ſhort one; to ſignify, according to promiſe, as I found, to Signor Jeronymo della Porretta, the actual celebration of his nuptials.

I returned it to him—"Like my brother," was all I ſaid.

It concluded with a caution given in the moſt ardent terms, againſt precipitating the admirable Clementina.

We went up to the bride. She was dreſſing. Her aunt was with her, and her two couſins Holles, who went not home the preceding night.

The moment we entered ſhe ran to us, and, claſping her arms about my neck, hid her bluſhing face in my boſom—My deareſt, deareſt Lady G. murmured ſhe—Am I indeed your ſiſter, your ſiſter Grandiſon? And will you love me as well as ever?

My deareſt, lovely ſiſter! my own ſiſter Grandiſon! My brother's wife! Moſt ſincerely do I repeat, Joy, Joy, Joy to my Harriet!

O Lady G.! How you raiſe me! Your goodneſs is a ſeaſonable goodneſs to me! I never, never, but by yours, and your ſiſter's example, ſhall be worthy of your brother!

Then

Then embracing Emily, Wiſh me joy, my love! In *my* joy ſhall you find *your own!*

Emily wept, and even ſobbed—You muſt, you muſt treat me leſs kindly, madam. I cannot, cannot bear your good—your goodneſs. On my knees I acknowledge my other guardian. God bleſs my dear, dear Lady Grandiſon!

At that moment, as they were folded in each other's arms, entered my brother—He claſped his round his ſweet bride: Pardon this intruſion, ſaid he—Excellent creature, continue to love my Emily!—Continue, my Emily, to deſerve the ſiſterly love of my Harriet!

Then turning to me, ſaluting me, My Charlotte loves my Harriet; ſo does our Caroline. She fondly loves you both. God continue your love to each other! What a ſiſter has yeſterday's happy event given to each other!—What a wife to me!—We will endeavour, my love (to her), to *deſerve* our happineſs; and, I humbly truſt, it will be continued to us.

He ſaluted Mrs Selby—My own aunt Selby! What obligations am I under to you, and to our venerable Mrs Shirley, for giving to an angel an angel's education, and conferring on *me* the bleſſing!

Congratulate me, my dear couſins Holles, ſaluting each. May you both be as happy, whenever you alter your ſingle eſtate, as I will endeavour to make your lovely couſin!

He withdrew, bowing to us; and with ſo much reſpectfulneſs to the happy Harriet, as delighted us all.

Lucy went down with him, to pay her morning-compliments to the two grandmammas.

Siſter, ſaid Kitty Holles, after he was gone—we never, never can think of marrying, after we have ſeen Sir Charles Grandiſon, and his behaviour.

Lucy came up with Nancy. They embraced their couſin. Your grandmamma and my grandmamma, my deareſt couſin, are impatient to ſee you in *your* grandmamma's chamber; and the gentlemen are crying out for their breakfaſts in the great parlour. We hurried down. The bride threw herſelf at her grandmamma's feet for her bleſſing. It was given in ſuch a tender and pious manner, that we were all affected by it. The beſt of ſons, of men, ſaid ſhe afterwards, has but juſt left me. What a bleſſing to all around him is a good man! Sir Charles Grandiſon is every thing. But, my dear loves, (to the younger ladies,) Let a good man, let life, let manners, be the principal motive of your choice: In *goodneſs* will you have every ſanction; and your fathers, mothers, relations, friends, every joy! My deareſt love, my Harriet, taking her hand, there was a time that I thought no man on earth could deſerve you: Now it is my prayer, and will be, that you may deſerve this man. But let us join the gentlemen. Fear not, my Harriet—Sir Charles's character will preſerve with every one its dignity, and give a ſanction to the ſolemnity that has united you to him. My deareſt love! be proud, and look aſſured: *You* may, or who can? Yeſterday's tranſaction is your glory; glory in it, my Harriet!

We attended the two elder ladies down. Harriet, as baſhful people ever do, increaſed her own difficulties, by ſtaying behind with her Lucy. We were all ſeated at the breakfaſt-tables, and ſtaid for them: Mr Selby grew impatient, every one having declared themſelves ready for breakfaſt. At laſt down came the bluſhing bride, with her Lucy. Sir Charles ſeeing Mr Selby's countenance turning peeviſhly arch, juſt as he had begun, "Let 'me tell you, niece," and was coming out with ſomething, he aroſe, and taking his bride's hand, led her to her ſeat. Huſh, my dear Mr Selby,

ſaid he: Nobody muſt call to account my wife, and I preſent.—How, Sir! How, Sir! Already have I loſt my niece?

Not ſo, Mr Selby. All her duties will have ſtrength given them by the happy event of yeſterday: But you muſt not let a new-married man ſee how much eaſier it is to find fault than to be faultleſs.

Your ſervant, Sir! replied Mr Selby——You'll one day pay for your complaiſance, or my niece is not a woman. But I was ready primed. You have robbed me of a jeſt; and that, let me tell you, would have been more to me than my breakfaſt.

After breakfaſt, Lucy gave us a leſſon on the harpſichord. Sir Charles accompanied her finger, at the deſire of the company.

Lord and Lady W. excuſed themſelves to breakfaſt, but came to dinner. We entertained one another with reports of what paſſed yeſterday, what people ſaid, how the tenants' feaſt was managed, how the populace behaved at the houſes which were kept open. The churchwardens' liſt was produced of the poor recommended by them: It amounted to upwards of 140, divided it into two claſſes; one of the acknowledged poor, the other of poor houſekeepers and labouring people who were aſhamed to apply, but to whom the church wardens knew bounty would be acceptable. There were above thirty of theſe to whom Sir Charles gave very handſomely, but we knew not what. The churchwardens, who are known to be good men, went away bleſſing him, with hearts running over at their lips, as if they themſelves were to find their account in his goodneſs.

Saturday.

WE have had a ſmart debate this morning, on the natural independency of our ſex, and the uſurpation of the other. Particulars by and by.

My

My brother is an irreſiſtible man. To-morrow he has carried it to make his appearance at church, againſt all their firſt intentions, and that by their own conſents. He had conſidered every thing: They had not. Mr Beauchamp has letters which require him to go up to town: Lord and Lady W. are deſirous to get thither, his lordſhip having ſome gouty warnings: I am obliged to go up, having hated to ſet about any thing preparatory to your caſe, Caroline! [If the wretch were to come in my way juſt now, I ſhould throw my ſtandiſh at him, I believe.] The Earl and Lady Gertrude are in town, and I am afraid of another reprimand. The earl never jeſts but he means the ſame as if he were ſerious. I ſhall take Emily with me when I go. Mrs Reeves wants to be with her little boy. Yet all theſe people are deſirous to credit the appearance.——I had like to have forgot your good man—He longs to ſee his Caroline, and hopes to engage my brother to ſtand in perſon as his urchin's ſponſor. So you ſee that there is a neceſſity to conſent to make the appearance to-morrow, or the bride will loſe the flower of her company.

God continue the happineſs of this charming pair! Their behaviour to each other is juſt what I would wiſh it to be, tender, affectionate, without fulſome fondneſs. He cannot be more reſpectful to the dear creature now, than he was before marriage: But, from his preſent behaviour, I dare anſwer for him, that he will not be leſs ſo: And yet he is ſo lively, that he has all *the young man* in his behaviour, whenever occaſions call for relaxation; even when ſubjects require ſerioufneſs, as they do ſometimes, in converſations between Mrs Shirley, Mrs Selby, Mr Deane and him, his ſerioufneſs, as Mrs Shirley herſelf finely obſerved in his abſence, is attended with ſuch vivacity, and intermingled with ſuch entertaining illuſtrations, all naturally

ariſing from, and falling into the ſubject, that he is ſure of every one's attention and admiration.

The features of his manly face, and the turn of his fine eye, obſerved ſhe, on another occaſion, are *caſt* for pity, and not for cenſure. And let me add a ſpeech of his, when he was called up to cenſure a perſon on a ſlight repreſentation of facts:

"The whole matter is not before us, ſaid he: 'We know not what motives he may have to plead 'by way of extenuation, though he may not be 'able entirely to excuſe himſelf. But, as it ap-'pears to me, I would not have done ſo."

But what, my dear, am I about? Are they not my brother's praiſes that I am expatiating upon? Was I ever to be truſted with that ſubject? Is there no man, I have been aſked, that is like your brother?—He, I have anſwered, is moſt likely to reſemble him, who has an unbounded charity, and univerſal benevolence to men of all profeſſions, and who, imitating the divinity, regards the heart rather than the head, and much more than either rank or fortune, though it were princely, and yet is not a leveller, but thinks that rank or degree intitles a man, who is not utterly unworthy of both, to reſpect.

I will write one more letter, and then give way to other affairs.

I never thought I ſhould have been ſuch a ſcribbler. But the correſpondence between my brother and Dr Bartlett, into which we were all ſo eager to peep; that of this dear creature with her Lucy, which ſo much entertained us, and which led us, in her abſence, to wiſh to continue the ſeries of it; the ſtory of Clementina ſo intereſting; all our ſuſpences ſo affecting, and the ſtate of this our lovely friend's heart ſo peculiar, and the deſire of amuſing you in your confinement: All theſe together led me on. But now one letter more ſhall conclude my taſk.

Lord

Lord L. has juſt now mentioned to his brother his wiſhes that he would ſtand godfather to the little lord. My brother caught his hand, and beſought his pardon for not offering himſelf. You do me, my dear lord, ſaid he, both honour and pleaſure. Where was my thought? But this dear creature, turning to his bride, will be ſo good as to remind me of all my imperfections. I am in a way to mend; for the duties inſeparable from my delightful new engagement will ſtrengthen all my other duties.

I have taken upon me, Sir, ſaid ſhe, to requeſt the favour of my Lord and Lady L.'s acceptance of me for a godmother.

To which I have objections, ſaid I. I have a prior claim. Aunt Eleanor has put in hers, Lady W. hers; and this before Miſs Byron was *Lady Grandiſon*.

Your circumſtance, my dear Lady G. according to a general obſervation of our ſex, is prohibitory.

Will you, my brother, appealed I, allow of ſuperſtitious obſervances, prognoſtics, omens, dreams?

O no! My Harriet has been telling me how much ſhe ſuffered lately from a dream, which ſhe permitted to give ſtrength and terror to her apprehenſions from Mr Greville. Guard, my dear ladies, againſt theſe imbecilities of tender minds. In theſe inſtances, if in no other, will you give a ſuperiority to our ſex, which, in the debate of this morning, my Charlotte would not allow of.

I will begin my next letter with an account of this debate; and if I cannot compriſe it in the compaſs I intend to bring it into, my one more letter may perhaps ſtretch into two.

LETTER XXXVII.

Lady G. *In Continuation.*

THE debate I mentioned began on Friday morning at breakfaſt time, brought on by ſome of uncle Selby's good-natured particularities; for he will always have ſomething to ſay againſt women. I beſpoke my brother's neutrality, and declared I would enter the liſts with Mr Selby, and allow all the other men preſent to be of his ſide. I had a flow of ſpirits. Man's uſurpation, and woman's natural independency, was the topic. I carried on my argument very triumphantly: Now and then a ſly hint popt out by my brother, half-diſconcerted me; but I called him to order, and he was ſilent: Yet once he had like to have put me out—Wrapping his arms about himſelf with inimitable humour—O my Charlotte, ſaid he, how I love my country! ENGLAND is the *only* ſpot in the world in which *this* argument can be properly debated!—Very ſly—Was it not?

I made nothing of Mr Selby. I called him the tyrant of the family.—And as little of Mr Deane, Lord L. and ſtill leſs of my own lord, who was as eager in the debate as if it concerned him more than any body to reſiſt me; and this before my brother, who by his eyes, more than once, ſeemed to challenge me, becauſe of the ſorry creature's earneſtneſs. All thoſe, however, were men of ſtraw with me; and I thought myſelf very near making Mr Selby aſk pardon of his dame for his thirty years' uſurpation. In ſhort, I had half-eſtabliſhed our ſex's ſuperiority on the ruin of that of the ſorry fellows, when the debate was cloſed, and referred to Mrs Shirley as moderatrix; my brother ſtill excluded any ſhare in it.—She indeed obliged me to lower my topſails a little.

"I think,

"I think, ſaid the venerable lady, women are
'generally too much conſidered as a ſpecies apart.
'To be ſure, in the duties and affairs of life, where
'they have different or oppoſite ſhares allotted
'them by Providence, they ought not to go out of
'their own ſphere, or invade the men's province,
'any more than the men their's. Nay, I am ſo
'much of this opinion, that though I think the
'confidence which ſome men place in their wives,
'in committing all their affairs to their care, very
'flattering to the opinion both of their integrity
'and capacity; yet I ſhould not chuſe (without
'conſidering trouble) to interfere with the ma-
'nagement without-doors, which I think more pro-
'perly the man's province, unleſs in ſome particu-
'lar caſes.

'But in common intercourſe and converſation,
'why are we to be perpetually conſidering the *Sex*
'of the perſon we are talking to? Why muſt wo-
'men always be addreſſed in an appropriated lan-
'guage; and not treated on the common footing
'of reaſonable creatures? And why muſt they,
'from a falſe notion of modeſty, be afraid of ſhew-
'ing themſelves to *be ſuch*, and affect a childiſh ig-
'norance?

'I do not mean, that I would have women en-
'ter into learned diſputes, for which they are rare-
'ly qualified: But I think there is a degree of
'knowledge very compatible with their duties;
'therefore not unbecoming them, and neceſſary to
'make them fit companions for men of ſenſe: A
'character in which they will always be found more
'uſeful than that of a plaything, the amuſement
'of an idle hour.

'No perſon of ſenſe, man or woman, will ven-
'ture to launch out on a ſubject with which they
'are not well acquainted. The *leſſer* degree of
'knowledge will give place to the *greater*. This
'will ſecure ſubordination enough. For the ad-

'vantages

'vantages of education which men muſt neceſſa-
'rily have over women, if they have made the pro-
'per uſe of them, will have ſet them ſo forward on
'the race, that we can never overtake them. But
'then don't let them deſpiſe us for this, as if their
'ſuperiority were entirely founded on a natural
'difference of capacity: Deſpiſe us *as* women, and
'value themſelves merely *as* men: For it is not
'the hat or cap which covers the head, that decides
'the merit of it.

'In the general courſe of the things of this world,
'women have not opportunities of ſounding the
'depths of ſcience, or of acquainting themſelves
'perfectly with polite literature: But this want of
'opportunity is not intirely confined to *them*. There
'are profeſſions among the men no more favoura-
'ble to theſe ſtudies, than the common avocations
'of women. For example; merchants, whoſe at-
'tention is (and perhaps, with regard to the pub-
'lic, more uſefully) chained down to their accounts.
'Officers, both of land and ſea, are ſeldom much
'better inſtructed, though they may perhaps paſs
'through a few more forms: And as for know-
'ledge of the world, women of a certain rank have
'an equal title to it with ſome of them. A learn-
'ed man, as he is called, who ſhould deſpiſe a ſen-
'ſible one of theſe profeſſions, and diſdain to con-
'verſe with him, would paſs for a pedant; and
'why not for deſpiſing or undervaluing a woman
'of ſenſe, who may be put on the ſame footing?
'Men, in common converſation, have laid it down
'for a rule of good breeding, not to talk before
'women of things they don't underſtand; by which
'means an opportunity of improving is loſt; a very
'good one too; one that has been approved by the
'ableſt perſons who have written on the education
'of children; becauſe it is a means of learning in-
'ſenſibly, without the appearance of a taſk. Com-

'mon

'mon ſubjects afford only common-place, and are 'ſoon exhauſted: Why, then, ſhould converſation 'be confined to ſuch narrow limits, and be liable 'to continual repetition; when, if people would 'ſtart leſs beaten ſubjects, many doubts and diffi-'culties concerning them might be cleared up, and 'they would acquire a more ſettled opinion of 'things (which is what the generality much want, 'from an indolence that hinders them from examin-'ing) at the ſame time that they would be better 'entertained, than with talking of the weather, and 'ſuch kind of inſipidities?"

Lady W. applauding Mrs Shirley's ſentiments, A-propos, ſaid ſhe; let me read you the ſpeech (taking it out of her pocket-book) of an Eaſt-India officer, to a pedant, who had been diſplaying his talents, and running over with terms of art, and ſcraps of Latin, mingled with a profuſion of hard words, that hardly any of the company underſtood; and which, at the ſame time that it diverted all preſent, cured the pretended ſcholar of his affectation for ever after. My lady read it, as follows:

"I am charmed with this opportunity, ſaid the 'officer, of diſcourſing with a gentleman of ſo much 'wit and learning; and hope I ſhall have his deci-'ſion in a point which is pretty nice, and concerns 'ſome eaſtern manufactures, of ancient and reve-'rend etymology. Modern critics are undeter-'mined about them; but, for my part, I have al-'ways maintained, that *Chints*, *Bullbulls*, *Morees*, 'and *Ponahuzzys*, are of nobler and more gene-'rous uſes than *Doorguzees* or *Nourſourmannys*: 'Not but I hold againſt *Byrampauts* in favour of '*Niccanrees* and *Boralchauders*. Only I wiſh that 'ſo accurate a judge would inſtruct me, why *Taf-'zils* and *Sallempores* have given place to *Negane-*

'*pouts*?

'*pouts?* And why *Bejatapoutz* ſhould be more e-
'ſteemed than the finer fabric of *Blue Chelloes* * ?"

A very good rebuke of affectation, ſaid Sir Charles, (and your ladyſhip hints it was an efficacious one.) It ſerves to ſhew, that men in their different attainments may be *equally* uſeful; in other words, that the knowledge of polite literature leads not to every part of uſeful ſcience. I remember, that my Harriet diſtinguiſhes very properly, in ſome of her letters to her Lucy, between *Language* and *Science*; and that poor Mr Walden (that I think was his name) was pretty much diſconcerted, as a pedant may ſometimes be, when (and he bowed to his Harriet) he has a *natural genius* to contend with. She bluſhed, and bowed as ſhe ſat—And I remember, Sir, ſaid ſhe, you promiſed to give me your animadverſions on the letters I conſented you ſhould ſee: Will you be pleaſed to correct me now?

Correct you, my deareſt life!—What a word is that? I remember, that, in the converſation in which you were obliged, againſt your will, to bear ſo conſiderable a part, you demonſtrated that genius, without deep learning, made a much more ſhining figure, in converſation, than learning without genius: But, upon the whole, I was a little apprehenſive, that true learning might ſuffer if languages were too ſlightly treated. Mr Walden made one good obſervation, or rather remembered it, for it was long ago made, and will be always of weight, That the knowledge of languages, any more than the advantage of birth, was never thought lightly of by thoſe who had pretenſions to either. The knowledge of the Latin language, in particular, let me ſay, is of a ſingular uſe in the maſtery of every ſcience.

There are who aver, that men of parts have no occaſion

* *Tranſcribed from a collection of papers, intitled, The Plain-dealer, in 2 Vols*, Vol. I. No. 37.

occaſion for learning: But, ſurely, our Shakeſpeare himſelf, one of the greateſt geniuſes of any country or age (who, however, is an adept in the ſuperior learning, and knowledge of nature), would not have been a ſufferer, had he had a greater ſhare of human learning, which is denied by him by ſome critics.

But, Sir Charles, ſaid Mr Deane, don't you think that Shakeſpeare, who lived before the great Milton, has an eaſier, pleaſanter, and more intelligible manner of writing than Milton? If ſo, may it not be owing to Milton's greater learning, that Shakeſpeare has the advantage of that immortal poet in perſpicuity?

Is the fact certain, my dear Mr Deane, that Milton wants perſpicuity? I have been bold enough ſometimes to think, that he makes a greater diſplay of his reading, than was quite neceſſary to his unbounded ſubject. But the age in which Shakeſpeare flouriſhed might be called the age of Engliſh learning, as well as of Engliſh bravery. The queen and her court, the very ladies of it, were more learned than any court of our Engliſh ſovereigns were before, or hath been ſince. What a prodigy of learning, in the ſhort reign of Edward the VI. was the Lady Jane Grey!—Greek, as well as Latin, was familiar to her: So it was to Queen Elizabeth. And can it be ſuppoſed, that the natural geniuſes of thoſe ladies were more confined or limited, for their knowledge of Latin and Greek? Milton, though a little nearer us, lived in harſher and more tumultuous times.

O, Sir! ſaid Harriet, then I find I was a very impertinent creature in the converſation to which you refer.

Not ſo, my deareſt love!—Mr Walden, I remember, ſays, that learning in that aſſembly was not brought before a fair tribunal. He ſhould have

have known, that it had not a competent advocate in him.

But, Sir Charles, ſaid Mr Beauchamp, I cannot but obſerve, that too much ſtreſs is laid upon learning, as it is called, by thoſe who have pretenſions to it. You will not always find, that a ſcholar is a more happy man than an unlearned one. He has not *generally* more prudence, more wiſdom, in the management of his affairs.

What, my dear Beauchamp, is this but ſaying, that there is great difference between theory and practice? This obſervation comes very generouſly, and, with regard to the ladies, very gallantly, from you, who are a learned man: But as you are alſo a very prudent man, let me aſk you, Do you think you have the leſs prudence for your learning? If *not*, Is not learning a valuable *addition?*

But pray, Sir Charles, ſaid Mrs Selby, let me aſk your opinion: Do you think, that if women had the ſame opportunities, the ſame education as men, they would not equal them in their attainments?

Women, my dear Mrs Selby, are women ſooner than men are men. They have not, therefore, *generally*, the learning-time that men have, if they had equal geniuſes.

"*If* they had equal geniuſes," brother! Very well. My dear ſiſter Harriet, you ſee you have given your hand to one of the lords of the creation—Vaſſal! bow to your ſovereign.

Sir Ch. My deareſt love, take not the advice without the example.

Lady G. Your ſervant, Sir. Well, but let me aſk, Do you think that there is a natural inferiority in the faculties of the one ſex? A natural ſuperiority in thoſe of the other?

Sir Ch. Who will anſwer this queſtion for me?

Not

Not I, ſaid Lord L. Not I, ſaid Mr Deane. Not I, ſaid Mr Beauchamp.

Then I have fairly taken you in—You would, if you could, anſwer it in the ladies' favour. This is the ſame as a confeſſion. I may therefore the more boldly pronounce, that, generally ſpeaking, I have no doubt but there is.

Help me, dear ladies, ſaid I, to fight this battle out. You ſay, Sir, you have no doubt that there is a natural inferiority in the faculties of us, poor women; a natural ſuperiority in you, imperial men.

Generally ſpeaking, Charlotte. Not individually *you*, ladies, and *us*, men: I believe all we who are preſent ſhall be ready to ſubſcribe to your ſuperiority, ladies.

I believe, brother, you fib: But let that paſs.

Thank you, madam. It is for *my* advantage that it ſhould; and perhaps for *yours*, ſmiling—There is a difference (pardon me, ladies, we are ſpeaking *generally*) in the *conſtitution*, in the *temperament*, of the two ſexes, that gives to the one advantages which it denies to the other: But we may not too cloſely purſue this ſubject, though the reſult, I am apt to believe, would put the matter out of diſpute. Let us be more at large: Why has nature made a difference in the beauty, proportion, and ſymmetry, in the *perſons* of the two ſexes? Why gave it delicacy, ſoftneſs, grace, to that of the woman—as in the ladies before me; ſtrength, firmneſs, to men; a capacity to bear labour and fatigue; and courage to protect the other? Why gave it a diſtinction, both in qualities and plumage, to the different ſexes of the feathered race? Why in the courage of the male and female animals?—The ſurly bull, the meek, the beneficent cow, for one inſtance?

We looked upon one another.

There are exceptions to general rules, proceeded he. Mrs Shirley ſurpaſſes all the men I ever knew in wiſdom—Mrs Selby and Lady G.—

What of us, brother! What of us—to the advantage of your arguments?

Heroic Charlotte!—You are both very happily married—The men the women, the women the men, you can mutually aſſiſt and improve each other. But ſtill—

Your ſervant, brother, interrupted I.—Your ſervant, Sir Charles, ſaid Mrs Selby.—And *I* ſay, your ſervant too, ſaid Mr Selby.

Who ſees not that my ſiſter Charlotte is ready to diſclaim the competition in fact, though not in words? Can there be characters more odious than thoſe of a maſculine woman and an effeminate man? What are the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of the two ſexes? And whence this odiouſneſs? There are indeed *men*, whoſe minds, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, ſeem to be caſt in a female mould; whence the fops, foplings, and pretty fellows, who buzz about your ſex at public places; *women*, whoſe minds ſeem to be caſt in a maſculine one; whence your Barnevelts, my dear, and moſt of the women who, at ſuch places, give the men ſtare for ſtare, ſwing their arms, look jolly; and thoſe married women who are ſo kind as to take the reins out of their huſbands' hands, in order to ſave the honeſt men trouble.

Your ſervant, Sir—Your ſervant, Sir—And ſome of them looked as if they had ſaid, You cannot mean me, I hope; and thoſe who ſpoke not bowed and ſmiled thanks for his compliment to one-fourth of the ſex.

My lord inſultingly rubbed his hands for joy; Mr Selby crowed; the other men ſlily ſmiled, though they were afraid of giving a more open approbation.

O my

O my ſiſter! ſaid I, taking Harriet's hand, we women are mere nothings—We are nothing at all!

How, my Charlotte! Make you no difference between being everything and nothing?

Were it not, my dear ladies, proceeded he, for male protectors, to what inſults, to what outrages, would not your ſex be ſubject? Pardon me, my deareſt love, if I ſtrengthen my argument by your excellencies, bowing to his Harriet. Is not the dear creature our good Mrs Shirley's own daughter? All the feminine graces are hers. She is, in my notion, what all women ſhould be—But wants ſhe not a protector? Even a dream, a reverie——

O Sir, ſpare me, ſpare me! ſweetly bluſhing, ſaid the lovely Harriet. I own I ſhould have made a very ſilly, a very puſillanimous man! It is not long ſince, you know, Lady G. that I brought this very argument in favour of—

Huſh, Harriet! You will give up the female cauſe.

That is not fair, Charlotte, rejoined my brother; you ſhould not intercept the convictions of an ingenuous mind—But I *will* ſpare my Harriet, if ſhe will endeavour, for her own ſake, to let nothing diſturb her for the future but *realities*, and not any of *thoſe* long, if they are inevitable ones.

But pray, Sir, ſaid I, proceed in your argument, if you have any more to ſay.

O Charlotte! I have enough to ſay, to ſilence all your oppoſition, were I to give this ſubject its due weight. But we are only, for pleaſantry's ſake, ſkimming over the ſurface of the argument. Weaker powers are given generally for weaker purpoſes, in the œconomy of Providence. I, for my part, however, diſapprove not of our venerable Mrs Shirley's obſervation, that we are apt to conſider the ſex *too much* as a ſpecies apart: Yet it is

my opinion, that both God and nature has deſigned a very apparent difference in the minds of both, as well as in the peculiar beauties of their perſons. Were it not ſo, their offices would be confounded, and the woman would not perhaps ſo readily ſubmit to thoſe domeſtic ones in which it is their province to ſhine, and the men would be allotted the diſtaff, or the needle; and you yourſelves, ladies, would be the firſt to deſpiſe ſuch. I, for my part, would only contend, that we men ſhould have power and right given us to protect and ſerve your ſex; that we ſhould purchaſe and build for them; travel and toil for them; run through, at the call of providence, or of our king and country, dangers and difficulties; and, at laſt, lay all our trophies, all our acquirements, at your feet; enough rewarded in the conſcience of duty done, and your favourable acceptance.

We were all of us again his humble ſervants. It was in vain to urge the tyranny of ſome huſbands, when he could turn upon us the follies of ſome wives, and that wives and daughters were never more faulty, more undomeſtic, than at preſent; and when we were before a judge, who, though he could not be abſolutely unpolite, would not flatter us, nor ſpare our foibles.

However, it ſtuck a little with Harriet, that ſhe had given cauſe to Sir Charles, in the diſpute which ſhe formerly bore a part in, relating to learning and languages (*a*), to think her more lively than ſhe ought to be, and had ſpoken too lightly of languages. She, ſweetly bluſhing, like a young wife ſolicitous for the good opinion of the beloved of her heart, revived that cauſe.

He ſpoke very highly in her praiſe, upon the occaſion; owned, that the letters he had been favoured with the ſight of, had given him deeper impreſſions

(*a*) *See Vol.* I. *P.* 68.

ſions in her favour, than even her beauty; hoped for farther communications; applauded her for her principles, and her inoffenſive vivacity—that ſweet, that innocent vivacity, and noble frankneſs of heart, ſaid he, taking her hand, which I hope you will never think of reſtraining.

As to the converſation you ſpeak of, proceeded he, I repeat, that I *was* apprehenſive, when I read it, that languages were ſpoken of in it ſlightly; and yet, perhaps, I am miſtaken. You, my Beauchamp, I think, if my deareſt life will oblige us both by the communication, and *chuſes* to do ſo (for that muſt be the condition on which all her goodneſs to us muſt be expected), ſhall be judge between us: You know, better than I, what ſtores of unexhauſted knowledge lie in the works of thoſe great antients, which ſuffered in the hands of poor Mr Walden: You know what the paſt and preſent ages have owed, and what all future will owe, to *Homer*, *Ariſtotle*, *Virgil*, *Cicero*: You can take in the neceſſity there is of reſtraining innovation, and preſerving old rules and inſtitutions, and of employing the youth of our ſex, who would otherwiſe be much worſe employed (as we ſee in thoſe who neglect their ſtudies) in the attainment of languages that can convey to them ſuch lights in every ſcience: Though it were to be wiſhed, that morals ſhould take more of the learner's attention than they generally do. You know, that the trueſt parts of learning are to be found in the Roman and Greek writers; and you know, that tranſlation (were every thing worthy our notice tranſlated) cannot convey thoſe beauties which ſcholars only can reliſh; and which learned foreigners, if a man travels, will expect ſhould not have eſcaped his obſervation. As to the ladies, Mrs Shirley has admirably obſerved, that there is a degree of knowledge very compatible with their duties (condeſcending excellence! bowing to Mrs Shirley) and high-

ly becoming them; ſuch as will make them rejoice, and, I will add, improve a man of ſenſe, ſweeten his manners, and render him a much more ſociable, a much more amiable creature, and of conſequence, greatly more happy in himſelf, than otherwiſe he would be from books and ſolitude.

Well but, brother, you ſaid juſt now, that we were only, for pleaſantry's ſake, ſkimming over the ſurface of the argument; and that you had enough to ſay to ſilence all my oppoſition, were you to give the ſubject its due weight. I do aſſure you, that, to ſilence all my oppoſition, you muſt have a vaſt deal more to ſay than you have ſaid hitherto; and yet you have thrown in ſome hints which ſtick with me, though you have concluded with ſome magnificent intimations of ſuperiority over us —Power and right to protect, travel, toil for us, and lay your trophies at our feet, and ſo forth—Surely, ſurely, this is diminiſhing us, and exalting yourſelves, by laying us under high obligations to your generoſity. Pray, Sir, let us have, if you pleaſe, one or two intimations of thoſe weightier arguments, that could, as you fancy, ſilence your Charlotte's oppoſition. I ſay, that we women, were our education the ſame—You know what I would be at—Your *weightier* arguments, if you pleaſe—or a ſpecimen only *en paſſant*.

Suppoſing, my Charlotte, that all human ſouls are, in themſelves, equal; yet the very deſign of the different machines in which they are incloſed, is to ſuperinduce a temporary difference on their original equality; a difference adapted to the different purpoſes for which they are deſigned by Providence in the preſent tranſitory ſtate. When thoſe purpoſes are at an end, this difference will be at an end too. When ſex ceaſes, inequality of ſouls will ceaſe; and women will certainly be on a foot with men, as to intellectuals, in Heaven. There, indeed, will you no longer have *lords* over you; neither

neither will you have *admirers*; which, in *your* preſent eſtimate of things, will perhaps balance the account. In the mean time, if you can ſee any occaſions that may call for ſtronger underſtandings in male life than in your own; you, at the ſame time, ſee an argument to acquieſce in a perſuaſion of a preſent inequality between the two ſexes. You know, I have allowed exceptions. Will you, Charlotte, compliment yourſelf with being one?

Now, brother, I feel, methinks, that you are a little hard upon Charlotte: But, ladies, you ſee how the matter ſtands.—You are all ſilent.—But, Sir, you graciouſly allow, that there *is* a degree of knowledge which is very compatible with the DUTIES of us women, and highly *becoming* us: Will you have the goodneſs to point out to us what this compatible learning is, that we may not miſtake—and ſo become excentric, as I may ſay, burſt our orb, and do more miſchief than ever we could do good?

Could I point out the boundaries, Charlotte, it might not to *ſome* ſpirits be ſo proper: The limit might be treated as the one prohibited tree in the garden. But let me ſay, That genius, whether in man or woman, will puſh itſelf into light. if it has a laudable tendency, let it, as a ray of the divinity, be encouraged, as well in the one ſex as the other: I would not, by any means, have it limited: A little knowledge leads to vanity and conceit. I would only, methinks, have a parent, a governor, a preceptor, bend its ſtrength to reſtrain its foibles; but not throw ſo much cold water upon the ſacred flame as ſhould quench it; ſince, if he did, ſtupidity, at leaſt dejection, might take place of the emanation, and the perſon might be miſerable for life.

Well, then, we muſt *compromiſe*, I think, ſaid I. But, on recollection, I thought I had enjoined you, Sir Charles, to the obſervance of a neutrality.

Harriet,

Harriet, whiſpered I, we are only, after all, to be allowed, as far as I can find, in this temporary ſtate, like tame doves, to go about houſe, and ſo-forth, as Biddy ſays, in the play.

Harriet, could ſhe have found time (but, by mutual conſent, they are hardly ever aſunder), would have given you a better account of this converſation than I have done; ſo would Lucy: But take it, as it offers, from

Your ever-affectionate

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Miſs LUCY SELBY, *To Lady L.*

Sunday, Nov. 19.

MY dear Lady G. inſiſts upon my writing to your ladyſhip an account of the appearance which the loveliеſt couple in England made this day at church.

We all thought nothing could have added to the charms of our Harriet's perſon; but yet her dreſs and jewels did. I ſighed, from pride for the honour of female beauty, to *think* they did. Can my dear Harriet, thought I, exquiſitely lovely as ſhe is, in any dreſs, be ornamented in richer ſilks than common, by coſtly laces, by jewels? Can dreſs add grace to that admirable proportion, and thoſe fine features, to which no painter yet has ever done juſtice, though every family related to her has a picture of her, drawn by a different hand of eminence?

We admired the bridegroom as much as we did her, when (before we could have thought he had been half ready) he joined Mrs Shirley, my aunt Selby, and me, in the great parlour, completely dreſſed. But what we moſt admired in him was, that native

native dignity and eaſe, and that inattentiveneſs to his own figure and appearance, which demonſtrate the truly fine gentleman, accuſtomed, as he is, to be always elegant.

When his lady preſented herſelf to him, and to us, in all her glory, how did the dear creature dazzle us! We involuntarily aroſe, as if to pay our homage to her. Sir Charles approached her with rather an air of greater freedom than uſual, as if he conſidered not the dreſs, as having added to the value he has for her: Yet lovelieſt of women, he called her; and, taking her hand, preſented her to her grandmamma: Receive, and again bleſs my angel, ſaid he, beſt of parents!—How lovely! But what is even all this amazing lovelineſs to the graces of her mind? They riſe upon me every hour. She hardly opens her lips, but I find reaſon to bleſs God, and bleſs you both, my dear ladies: for God and you have given her goodneſs.——My deareſt life, allow me to ſay, that this ſweet perſon, which will be your perfection in every ſtranger's eye, is but a ſecond in mine.

Inſtruct me, Sir, ſaid ſhe, baſhfully bowing her face upon his hand, as he held hers, to *deſerve* your love, by improving the mind you have the goodneſs to prefer; and no creature was ever on earth ſo happy as I ſhall be.

My dear daughter, ſaid her delighted grandmother, you ſee, can hardly bear your goodneſs, Sir. You muſt blame her for ſomething, to keep down her pride.

My Harriet, replied he, cannot be proud of what the ſilkworm can do for her, or of the jeweller's poliſh: But, now you call upon me, madam, I will tax her with a real fault. I open all my heart too her, as ſubjects ocaſionally offer: I want her to have a will, and to let me know it. The frankeſt of all female hearts will not treat me with that ſweet familiarity which baniſhes diſtance. You ſee,

my

my deareſt love, that I chide you before your parental friends, and your Lucy.

It is your own fault, Sir: Indeed it is. You prevent me in all my wiſhes. Awe will mingle with the love of perſons who are under perpetual obligation. My dear two mamma's, you muſt not blame *me*; you muſt blame Sir Charles: He takes away, by his goodneſs, even the *power* of making ſuitable acknowledgments, and then complains I do not ſpeak.

My uncle Selby came in. He ſtood looking upon my couſin for a few moments in ſilence; then broke out, Sir Charles Grandiſon, you may indeed boaſt, that you have for a wife the *flower of the Britiſh world*, as you once called her: And, let me tell you, niece, you have for a huſband the nobleſt and gallanteſt of men. Happy, happy pair! ſay I. My dear Mr Deane, ſaid he, who juſt then entered, if you will keep me in countenance, I will venture to ſalute that charming creature.

Sir Charles preſented his bride to them both. With a bent knee ſhe received their ſalutes. At that moment came in the three lords, who followed the example. Lord W. called her angel—Sir Charles looked delighted with the praiſes of his bride.

The reſt of the company being come, we proceeded to church.

We were early; but the church was crouded. How were the charming couple admired on their alighting, and as they walked to their pew!—Never did my couſin *herſelf* look ſo lovely. How charmingly looked the bridegroom! But he forgot not that humble deportment, full of reverence for the place, and the divine offices, which ſeemed to make him abſent for the time to that ſplendor and beauty which took every eye *out of* our own pew.

pew. His example was enough to give a proper behaviour, had it been needful, to every one *in it*.

I ſhould have told your ladyſhip, that Mr Greville had ſent, over night, a ſullenly-complaiſant requeſt to my aunt, in writing, importing, that as he heard the bride would make her appearance on the morrow, the bride-men and maids, if it broke not into our ceremonial, would accept of his pew, which is over-againſt ours, for the *look* of the thing, he ſaid; though he could not promiſe but he ſhould all the day curſe the occaſion. By this we found he was not gone to Lady Frampton's, as he had deſigned. His offer was thankfully accepted.

There was a great concourſe of the genteeleſt people there. Everybody, men and women, looked delighted on the occaſion. The humility of the bride was tried, by the reſpects paid her between the offices, by all who had ever been in her company. They ſhould have reined-in their own pride; for it was to *that*, as much as to reſpect to her, I doubt not, that their notice was owing. She looked conſcious, baſhful; *fly*, I told her afterwards. She hates the word: But, as I ſaid, ſhe ſhould not have given the idea, that made no other word ſo proper to expreſs it, and which muſt be more obſervable in her generally open free countenance, than in that of any other. She more than once ſaw devoirs paid her by a *leer*, when her ſweet face was ſo diſpoſed, that, had ſhe *not* returned the compliment, it might have paſſed that ſhe had not ſeen them. But what an inſenſible muſt have been my couſin, had ſhe not been proud of being Lady Grandiſon! She is not quite an angel yet: She has a few *femalities*, as my uncle whimſically calls our little foibles. So, perhaps, ſhe *ſhould*. But nobody ſaw the leaſt defect in your brother. His dreſs moſt charmingly became him; and when he looked upon his bride, his eyes were fixed on

her eyes with ſuch a ſweet benignity and complaiſance, as if he ſaw her mind through them, and could not ſpare a glance to her ornaments: Yet by his own dreſs he ſhewed, that he was no ſtoical non-conformiſt to the faſhion of the world. But the politeneſs and reſpect with which he treated her, did them both credit, and credit (as Lady G. obſerved) to the whole ſex. Such unaffected tenderneſs in his reſpect, and known to be ſo brave, ſo good a man!——O my dear Lady L. what an admirable man is your brother! What a happy creature is my Harriet!

When divine ſervice was over, I was afraid our proceſſion, as I may call it, would have been interrupted by the compliments of ſome of the gentry of our acquaintance, whoſe opened pew-doors ſhewed their readineſs to addreſs them: But all paſſed in ſilent reſpect from gentlemen and ladies. My couſin, when ſhe came home, rejoiced, that one of her parading times was over: But when, my deareſt love, ſaid Sir Charles, will the time be paſt, that all who ſee you will admire you?

The church in the afternoon was ſtill more crouded than before. How were Sir Charles and my uncle bleſſed by the poor, and people of low degree, for their well-diſpenſed bounty to them!

My couſin has delighted Mrs Shirley, by telling her, that Sir Charles had ſaid there would be a rite wanting, till he and ſhe had communicated, according to the order of the church, at the altar, on this particular occaſion.

Juſt now is every thing ſettled that Sir Charles wiſhed to be ſettled. Lady G. will acquaint you with particulars, I doubt not.

Permit me to commend myſelf to your ladyſhip's favour, as one of the

Humbleſt and ſincereſt of your Servants,

LUCY SELBY.

P. S. Lady

P. S. Lady G. has half broke my heart.

On peruſal of what I have written, ſhe ſays, I have not done my beſt: I have not given half particulars enough.——In ſhort, ſhe finds a multitude of faults with me—Even calls me names, *Sorry girl*, *Lazy*, and I can't tell what.

But do you, madam, acquit me, and I ſhall be eaſy.

I told her, that I thought I had been very minute.

What! to a lying-in woman, ſhe ſays, who has no variety before her! All one dull chamber-ſcene, hourly acted over again—The ſubject *ſo* rich!

I anſwered, It ſhould then have had the richeſt pen!—Why did ſhe not write *herſelf?* If it was *not* for lazineſs-ſake, it was for ſelf-ſake, that ſhe did not. As I knew Lady L. would have been a gainer by the change of pen, I had much rather been in the company for which ſhe quitted the taſk, than grubbing pens in my cloſet; and all to get nothing but diſcommendation.

I have ſhewn her this my poſtſcript. She raves! But I am hardened. She will ſoon have an opportunity to ſupply all my defects in perſon.

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